

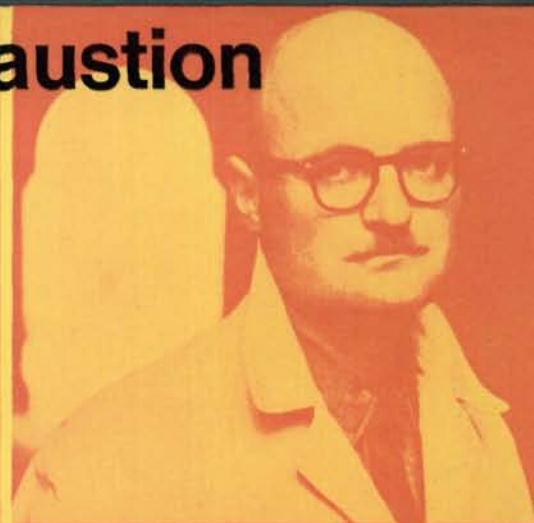
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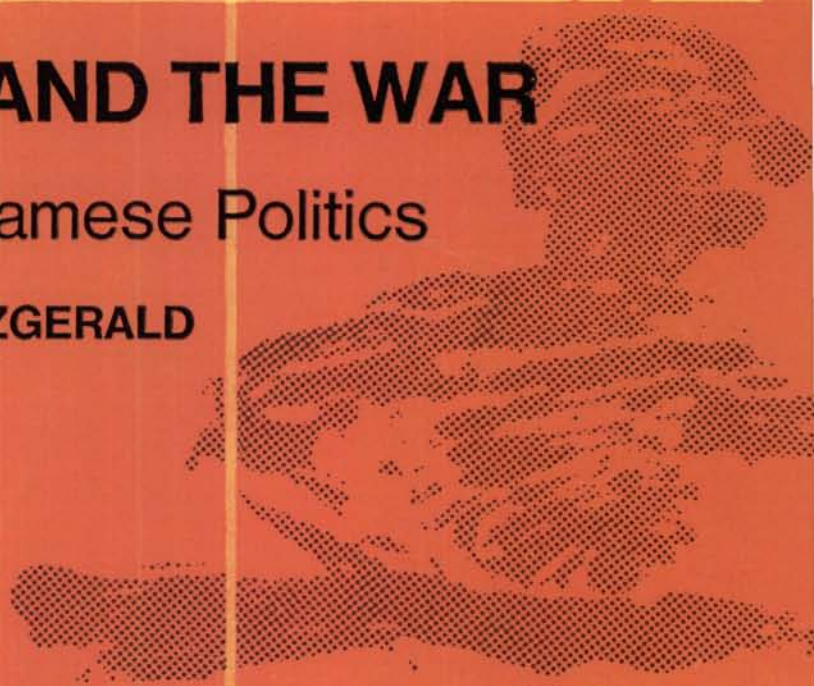
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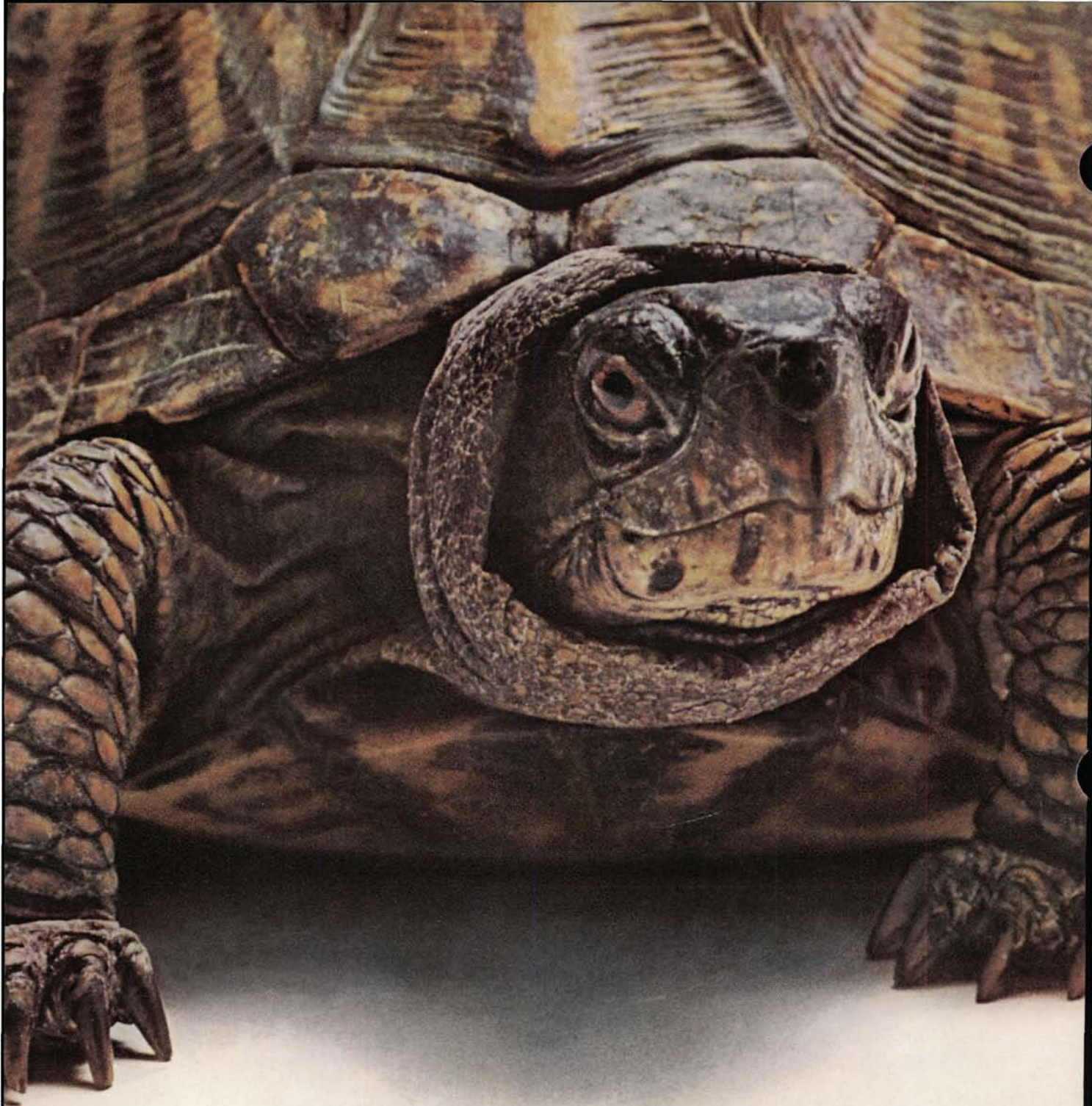


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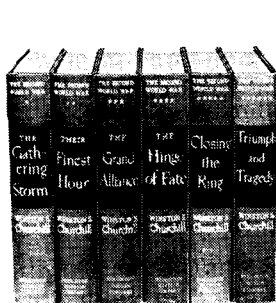
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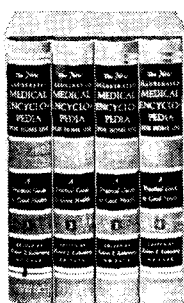
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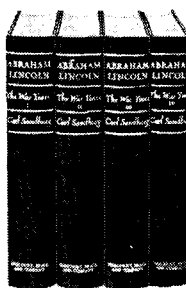
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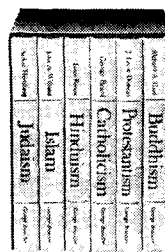
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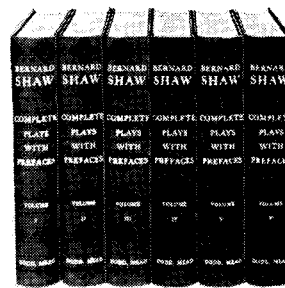
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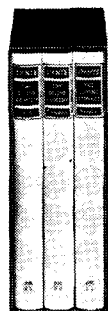
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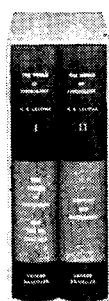
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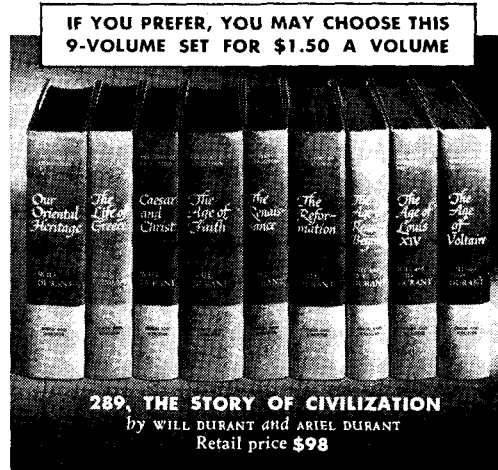
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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, August, 1967, Vol. 220, No. 2. Published monthly at The Rumford Press, 10 Ferry St., Concord, N. H., 03302. Editorial and business offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston, Mass., 02116. Second-class postage paid at Concord, N. H. Printed in the U.S.A. Copyright © 1967, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. This issue published in national and special editions. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan American Copyright Convention. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage.
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reports

Washington



The process through which the United States Senate chooses a new leader for itself is about as medieval as is the procedure for naming a new Pope. It is a drawn-out, continuing business, and occasionally mistakes are made. Usually, however, they are caught in advance.

Like any major battlefield commander, a Senate Majority Leader must be relatively young. Like any successful company president, he must be responsive to the wishes and desires of his elderly board of directors. And like any successful negotiator, he must be relentless in the pursuit of his ultimate goals but sympathetic and diplomatic in his approach. Most of all, he must be an organization man.

Drama in the Senate

If Montana's Mike Mansfield were to step out of his post as Senate Majority Leader tomorrow, Senator Edmund Muskie of Maine almost certainly would be elected to succeed him. That would be an em-

barrassing circumstance for the Senate to face, however, because in electing Muskie, the body also would be rejecting Senator Russell Long of Louisiana, the current Majority Whip, and thus would be admitting that it made a mistake in originally choosing him for the Whip's job.

Muskie's dramatic rise in the Senate this year has coincided with Long's equally dramatic fall, like the path of a rising rocket crossing the path of a falling star. Considered as interrelated events, their story represents more than a tale of personal political fortunes.

Nobody in the Senate quite understands what has happened to Russell Long, but everybody considers it tragic. "He's got a death wish," Pennsylvania's Hugh Scott has remarked to friends. "Whenever any member of the Long family gets power, something seems to happen to him," says another senator—a man who likes and admires Russell Long. "It's not a matter of age—look at Earl. He was an old man before he became governor and went haywire. It's not any sort of drinking problem. It has to do with the acquisition of power. Nobody really understands it."

Russell Long is a brilliant, unique man. As the son of the Kingfish, he might have been just another weak, pathetic son of another strong and famous father. Or as his father's political heir, he might have been the most perfunctory of public servants, elected and re-elected to office solely in honor of his father's name.

But such is not the case. Like Georgia's Herman Talmadge, a man who has much in common with Long, Russell Long learned his political lessons on his father's knee, and he learned them well. He was elected to the Senate first in 1948,

when he was thirty years old. In time he became a member of the Senate's inner club, and chairman of the Senate Finance Committee. Over the years his prevailing reputation became established: a conscientious committee member who worked hard on detail and who possessed the intellect to master complicated legislation, and an almost classic Southern Populist liberal who, like Lyndon Johnson, fiercely believed that "heppin' the po folks" is one of the federal government's holiest duties. He also was known as a politically tough, independent-minded hell-raiser who would take on any man if it came down to it.

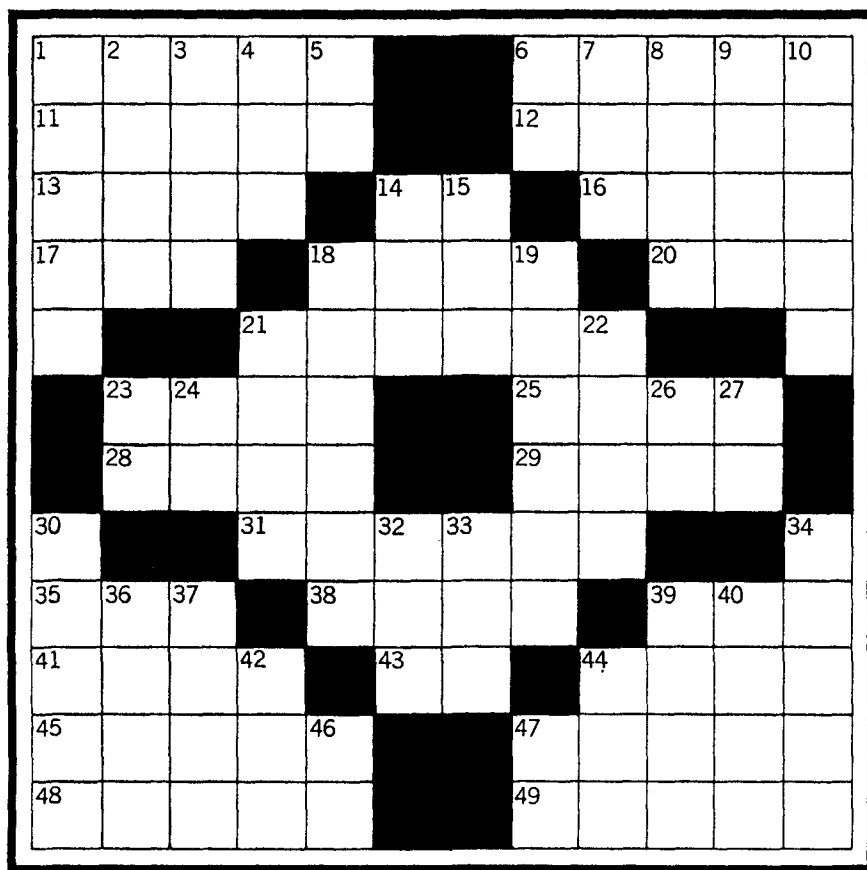
Thus it was that Long, segregationist, ended up as the unlikely recipient of Senate liberal support in January, 1965, when Hubert Humphrey became Vice President and the Senate needed a new Whip.

The fall of Long

Two other members of the Senate also expressed interest in the job—Rhode Island's John Pastore and Edmund Muskie. Pastore had two things against him: his abrasive personality and a prevalent belief that he would be totally subservient to President Johnson. Muskie's reputation within the Senate was already a good one, and he might well have beaten Long out for the job, except that he withdrew his name at the last minute. The Senate liberal bloc, influenced especially by the arguments of Illinois's Paul Douglas, then settled on Long.

Throughout all this party maneuvering, Mansfield kept his own counsel. Even though his fellow Democrats would have elected any man he asked for, he expressed no preference, and seemed satisfied enough when Long got the job.

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11. Hollywood statue
12. Command
13. Man's first name, Ponce's last name
14. The spirit of_____.
16. Kiss Me_____.
17. Printed persuaders
18. Couples

DOWN

20. Non-women
21. Railway stations
23. Sherlock Holmes' Baker St. address
25. Girl's name
28. How many Arabian nights?
29. Metal
31. Bends over
35. A limb
38. Hurt
39. Female deer

41. To judge
43. LXX
44. The Jones and the Sawyer boy
45. Mr. Stevenson
47. A flat cap for men or women
48. Cowboy circus
49. Baked, lima, or jelly_____.

DOWN

1. White bear
2. Second-hand
3. Sergeants
4. Tin container
5. Sixty minutes (Abbr.)
6. U. S. State (Abbr.)
7. Annoy
8. First man
9. To allot
10. Girl's name
14. Soft drink
15. Into the valley of death rode the_____.
18. Entries of debt
19. Privates have one
21. God (Spanish)
22. Gentlemen
23. Voting age
24. XX
26. Preposition
27. In grammar, an article
30. Electronic eye
32. Killer's license number
33. Gold (Spanish)
34. Lies down
36. Do over
37. Canasta term
39. The dumb girl
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Washington

What subsequently happened is well known, of course. This spring Long tied up the Senate for weeks and enraged everybody when he used every political maneuver, trick, threat, and power play he could conceive of in an abortive, embarrassing attempt to bull through passage of a presidential-campaign-financing bill which everybody came to appreciate as inadequate and even dangerous. He battled the Senate Ethic Committee's recommendation of the Dodd censure resolution. And he began contending that the Warren Commission hadn't come within a mile of the true facts in the Kennedy assassination. Now everybody's angry at him.

Long and Mansfield today function in no sense as leader and Whip. Mansfield, ignoring Long's existence, operates independently, and so does Long. This spring, when Long suddenly requested a postponement of the Dodd censure debate, the first Mansfield knew of his plans was when he heard his Whip announce them on the floor of the Senate. And when Mansfield stopped using Long, he started using Muskie, who is one of his four deputy Whips.

The rise of Muskie

Muskie's success in the Senate is the familiar, pleasant story of the slow but steady rise through ranks of the good soldier, and thus it possesses popular appeal. Doesn't everybody admire the Good Soldier? He does his duty. He never complains, no matter how rough the going gets. He is unfailingly obedient to higher authority. He assumes increased responsibility as time goes on, and always performs creditably.

Muskie entered the Senate in 1959 after serving four years as Maine's first Democratic governor in eighteen years. As the story goes, the very first thing he did was incur the wrath of Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson. When Johnson asked for his support of a plan to liberalize Rule 22, Muskie replied, "You'll know how I vote when I vote." Johnson paid him back for his impertinence by giving him his fourth, fifth, and sixth choices of committee assignment—Banking, Public Works, Government Operations.

Muskie's first choice was Foreign Relations. But the good soldier, he

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TRS-5

Washington

accepted the duty assigned him, set to work, and when finally offered the opportunity to serve on Foreign Relations, said no, thanks, he would stick it out where he was.

Muskie made his reputation by the way he sponsored and managed several pieces of important domestic legislation in the early days of the Johnson Administration, such as the water pollution, air pollution, and Demonstration Cities bills.

But as his stature increased within the Senate establishment and the White House, it steadily diminished among Senate liberals, so that today they have a "case" against Muskie. Their charge is that, like Hubert Humphrey, in an effort to get along he is all too ready to go along.

This same desire to be Mr. Nice Guy to everybody produced harmful results again this year, they say, when Muskie at first displayed interest in succeeding Florida's George Smathers as the Democratic conference secretary. Ultimately he backed out of this fight, too, and with Long's help, West Virginia's Robert Byrd got the job. The point is, according to Muskie's liberal critics, that they had obligated themselves to support him and had no time to produce a strong alternate.

Johnson's hand

The increased interest in Muskie began earlier this year when Mansfield appointed him chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee. Vance Hartke of Indiana, who ran the committee previously, sought the job again. But Hartke's unrelenting criticism of the President's Vietnam policy produced a White House blackball. Muskie, on the other hand, has been a consistent if not inspired defender of that policy and has retained that basic loyalty — good soldier that he is — as the war has escalated and the criticism has increased. Mansfield gave Muskie his new job, but he did so at the bidding of the White House. Because of this, the belief has grown that the President has found himself a new political protégé, one who understands the meaning and value of that old Johnson staple, consensus.

All this — Muskie's rise and Long's demise — has led to speculation that some changes may be

forthcoming in Senate leadership after the 1968 election. Lots of people in Washington believe that Russell Long's self-destructive tactics have so diminished his standing among his peers that a new Whip will be chosen and Muskie will get the job. But it is unlikely at this stage.

For one thing, although Mansfield now has concluded that it was a tragic mistake to let Long get the Whip's job by default last time, in all probability he will allow him to keep it next time simply to avoid a messy, embarrassing situation.

The most interesting current theory is that everything depends on William Fulbright's political fortunes in Arkansas. If Fulbright is defeated and the chairmanship of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee becomes vacant, Alabama's John Sparkman would be in line for it. But the Senate power structure would not like to see Sparkman leave his post as chairman of the Banking and Finance Committee. So, according to the theory, Sparkman would reject the Foreign Relations chairmanship, but Mansfield, who is next in line, would accept it. Mansfield then would resign as leader, proclaiming that a senator should not be both Majority Leader and committee chairman simultaneously. (It is likely that he would receive encouragement, and more from senators who are irritated by his recessive traits and his passive style of leadership.) Muskie then would be elected as Mansfield's successor, and Long would be placed under tremendous pressure to resign as Whip.

On the other hand, Fulbright may win. Or even if he loses, Mansfield may decide to continue as leader and continue co-existing with Long as Whip. And this could be to Muskie's disadvantage, for time could be his greatest enemy. Already, Senate elders are taking a close look at even younger senators (Muskie is fifty-three) in whom they sense the potential for leadership. The two who are most frequently mentioned are Oklahoma's Fred Harris and Minnesota's Walter Mondale. For a while the Senate was high on Indiana's Birch Bayh, until he got himself whipsawed in the fight over the reapportionment bill. Massachusetts' Edward Kennedy is well thought of too. But his brother, Robert, is not, and the Senate probably will think a long

time before it ever promotes Edward Kennedy to a position of leadership, on the theory that one Kennedy running the White House and another Kennedy running Capitol Hill at some future day is just one Kennedy too many.

Mavericks' fate

Neither will Russell Long ever be the Majority Leader of the Senate. He is not the type. And he wasn't really the type to be Whip. He is a maverick, a man of independent nature who has more in common with Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon than either of them will ever admit.

There is a place in the Senate for such men. In an age when Sam Rayburn's old maxim "You got to go along to get along" probably will end up carved in stone on some new congressional office building, they provide much of the independence and most of the refreshment in the Senate, and at odd, unexpected times render valuable service both to it and to the nation.

The unique thing about them, of course, is the amazingly high number of times they are wrong in relation to the times they are right. And when they are misguided they are both boorish and boring as they flail away on the floor, committed totally and passionately to some ridiculous legislative mission.

Occasionally, when they are right and everybody else is wrong, they are magnificent. They do not make acceptable Senate leaders, however. They are too passionate, too indiscriminate, too individual. Men like Ed Muskie, who possess the capacity to bargain off conflicting interests and show a small percentage of profit out of the final bargain, lead the Senate best. Reasonableness is the key word to be used in describing them. Columnist William White has celebrated their cause for years. Quite properly, they always are the heroes in novels like *Advise and Consent*, just as the maverick Seab Cooleys and Russell Longs are the natural protagonists.

Maine chance

Edmund Muskie will never be President; too many others are in line ahead of him, and at fifty-three, time does not work to his advantage. Senate leadership, then, would represent the pinnacle of his political career. And if the Senate changes



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leaders anytime soon, he has got the job.

If Johnson is re-elected, the job is not all that important. No one doubts that Muskie, given the chance, would serve him faithfully and well. But if Johnson loses and a Republican Administration comes to Washington, it would have to work with a Democratic Senate, and the leader of that Senate suddenly would be a very powerful person indeed.

It could be the story of the Eisenhower Administration all over again — and every schoolboy knows what became of the fellow who led the Senate in those days.

—Douglas Kiker

Laos



As the war in neighboring Vietnam increases in intensity, there has been new talk out of Washington about proposals to block the Ho Chi Minh Trail in southern Laos and cut off Hanoi's infiltration of men and supplies to South Vietnam. As Senator Mike Mansfield, among others, argued publicly in Washington this spring, the building of a fortified barrier (minefields, strong points, and barbed wire) across southern Laos' panhandle has a certain appeal. One U.S. Embassy official in Saigon noted, "No one has ever won a war against guerrillas who maintained an open supply line to a friendly nation."

Although Hanoi has used coastal blockade-runners to get arms into South Vietnam, the Ho Chi Minh Trail has been its major route for troop reinforcements — as many as 7000 a month by Pentagon estimates. The Trail, actually a web of foot-

paths and trucktracks, runs down through mountain defiles to the savage "tri-border area," where the borders of Cambodia, Laos, and Vietnam join. In further violation of the 1962 Geneva Accords on the neutralization of Laos, Hanoi keeps upwards of 40,000 labor troops, depending on the season, for repair and maintenance of the Trail. By using the Trail through the Laotian panhandle, Hanoi's troops can make an end run around the Demilitarized Zone and the allied troops just south of it.

The war trail

The problem has become more acute since mid-1966. Enemy pressure on the U.S. Marines in South Vietnam's five northernmost provinces has been increasing, quite aside from the spring's bloody battles along the DMZ. Security around Huế, Quangtri City, and Danang has deteriorated in the past year, as North Vietnamese reinforcements, coming across the mountains from Laos, have stiffened the local Viet Cong. To a lesser extent, the same trend has occurred to the south in the Central Highlands. As long as the Trail remains open, so the argument goes, the North Vietnamese and the Viet Cong can keep up the war in the south indefinitely.

Bombing the Trail has put a strain on the enemy, who have to move at night. Viewed in daylight from the air, the Trail's so-called Route 96, east of the Laotian town of Saravane, is simply a scar out into the green mountainside, flanked by bomb craters and expended flare parachutes, with no sign of life. The rains further curb truck activity during the May to September monsoon, turning dirt roads into bogs. But enough men and supplies keep coming south, by all accounts, to replace heavy casualties and build up new units.

The barrier proposal most often cited — and war-gamed in the past — is the Route Nine plan, which, in effect, would extend the forty-mile allied "front" south of the DMZ another 125 miles to the west. Route Nine is an old French-colonial dirt road which winds through the Communist-held valleys of the mile-high Annamite Chain, west to the Mekong River in Laos. To the United States, which built the Burma Road, the terrain does not pose insuperable engineering problems.

But the Route Nine plan, by most estimates, would require up to 100,000 American troops. They would be needed to shield and support the barrier against serious attack from both north and south — and Hanoi could be expected to spare no effort to frustrate a Route Nine plan. The Pentagon is already hard-pressed to maintain 450,000 men in South Vietnam (only about 80,000 of them are infantrymen). In Vietnam the United States Army is rich in machines, elaborate logistics, and supporting arms, but poor in riflemen. Officials in Saigon and Vientiane find it hard to imagine where Lyndon Johnson could find 100,000 extra troops to send into Laos, without greatly increasing draft calls and calling up reserves.

Moreover, in the opinion of most diplomats in Thailand and Laos, the enlargement of the Vietnam war could not be limited to southern Laos. Hanoi, however hard-pressed, would certainly be able to muster enough troops to make a diversionary counterattack in northern Laos, possibly even a foray across the Mekong against the United States air base at Nakorn Panom, in northeastern Thailand. Thus, still more American manpower would be required.

As William Sullivan, the United States ambassador to Vientiane, is well aware, the military burden of the "barrier" is only half the problem. A massive United States intervention in southern Laos would be a violation of the 1962 Geneva Accords and of the acceptable status quo, which the Soviet Union could not ignore. The prospect gives Communist diplomats in Vientiane the jitters. The political price of the barrier would be a revival of the dangerous Soviet-American confrontation that the 1962 accords, however bent and frayed, managed to avert. "Laos is one of the few places where the détente still exists," observed one American diplomat. "Is it worthwhile breaking it?"

The acceptable prince

In May, Prince Souvanna Phouma, durable sixty-five-year-old Premier of the rightist-neutralist coalition, made clear in Vientiane his fears of any intensification of the war in Laos.

Prince Souvanna's pleas for his avowed policy of neutrality and the military status quo brought no ob-

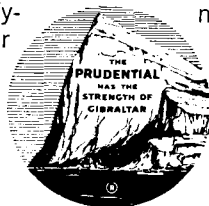


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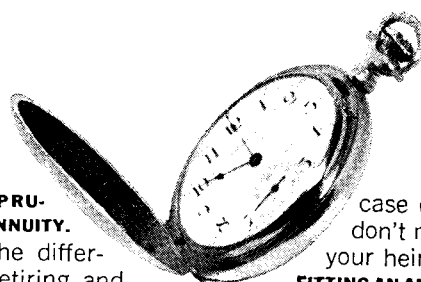
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Laos

jections from the Soviet Union's ambassador, Boris E. Kirnassovsky. On this, he and Ambassador Sullivan see eye to eye. Despite their massive matériel support for Hanoi in Vietnam, the Soviets have yet to echo Peking's and Hanoi's denunciations of Souvanna as a lackey of the Americans. After thirteen years of topsy-turvy Laotian independence from France, after coups and counter-coups, the Prince is now the kingdom's only politician acceptable to rightist army generals, the neutralists, and most important, Washington and Moscow.

Last New Year's Day, some 600,000 Laotian voters, most of them illiterate, chose a new fifty-nine-member parliament to succeed its quarrelsome predecessor. (The Pathet Lao, not unexpectedly, boycotted the election and made a few hit-and-run raids to harass the voting.) Souvanna campaigned last fall for a United Front and an end to Vientiane's chronic factionalism, but such a front has yet to emerge. He is still under pressure from rightists in the assembly to turn over four Cabinet portfolios which he has preserved for the Pathet Lao ever since 1963, when they quit the short-lived tripartite government which was set up after the Geneva Accords. As the Premier remarked sadly this spring, "The Pathet Lao is still the only organized political party in Laos."

Pathet Lao power

As newcomers to Vientiane are astonished to learn, Souvanna has carefully left the door open for the Pathet Lao to return to tripartitism. Just across from Vientiane's bustling Morning Market, half-hidden by a weed-shrouded fence, stands an impassive young Pathet Lao soldier in faded baggy khaki. For years the sentry and his comrades have been guarding the Communist Pathet Lao compound in Vientiane. Off duty, the Pathet Lao guards play volleyball, watch inspirational films borrowed from the North Vietnamese embassy, and tend a garden.

The Pathet Lao, whose nominal leader is still Prince Souphanouvong, Souvanna's half brother, have had little cause for rejoicing in the past year. With perhaps 20,000 armed men, loosely controlling the Plain of

Jars and the mountain valleys north and east of the Mekong, they have steadily lost ground since mid-1964. United States officials in Vientiane contend that if it weren't for 15,000 North Vietnamese regulars, who provide leaders and heavy weapons specialists for Pathet Lao units, the Pathet Lao would collapse.

Other Westerners are less optimistic, noting that the Kha tribesmen in southern Laos and some hill tribes in northern Laos are still stoutly anti-government as a result of past discrimination. The Pathet Lao, while no Viet Cong, still have a grass-roots organization in the "liberated areas" that the government has yet to equal in the territory under its control.

Yet, the Pathet Lao — and Hanoi's troops — have operated under increasing handicaps. Hanoi has apparently been too preoccupied elsewhere to play more than a conservative, largely defensive role in Laos since early 1965. During the rainy season, when Pathet Lao supply roads turn into quagmires, they go on the defensive. During the past dry season, they have made sporadic forays into the rice-growing flatlands to gather food and assert their presence.

By Vietnam standards, the fitful war in Laos is almost a cease-fire. Estimated casualties last year were 7000 killed, wounded, and missing on each side, without counting civilians. Except in a few key valleys and towns, neither side has enough strength to take or hold ground against serious opposition. "Often enough," observed a U.S. official, "one shoots just to warn the other side that it is coming so that the enemy can get out of the way."

"Laos has had enough"

The government army (Forces Armées Royales) is ridden with incompetents and by antipathies, notably between General Kouprasith Abhay, politically ambitious commander of the Vientiane region, and other regional commanders. But several potentially more dangerous threats to stability have been removed. General Kong Le, long the boyish, charismatic, but increasingly inactive commander of the 10,000 neutralist troupes at Vang Vieng and Muong Soui, was ousted by his subordinate colonels last fall. He wound up in Hong Kong.

Little by little, amid dickering

over rank and jobs, the neutralist battalions are being integrated into the regular F.A.R. General Phoumi Nosavan, once the CIA-backed rightist "strong man," has been living in comfortable exile at Thailand's beach resort of Songkla since the last abortive semicoup against Souvanna in February, 1965. General Thao Ma, the headstrong commander of the fledgling Royal Laotian Air Force, got into a quarrel with the Vientiane generals, tried to settle it by bombing GHQ last October, and fled to Thailand. "Let's hope the days of military coups are over," said a Vientiane newspaperman. "Laos has had enough."

The great equalizer in Laos, despite mountainous terrain and chronic bad weather, has been air power. The Communists have no aircraft. The American-trained and equipped Royal Laotian Air Force, with a kind of Hell's Angels flair, has given the long-suffering F.A.R. ground troops a major boost. At the battle of Thakhek, in December, 1965, for example, General Ma, lacking conventional night bombers, loaded up his old C-47 transports with bombs and told his airmen to kick the bombs out of the doors on the North Vietnamese positions in the darkness below. Enemy casualties, if any, were unknown, but the effect on the government defenders' morale, by all accounts, was sensational. The real workhorse of the Laotian war has been the stubby propeller-driven T-28 trainer, converted into a mini-bomber capable of carrying 500-pound bombs and rockets. The Laotians fly some twenty T-28's in close support of the army's isolated garrisons and occasional "sweep" forces.

Silent battles

But the T-28's are not the only "equalizers." On occasion, without any publicity, Thai pilots fly unmarked T-28's across the Mekong in support of the Laotians (just as a composite Royal Thai Army artillery group mans 105 mm. and 155 mm. howitzers at Muong Soui on the fringes of the Plain of Jars, and Thai and Laotian commandos spy on the Ho Chi Minh Trail).

In mid-1964, U.S. Air Force jets began "armed reconnaissance" over Communist-held territory at Premier Souvanna's request. Now, A-26 attack bombers and A-1-E fighter-

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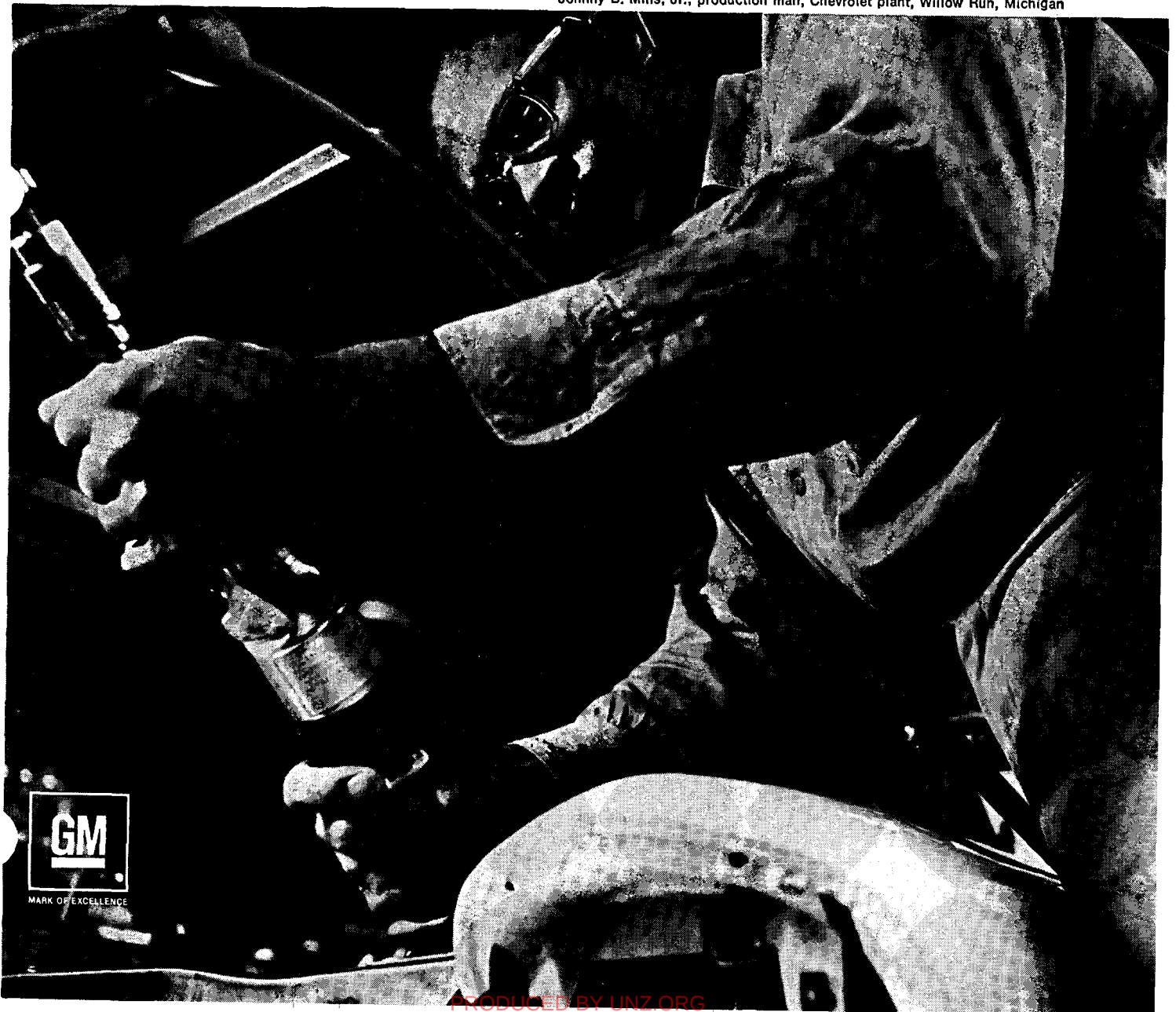
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Laos

bombers fly against Laotian targets from Nakhon Phanom in Thailand. The Thai-based F-105 and F-4-C jets, especially when bad weather prevents strikes against North Vietnam, hit the Ho Chi Minh Trail and the supply routes coming into the Plain of Jars. Every so often, they bomb Dien Bien Phu, site of the 1954 French disaster, which sits astride Route 19, the supply line from North Vietnam into northern Laos. To preserve the facade of the Geneva Accords, these strikes go unannounced by U.S. military spokesmen. Hanoi, after all, does not admit it is involved in Laos either.

As Mr. Sot Petrasy, the Pathet Lao representative in Vietnam, likes to point out, all this bombing has not brought the Pathet Lao to surrender. But by all accounts, it has forced Communist leaders to live in caves and dugouts, and reduced most towns and villages held by the P.L. to ruins. It has forced the Communists to divert manpower — far scarcer in rural Laos than in North Vietnam — to fill bomb craters in their few supply roads and repair the bridges. It keeps the Communists off the roads in daylight. It has contributed heavily to the flow of refugees from Communist-held areas, along with the Pathet Lao's ever increasing demands on the peasants for rice, recruits, and forced labor.

Transport tactics

Air transport has also given Premier Souvanna's government an edge. Laos, a mountainous, sparsely populated, landlocked country the size of Great Britain, has neither paved highway nor railroad. (The French, who saw little to be gotten out of Laos, put little in.) Roving bands of Pathet Lao add to the inconveniences of surface transportation. Only near the Mekong River does normal road traffic occur.

Thus, the gray-clad bush pilots of Air America and Continental Air Services, under annual contract to USAID, play a key role in U.S. efforts to support the Royal Laotian government. Most of the \$5 million worth of rice and other aid annually given to the 250,000 refugees is delivered by air, especially in the rugged mountains of the north.

Although economic aid and taxi

service take up most of the charter airlines' effort, others benefit as well. With 100 pilots and 900 other people on its payroll in Laos, representing 7 nationalities, Air America reportedly has 32 aircraft "in-country," with others based in Thailand. The company's executives say that their planes carry no troops. But it is generally known in Vientiane that Air America does perform discreet chores for the Central Intelligence Agency, such as dropping arms and ammunition to Meo tribesmen and other "friendlies" in northern Laos. Continental Air Services' 36 aircraft and 80 pilots are occasionally employed to ferry and supply Royal Laotian Army troops, in addition to doing the same AID transport chores as Air America.

Contrary to some press reports, the bush pilots, who earn up to \$2000 a month, are not active-duty air force officers in mufti. Nor do they fly "bombing missions." All are civilians; many are former air force pilots; most are old hands at flying in Southeast Asia. They earn their pay. Besides enemy fire and bad weather, the American pilots, mostly married men, must often hazard short, bumpy mountaintop landing sites that go uphill.

By Vietnam standards, the U.S. aid effort in Laos is modest. Only a handful of American, Thai, Filipino, and Lao employees of AID live and work "upcountry." (Others commute.) But among them are some of the United States's most respected Asia hands. John Perry, former head of the Chieu Hoi ("Open Arms") program for Viet Cong defectors in South Vietnam, is AID's regional director in Luang Prabang. Loren Hafner, fifty-three, a much-decorated, retired Marine colonel, runs the Peace-Corps-style "forward area" program in remote valleys newly freed from Pathet Lao control; his "troops" are eight teams, each composed of two Lao-tians and two young \$85-a-month International Voluntary Services men. One of them, a young Quaker, was killed by the Pathet Lao last March.

Aside from occasional danger, the Americans have to contend with local apathy, primitive traditions, extortion and graft, and a natural tendency on the part of many poorly paid local Laotian officials to regard Uncle Sam as Santa Claus. Yet despite delays and failures, schools are

going up, roads and dams are being built, government "presence" is being established. Especially in the north, much of the work is being done by the villagers themselves.

Controlling corruption

Joseph A. Mendenhall, the energetic AID director for Laos, has been trying hard in the last year to cut down on the costly airlift, which accounts for about \$7.3 million of the \$55 million annual U.S. economic aid program in Laos. (The dollar cost of U.S. military aid is classified, but is thought to run about the same.) Some AID supplies have been floated down the Mekong to Luang Prabang from the northern Thai border town of Chiang Khong, braving Pathet Lao ambushes and sniping. Truck convoys roll down the dirt highway from Vientiane to Savannakhet, despite occasional delays due to "insecurity."

The old commodities import program, source of many a scandal in the late fifties and early sixties, has been cut back from \$7.5 million (1965) to \$5 million. Known as USIP, it makes dollars available at the exchange rate of 240 Laotian kip for authorized imports of commodities. As an AID report put it, "It was found that importers and dealers were making large profits out of USIP by falsifying invoices, re-exporting goods to Thailand, and pricing at the 500 exchange rate goods imported at the 240 rate." The list of authorized imports has been reduced to a few essentials: rice, petroleum products, industrial machinery, and utility vehicles. Vientiane's Chinese shopkeepers still offer a full range of imported delicacies, ranging from New England clam chowder to French wines and Japanese tape recorders, but they don't get them through USIP.

"Ugly Americanism"?

In Vientiane, Ambassador Sullivan has done his best to keep the American "presence" as unobtrusive as possible, and he has largely succeeded. The big compound which houses the American Community Center (with restaurant and swimming pool), the AID headquarters, and the offices of Colonel Clarke Baldwin's staff of fifteen army and air force attachés is on a secluded side street. Few Americans except embassy officials live "on the economy"; they inhabit ranch-house

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ghettos outside town, and shop in the commissary.

Shocking to newcomers, to whom all this smacks of "Ugly Americanism," the segregation in fact suits both the Laotians and the embassy; only those Americans who have a real interest in meeting Laotians do so. "Incidents" and undue pressure on local housing are avoided. In Vientiane, there is little of the chip-on-shoulder anti-Americanism one finds in Bangkok or Saigon. Gone are the boisterous pre-Geneva days of the Army Special Forces White Star teams, when the Green Berets, in from the hills, would roister with Vietnamese bar girls along the Strip outside town. Now the Strip is dying, and the girls talk of moving to northeast Thailand, where the U.S. Air Force bases have spurred a nightclub boom.

Hard going

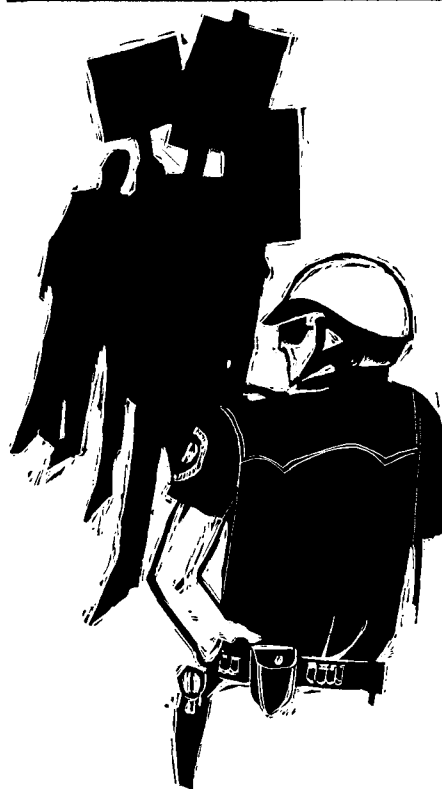
Without U.S. military and economic aid, Premier Souvanna's weakly knit government would have hard going. Revenues cover only a third of the budget. And defense outlays gobble up two thirds of it. Souvanna's thirty-five-year-old Finance Minister, Sisouk na Champasak, has earned Western diplomats' respect by increasing tax collections and pruning the budget. But there are limits. Although Souvanna, Sisouk, and other key ministers are regarded as incorruptible, government salaries are already so low as to invite corruption. (A Laotian colonel's maximum base pay is \$70 a month.) And corruption has long been widespread, ranging from rakeoffs on soldiers' pay to ventures by officials in opium- and gold-smuggling.

"Under these circumstances," said one of Sisouk's associates, "it is useless to talk of real economic development. As long as the war continues, the best we can hope for is a holding operation."

Even that modest hope, as Souvanna has often pointed out, depends not on the Laotians but on the Great Powers—and the effect of the Vietnam war on their policies. So far, as a U.S. Embassy economist put it, Laos has been a "successful mess"; domestic chaos, Communist take-over, and American-Soviet confrontation have been averted. But in mid-1967 even the optimists in Vientiane are keeping their fingers crossed.

—Peter Braestrup

The Civil Rights Commission



The role of the U.S. Commission on Civil Rights is, by making studies and issuing reports, to move the U.S. government forward, inch by agonizing inch, on civil rights. Spasmodically, and somewhat surprisingly, it has done so. Up to now. It could, for example, travel south, discover that despite a voting rights law Negroes still were deprived of the right to vote, recommend more federal legislation, and help embarrass the government into action.

Now with a string of ostensible victories in the South set down in the statute books, the Commission has sallied forth into the vast, vague "urban crisis." The encounter has been an unnerving one for the commissioners. It demonstrates perhaps better than anything else the enormous gulf between the Negro in trouble and the white man who might do anything about it.

One difficulty lies in the very concept of the Commission, a group named not so much for its expertise—on the contrary, in fact—but for the prestigious and *allrightnik* authenticity its names will lend to controversial ideas. When famous deans, university presidents, and editors say that people ought not to be deprived of the right to vote, well,

there must be something to that. The group should be ahead of the public in its thinking, but not so far ahead that it loses its audience.

To put the Civil Rights Commission in perspective, it is fair to recall that when it was established under the 1957 Civil Rights Act there were legitimate grounds for suspecting that this was the classic cop-out, a way of postponing action with further study. The suspicions were not alleviated when the judicious President Eisenhower carefully balanced the Commission membership between three Northerners and three Southerners. (This always reminds me of the Jules Feiffer cartoon of Mr. Eisenhower discussing the Little Rock crisis at a press conference. The President was warning against "extremists on both sides"—those who want to blow up the schools and those who want to keep them open.) But the Commission turned out to be a sleeper; few would have anticipated its strong reports on voting, schools, housing, administration of justice, and other racial issues. A good deal of this is of course attributable to the staff, a younger group dedicated full time not only to the furtherance of civil rights, but also to the education of the commissioners, who can devote but a fraction of their busy lives to the problem.

Saviors or "feds"?

When the Commission scheduled a week of hearings in the San Francisco Bay area earlier this summer, the staff had decided that the time had come, as one put it, "to lower them a little further into the vat." In Mississippi, Negroes had welcomed the commissioners as saviors, and accorded them the respect and awe to which deans and presidents and editors have become accustomed. When the commissioners went to Cleveland last year to learn what a ghetto is, they heard a few rumbles of discontent, but nothing to offend their sensibilities too seriously. In San Francisco they were confronted with anger, suspicion, even scorn; they were annoyed.

Sitting there, high on the dais in what is called the Ceremonial Courtroom and resembles a paneled airplane hangar inserted in the nineteenth floor of the Federal Building, the commissioners seemed to many witnesses not so much saviors as just more representatives of the "feds," of "the man," come to look them

over and to go away and do nothing, and the witnesses had already had quite enough of that. "We get a lot of people," said Edward Becks, a Negro community organizer in east Palo Alto, "looking in our noses and ears and eyes and tape recording us, but we don't see anything after that. People come into the area," he continued, "and when they hear us giving different points of view they say, can't you get together, and when we try to get together, they say there's a power struggle going on."

"We're tired of being studied all the time," said Orville Luster, a soft-spoken middle-aged Negro who has had success working with teen-age groups. "All we get is a tremendous amount of beautiful reports that aren't even read."

Wilfred Ussery, national chairman of CORE, pointed out that in 1966 he had attended a grand White House conference "To Fulfill These Rights," but, "I have heard nothing since about moving that program. I am one who feels disenchantment with the system," said Ussery. "I would like to say that there is hope, but I don't see any hope. I am very serious about that."

"A little pill"

The commissioners protested that they wanted "facts." "We're just trying to learn," Erwin Griswold, dean of the Harvard Law School, sternly told a group of high school students, all potential dropouts involved in a special project to keep them in school. "If you could present us with facts . . . mere expressions of emotion are not helpful, are not relevant."

"The facts," replied eighteen-year-old Patricia Delago, "are behind the emotions, pushing the emotions out."

Miss Delago, speaking quietly and rapidly, then gave the commissioners some facts, about crowded classrooms, prejudiced teachers, counselors who give a student five minutes of advice, usually that there is no point in pursuing a career. "You won't give the boys a measly job when they're sixteen or seventeen, but when they're eighteen you'll send them to Vietnam. You're like our doctor, and we get an appointment with you, and you give us a little pill to solve our problems. Then you say we'll be back in seven years. . . . You give us a half hour

to listen to all our problems. We have to live with them all our lives."

"I would like for each and every one of you," said one of Miss Delago's fellow students, "to come out to our school someday . . . to see how we are being cheated out of an education. We walk down the hall just like packs of cattle, that's how small the school is. I want to ask you right now, What is going to happen to the people who drop out?"

Commission chairman John Hannah, president of Michigan State University, felt put upon. "We are here to listen," he said, his face reddening with anger. "We have to take whatever God gave us . . . to make you the best possible citizen. . . . An education is something that every person has to achieve for himself." Hannah droned on about what makes America great, about Founding Fathers. The students somehow did not find this an answer. "You look bored," said Hannah, growing angrier still, "we're going to terminate your part of the hearing. . . . This Commission has been the victim for the past twenty-four hours of some sideshows. Father Hesburgh can preach a better sermon than I can." The Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of Notre Dame University, another commissioner, did just that.

"Patricia," said Father Hesburgh, in low, mellow tones, "I want to say something. I've been in seventy countries. . . . I spent a lot of time recently in Latin America." Father Hesburgh gave a brief travelogue of Latin America, the fjords of southern Chile, and so on, and continued: "The one thing that we have in this country that they don't have is equality of opportunity. What you're getting now would look like paradise compared to what they get there. . . . Now I know it's not perfect here either," and that's "the only reason this group exists. We move all around this country. We all have ten full-time jobs. We look at these problems in our spare time, if there is such a thing. Freedom of opportunity is not something you get on a platter. This man next to me [Eugene Patterson, editor of the *Atlanta Constitution*] won a Pulitzer Prize this week. You don't get those with Green Stamps. . . . I hope you grab every opportunity you have, and I hope we can create more and more opportunities. We've all got to put down our buckets where

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Civil Rights Commission

we are.” In a series of unfortunate remarks, the latter was an ill-timed recollection of a saying of Booker T. Washington’s, a man who, one Negro remarked to me later, “didn’t know how empty the well was.”

Sitting ducks

A good part of the commissioners’ discomfort was at finding themselves sitting ducks for anger and frustration at the federal government, over which it had minimal influence yet whose identity it could not escape. And that identity, away from Washington — that other world where the well-laid plans are made — is not a happy one. The government, said one of the witnesses before the Commission, “speaks with a forked tongue.”

A war on poverty is proclaimed, and the warriors retreat at the first skirmish; a school aid program focusing on the poor is begun, and in no time politicians talk about ending it. Executive orders on civil rights are issued, but they are not carried out. Federal programs to provide jobs and improve housing are enacted, but if local officials don’t want to accept the programs, nobody can make them.

For years, for example, there has been a federal policy, recently reaffirmed in still another executive order, that there should not be racial discrimination in jobs provided through federal contracts. But neither the union leaders nor contractors who came before the Commission felt responsibility for translating the order into jobs for Negroes. “A union’s primary responsibility,” said Al Clem, business manager of Operating Engineers, Local No. 3, “is to its members.” How many Negroes were in his union? “I have no way of knowing.” Didn’t the 1964 Civil Rights Act require unions to keep records by race? Yes, but the government forms had not yet reached the union.

James Childers, president of the AFL-CIO Building Trades Council, patiently explained to the Commission that Negroes were represented in the unions, perhaps “not as much as they would like to be — not as much as their leaders say they would like to be. They are represented as much as the Negroes want to be.” Joseph Mazzola, business manager

of the Plumbers Union, Local 38, said that although his union had twenty Negroes “that we know of” out of some three thousand members, and the NLRB had charged it with discrimination, the union “never” discriminated against minorities. What if a contractor wanted a federal contract and was told that first there must be a guarantee of more jobs for Negroes? “Naturally we would get in touch with our attorneys,” replied Mazzola, “to protect the rights of our members.”

“I think you’re barking up the wrong tree when you say it’s the contractor’s responsibility,” explained Morton Harris, administrative officer of the S. S. Silverblatt Company, which had won a \$30 million federal contract to build a Post Office building in Oakland. The Commission staff found that there were no Negro plumbers, or electricians, or steam fitters, or operating engineers, or ironworkers on the job. In a total work force of two hundred, there were eighteen Negroes. Mr. Harris believed that he had fulfilled his obligations under the executive order: he “personally” had sent the unions a copy of the order, and he had been assured by the unions that they were in compliance with the order.

Perhaps the representative of the Labor Department’s Office of Contract Compliance, which has responsibility for carrying out the executive order, would explain to the Commission how the order was enforced. Vincent Macaluso, who flew out from Washington for the occasion, was full of good news about the Department’s new “affirmative action program,” and professed himself “confounded” by Mr. Harris’ remarks. If a contractor has a collective-bargaining agreement which interferes with his performance on a government contract, declared Mr. Macaluso, “he should simply not do business with the government.” Well, mused the Commission’s counsel, some contractors didn’t see it that way; had the government ever established its credibility by terminating a construction contract? “Not to my knowledge,” replied Mr. Macaluso. “There is a feeling that after all the contractor is in a very hard spot.” There is also a feeling, William Taylor, the Commission’s staff director, reminded Mr. Macaluso, that the Department of Labor is “suscep-

tible” to the craft unions, and that this inhibits enforcement of the order.

In 1962, after long delay and with much fanfare, President Kennedy signed an executive order forbidding racial discrimination in the sale or rent of federally financed or insured housing. The primary responsibility for enforcing the order was placed on the Federal Housing Administration, which insured mortgages, and which is part of the Department of Housing and Urban Development. The FHA decided that enforcement of the housing order was dependent on “citizen action.”

“Not personally motivated . . .”

Mrs. Lois Matusek and Mrs. Lucy Buchbinder, two San Francisco citizens who took up the challenge, reported on the “rather frustrating” results of trying to help the government enforce its own policies. “I can call the HUD man,” said one, “and he says I’m awfully sorry, I can’t get this information for you. I couldn’t make an appointment with the U.S. Attorney because they said one agency couldn’t monitor another. . . . When I ask Washington I usually get a gung ho letter back . . .” but little happens. “At the district level,” explained Mrs. Matusek, “the attitude of the personnel can water down the modified nonaggressive policy even further.” The local FHA representative, “three times in my presence, said he was not personally motivated” to carry out the order.

Jack Tuggle, regional representative of the FHA, told the Commission that he was afraid that if the FHA singled out a specific FHA-backed subdivision developer and ordered him to comply with the federal nondiscrimination policy, it would be “stigmatizing” him; “it might serve as an attraction for excessive — I’ll use the word ‘imbalanced,’ I believe that’s a socially acceptable word now” — influx of Negro buyers. The FHA backs over 51 percent of the housing built in the Bay area, Mr. Tuggle pointed out, and he would not like to do “anything that would tend to cause us to lose our position in the market.”

San Francisco had not applied for assistance under the new Model Cities Act, the most promising and comprehensive slum rehabilitation program yet. Mayor John F. Shelley, white-haired, pink-faced, sur-

rounded by a retinue of aides and photographers, affably explained why not. The coordination of local programs required by the Model Cities Act could not be carried out without a change in the city charter, the mayor said, and he did not want "that kind of thing on the ballot at this time because I am a candidate for re-election."

Making trouble

Officialdom, federal and local, has made it clear that one way to petition for the federal beneficence that has been promised back in Washington is to riot. Each spring, officialdom predicts a "long hot summer" and pledges special help to areas where there is trouble. This naturally makes making trouble a very tempting strategy. Even representatives of Mexican-American and Chinese communities in the Bay area suggested to the Commission that the possibilities of the riot cycle are not lost on their people.

The attitude has spread, said Larry Wong, a Presbyterian minister and poverty-program worker in Chinatown, "that until a community produces a riot the power people will not produce action." There was no attention to Hunter's Point in San Francisco, Mr. Wong pointed out, until the Negroes there rioted.

But the government also appears to speak with the "forked tongue" when riots break out. When trouble exploded at Hunter's Point last fall — citizens of the area say it was not nearly so serious as pistol-happy police and the press made out — Mayor Shelley sent a desperate telegram to the White House, asking for help. James A. Richards, a young Negro leader of a youth group trying to stabilize Hunter's Point, described the area to the Commission: "no recreation facilities, education facilities, cultural programs, health facilities, transportation facilities — it's just ole tore-down houses to put people there and keep it a ghetto, I suppose. . . . It wasn't a major

riot, the way people tended to see it. The reasons behind it were major, and they still are."

What happened after the riot? People came out and "made false promises. Things are not getting better; they're getting worse." The commissioners did not press Mr. Richards for details; he talked nervously and quickly and inarticulately, he was not their kind of witness. "After the riot," he explained to me later, "I had meetings with representatives of all the federal agencies. They were taking surveys all over the place. They said they were going to find jobs. They talked as if there were going to be real security, but they left us standing the same way. Some got jobs working two, three hours in the Post Office. About three jobs with the Telephone Company. They never contacted me after that."

The other side of the gulf

There is reason to wonder whether the commissioners understood Mr. Richards and the other young men and women like him any better for having come to San Francisco. "We want facts," Commissioner Robert

S. Rankin, a Duke University political science professor, told me as the week-long hearings neared the end, echoing Dean Griswold, "but we're getting emotions." "The only thing I got out of these hearings," Chairman Hannah remarked, "is that the Mexican-Americans are upset with us."

Perhaps the gulf, continually widened by differences of class, by mutual frustrations, by the sheer passage of time, is now too great to bridge. Humble sharecroppers and civil rights leaders in Brooks Brothers suits are now a small and fading part of the picture. This is not to suggest that the issues the commissioners face would be simple but for a failure of understanding; far from it. Nor are they standing alone on the other side of the gulf; a great crowd of politicians and officials, most of America, in fact, is standing right there with them. Perhaps they learned more than they appeared to in San Francisco. The real point is that if they cannot grasp what the witnesses were telling them, if they can no longer budge the federal government and the nation, who can?

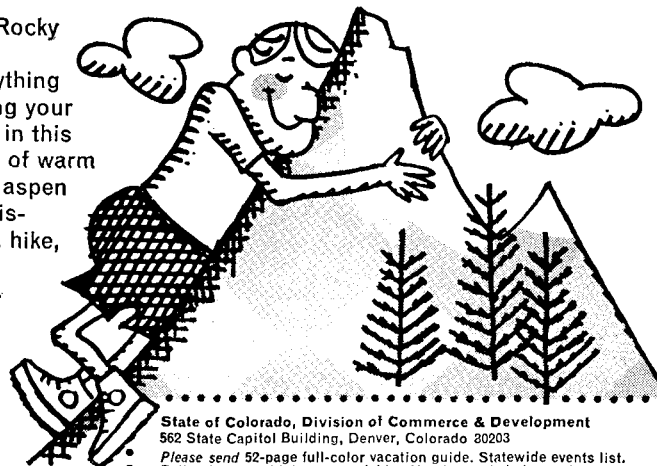
— Elizabeth Brenner Drew

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letters

Svetlana on Pasternak

SIR: The daughter of Stalin, arriving in the United States, speaking warmly, simply, humanly about her life ("To Boris Leonidovich Pasternak," June *Atlantic*) — it all seemed so complex and moving that I found myself thinking: this, with its mixture of the personal and the public, the emotional and the political, is like something out of Tolstoy or Pasternak.

Her article is a striking expression of the interconnection, and clash, between deepest and most personal feelings (love for one's husband, children, country) and political events (the ways of the government, institutional structures, rulers, wars, politics). That is palpable in every line.

But something else is just as striking: the intermeshing of life and literature. This is an old Russian tradition. In Pushkin's *Eugeny Onegin*, the characters read books and are shaped by them. Pushkin speaks his mind about life and letters, and there is a mirror-within-mirror effect of life and poetry reciprocally working on each other. Particularly Russians have been reading and writing books in this way, recognizing literature in their lives and themselves in books.

Most readers of *Doctor Zhivago* felt the brooding presence of Pasternak's mind surveying the life of his age, his country, and the essential questions, personal and public, raised by the Revolution and the Soviet State.

In Svetlana Alliluyeva's letter we have a new, poignant expression of this almost inextricable connection, which at times becomes a conscious, deliberate confusion of personal life and literary character. By the heart's logic, she identifies her own departure from Russia with Zhivago's consent to Lara's leaving. Pasternak's ruminations about what has happened to his country connect with Svetlana Alliluyeva's laments

about Russia today. Her sad separation from her children is projected on a screen where Pasternak's Lara merges with Svetlana herself. The rowan tree, with its armlike branches extending like a woman's offered embrace, to Zhivago suggested Lara; to Svetlana the same tree represents her Katya. The imprisoned writer Sinavsky becomes Yuri Zhivago.

Svetlana Alliluyeva's feeling for the kinship of various "crossings of fate" permeates her whole work.

The *Atlantic Monthly* has done a service by publishing her.

GEORGE GIBIAN

Department of Russian Literature
Cornell University

SIR: I don't doubt that Svetlana Alliluyeva's essay will have a tremendous response. I hope that its feeling for the dignity of man will not be too greatly distorted by political interests.

WITOLD GOMBROWICZ

Vence, France

SIR: "To Boris Leonidovich Pasternak" is a beautifully restrained lament for the great poet in whose celebrated novel she experiences again all the sadness of her own life in the Soviet Union, as well as that of the countless Doctor Zhivagos and their beloved Laras. It evokes poignant memories of all those voluntary or enforced Russian exiles of the past who have grieved for the land and the loved ones they left behind them. There is something tragically symbolic in the fact that a government which would not permit her to take her ailing husband back to the country of his birth would in the end allow her to carry his ashes there. Although she may now enjoy the hope of a new life abroad, she has left many like her in the Soviet Union with nothing to sorrow over save the ashes of their hopes.

ERNEST J. SIMMONS

Wesleyan University

SIR: Svetlana Alliluyeva's article is a human document, a confession, a lyrical lament. Its style reminds me of the wailing of village mourners, and it has intonations of the church chants — perhaps this is the reason I felt it as genuinely Russian and an expression of national spirit. It is also a typical manifestation of the Russian lost generation. In some places it is akin to a work of another, much older woman, "Requi-

em," by the late Anna Akhmatova, whose son had been arrested under Stalin (and first husband executed in 1921). What struck me in Svetlana's piece was not only her moaning and lamenting, not so much her inner drama of a mother torn between her love of her children and the call of her conscience, but also her full identification with Pasternak's characters. Her response to *Doctor Zhivago* indicates how millions of Soviet readers would have reacted to the novel if they had had the possibility of reading it.

MARC SLONIM

Sarah Lawrence College

SIR: I think Svetlana Alliluyeva's contagion for good, irresistible. Very moving indeed, her message to Pasternak.

MARIANNE MOORE

New York City

SIR: I had assumed from reading the record of her press conference that Pasternak's spirit was strong upon Svetlana Alliluyeva. And still her essay is a revelation. It has the same feverish haste, the same breathless intensity as Pasternak's novel. I have written and lectured on *Doctor Zhivago*, but I have never fully grasped what this novel — the true Easter Sunday (*svetloye voskres'ye*) of Russian literature — can mean, does mean, to someone who has lived and suffered in Russia. As one hearkens to this outcry, one would like to comfort her, to tell her in the words of Chekhov, whom she loves, that the time will come when "all the evil of this world, all our sufferings, will be drowned in the flood of mercy that will fill the earth; that life will become soft, and tender, and sweet. . . ." I suppose the wounds are too deep and words, even Chekhov's words, are of no avail. And I wish I could myself believe that Pasternak's resurrection of Russian language and literature is certain to be followed by a resurrection of freedom in Russia so that the pleasures of human intercourse and contemplation and creation of beauty will become more important than empty slogans and mechanics of power exercise.

ALEXANDER GERSCHENKRON

Harvard University

SIR: This morning's London *Times* carries extracts from the Alliluyeva piece, and I am most grateful to have

a full text. What little information has reached here suggests that Svetlana Alliluyeva's children — one of whom is very openly Jewish — are in some danger. Whether her extraordinary document will help them or, indeed, make matters worse (this goes for Sinyavsky as well) seems to me a very open question and one which you doubtless weighed in some anguish of mind. The dulcet hysteria of the style is arresting but also characteristic of certain strains in classic Russian literature (for example, Dostoevsky's Pushkin memorial oration or his open letter to the Russian troops in the Balkan wars).

GEORGE STEINER
Churchill College
Cambridge, England

SIR: Neither your lurid June cover nor the interpretation by Max Hayward of Svetlana Alliluyeva's "To Boris Leonidovich Pasternak" persuaded me that it was a privilege to read such literary drivel. But I am glad to have read something that she wrote, in order to form my own opinion.

ALICE L. SMITH
New York City

SIR: I've read the Alliluyeva piece, and I think it is shockingly bad, a sort of fisheyes-and-glue dished up to titillate the American public and to justify its author's guilty de-Stalinization. Almost the worst of it is that I suspect Mrs. Alliluyeva is sincere. I believe that if her name were Davis or Smith or Johnson, every editor would, without further thought, return her her essay with a formal rejection slip, having first read aloud to his colleagues one or two of the sillier soupy passages. I object to the publication in one of our leading magazines of yet another God-fearing anti-Communist scream. And I regret the policy which allows Mrs. Alliluyeva the defector to have a third "husband" but which was once shocked at the arrival of Maxim Gorky the Communist with "wife." Unlike Max Hayward, I don't think Mrs. Alliluyeva says anything of any interest whatsoever about Pasternak's novel.

F. D. REEVE
Higganum, Conn.

SIR: A more peculiar and sick-sounding outpouring (Svetlana's reflections in the June *Atlantic*) will

If this were an ordinary gin, we would have put it in an ordinary gin bottle.



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not be found outside the pages of a psychiatric journal.

RUTH BUEHLER
Eugene, Ore.

SIR: In printing the reflections of Svetlana Alliluyeva I think the *Atlantic* reached its lowest tide since the last century, when it printed Harriet Beecher Stowe's account of the last ravings of Lord Byron's wife.

Obviously Svetlana Alliluyeva is insane — not merely distraught. Obviously the piece was written by a ghost who evidently had incoherent notes, but why a ghost of such low quality for the *Atlantic*?

HELEN RAND MILLER
San Francisco, Calif.

SIR: How can our people swallow the protestations of a woman who left a seventeen-year-old daughter and a twenty-two-year-old son to face the music and a life which she found unbearable. Our cat who carries her kittens to safety is a better mother.

TERESA S. FITZPATRICK
Newport, R. I.

SIR: In describing how reading *Doctor Zhivago* represented "an unexpected encounter with Russia," Svetlana Alliluyeva goes on to state that this occurred when "all my thoughts were elsewhere." And they were. To pour salt in the healing wounds of the cold war is not to think of Russia. In the same *Atlantic*, Professor Galbraith writes of the "poorly concealed conflict between the state and the intellectuals" in Russia. For more than ten years *Atlantic* writers have considered the effects of the new Russian intellectual freedom on culture and on social and economic conditions. Where was Svetlana Alliluyeva during all these years?

DAVID L. MACFARLANE
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

SIR: I am sure that many of us are moved to tears by Svetlana Alliluyeva's feelings on reading *Doctor Zhivago*. I am. In a way she is writing for Mississippi artists too, as there is the same violent and senseless passion for *place* in us, no matter what happens here.

BERRY MORGAN
Port Gibson, Miss.

SIR: Svetlana Alliluyeva's article in the June *Atlantic* is one of the most

eloquent testimonials on the priceless gift of freedom of speech ever encountered. The price that she has paid, in giving up her children and her homeland, to attain this freedom should remind us in this country how fortunate we really are.

RUTH A. BOTHAM
Dayton, Ohio

Germany 1967

SIR: Any visitor to a foreign country who ponders over the mysterious personality of a nation or the complexity of a political situation will envy the nine eminent American writers who during a visit of just two weeks arrived at such penetrating judgments on present-day Germany (Germany 1967, May *Atlantic*). After a few days they knew. It had become quite clear that "not a very high hill is required to survey German morality, recent and present."

On both sides of the Atlantic we have seen a great number of writers appraising the American or French or German moral character, sitting in solemn judgment over the other nation, and all this on the basis of a few weeks' travel impressions. Nobody knows how much damage our mutual self-righteousness has done to each other, how deeply our moral superiority has separated us and keeps us from an honest investigation of the other nation's problems, needs, and contributions.

What do these private Nuremberg trials lead to? What do they do to the judges and the judged? They prevent any attempts at a supra-national consciousness. They force us back into the narrow confines of our unconscious national prejudices. They make us old and blind. They build up two hypocrisies facing each other and freezing every movement of real communication and mutual exchange. Why do we never say "we"? It is always "they" who have committed the crimes, who have behaved badly or sometimes even surprisingly well, it is they who are to be evaluated as the most distant of realities. We have not yet learned to regard the involvements of the other nation as our own. If the Germans considered the war in Vietnam not as a purely American dilemma or the racial question in the United States not as something with which they have fortunately nothing to do, they would gain valuable insights into the interrelatedness of

all our political and cultural problems. And if the Americans regarded Nazism not as a moral phenomenon which will be forever the affair of the German nation alone but as a human event with whose horrible mystery only the consciousness of all mankind can cope, they would certainly also learn something about themselves.

Our moral Olympus, like Mr. Kauffmann's, may indeed not be very high. But even from that homemade summit it is improbable that we will ever see much beyond our own boring superiority.

JOSEF SCHWARZ
Heidelberg, Germany

SIR: Re: Germany Through American Eyes. *Your prejudices are showing.*

BERNARD R. SCHMITZ
Westbury, N. Y.

SIR: Apropos Midge Decter's discussion of Dachau in your May issue, some additional comments are necessary:

1. The number of helpless civilians who died in the fire storm (February 13-14, 1945) created by Allied phosphorus bombs in Dresden in a single night is more than four times as high as the twelve-year casualty list of Dachau.

2. The number of helpless civilians who were cremated alive in the fire storm of Tokyo in a single night (March 10, 1945) is more than four times as high as the twelve-year casualty list of Dachau.

3. Some concentration camp visitors seem never to have heard of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

4. The number of casualties in the U.S. prisoner camp near Bad Kreuznach (1945-1946) is about the same as the number of casualties in Dachau.

O. MÜLLER
Lynchburg, Va.

SIR: Where were these articulate people when our Japanese minority was forced into bankruptcy and into internment camps?

B. V. HAGERMANN
Chicago, Ill.

India, comings and goings

SIR: In her discussion of "The End of the Maharajas" in the April issue of the *Atlantic*, Faye Levine writes, "Many Peace Corps Volunteers have discovered that if they play baseball and drink Cokes with royalty, they

The fact that Miss Levine, rather than a PCV, managed to find time to interview the Maharani, that it was Miss Levine and not a PCV who “sipped essence of rose and nibbled on cashews,” says a great deal about who actually had “easy access to India’s luxury and vacation world” and who did not.

SIR: Miss Levine's article on the maharajas of India is interesting, but she should check her facts. The grandfathers of Gwalior could not remember Queen Victoria's visit, as she never went to India.

Advice and consent

The history of the South is documented with instances, both overt and subtle, of the cruelest inhumanities, but to imply that this is the substance of the Southern heritage is not a very enlightened representation. For all its violations, the Southern heritage also strongly emphasizes the values of the Christian ethic, honor and fairness.

WILLIAM C. COTTER
Elizabeth, N. J.

Coming in the Atlantic



♦ **Percy's Chuck Wagon: Ready to Roll?** Nixon, Romney, even Rockefeller, are zooming toward the 1968 Republican National Convention with full tanks, power steering, and desire in their hearts, but lest anyone think that the junior senator from Illinois is sitting in the pits carving peachstones, **David Broder** and **Stephen Hess** apply a corrective. Their portrait tells much about the background, the makeup, and the ambitions of Charles Percy, who is vigorous and young enough (forty-eight) to think of 1972 when he isn't thinking of the presidency in 1968.

◆ *And, among other things . . .*

Books about Banks, Bankers, and Merchants by Louis Kronenberger, an examination of the vaults and virtues of some eminent financial institutions.

ened?) by the rhythms of life caught in James Dickey's "May Day Sermon" (April *Atlantic*)! I am referring, of course, to the letters (June *Atlantic*) reacting against your publication of Dickey's vital poem. I sincerely hope the limited consciousness of some will not deny others the pleasure of experiencing such splendid poetry in the pages of the *Atlantic*.

SUE BLIX
Eugene, Ore.

SIR: What Roger Rapoport has written "In Defense of the Multiversity" (June *Atlantic*) should have been said publicly long ago. Every moderately imaginative student in the so-called multiversity experiences the same invitation to intellectual and cultural challenge that Rapoport describes. Rather than stifling creativity, the modern university offers the most fertile soil for its growth and fruition.

The lack of initiative in coping with university life shown by the self-styled "hippies" and "New Left" demonstrates failure no less than does that lack of initiative on the part of the "respectable automatons" produced by the multiversity "to meet the immediate needs of business and government." Blind rejection of established institutions is no more healthy than blind acceptance of their teachings—the open, actively seeking mind is still the clay of the university, and of the student.

MICHAEL F. METCALF
Boston, Mass.

SIR: Charles W. Morton's reaction, in the July issue of the *Atlantic*, to the *War in the Skies* television show on the ABC network under B. F. Goodrich sponsorship was a penetrating comment. You may be interested in a few of the opinions of the *Variety* critic who reviewed the program at the time:

"If B. F. Goodrich wants to buy an hour of tv to aimlessly extoll the virtues of the Air Force, it should be properly identified. But putting the imprimatur of a network news department on a piece of puff means the web's news staff and the news business in general. . . .

"'Skies' was a simplistic posey loaded with platitudes, piety and a peculiar form of patriotism that makes it just a little bit nobler to be in the Air Force than elsewhere in the service.

"ABC may maintain that the news documentary is a house of many mansions, but it doesn't take a chicken to recognize a rotten egg. The earmarks of this sort of hanky-panky are all too clear—a total suspension of critical news evaluation, a lack of spot news value, and a void in the area of insight into the subject. This show can hardly reflect credit on ABC's News Dept."

HOBE MORRISON
Variety
New York City

SIR: While we have great expectations for the Markette ("The Case for the Electric Automobile," June *Atlantic*), a typographical error in Donald E. Carr's article has greatly increased its maximum speed.

The Baker Torpedo supposedly hit 104 miles an hour in 1902, but the Markette, designed for use on neighborhood streets, has a top speed of 25 miles an hour.

GEORGE W. JERNSTEDT
Westinghouse Electric Corporation
Pittsburgh, Penn.

The ATLANTIC, rather than Mr. Carr, inadvertently increased the speed of the Markette to 125 mph.

—THE EDITOR

SIR: May I add to Donald E. Carr's interesting report, "Science: Insects, Animals, and Man," in the May *Atlantic*.

Three years ago, the oriental fruit fly was eradicated from the Pacific island of Rota with the use of an attractant called methyl eugenol, a synthetic organic chemical highly attractive to males of the insect. Small pieces of fiberboard saturated with a combination of methyl eugenol and an insecticide were uniformly scattered about the thirty-three-square-mile island. In less than six months the entire fly population was destroyed, as the result of male annihilation.

Similar attractants having specific attraction for the males are regularly used to detect the presence of other tropical fruit flies, including the medfly, a highly destructive fruit and vegetable pest eradicated from the United States at considerable expense. The medfly sneaks back into this country periodically but promptly tips us off on his arrival by entering traps baited with the attractant. We thus know about incipient infestations very early and

are able to wipe them out at minimum cost.

The development of the attractant for the pink bollworm moth could be particularly useful at this time. This major pest of cotton has spread in much of the Western cotton-growing regions and is capable of causing heavy losses in cotton production and quality.

These are just a few examples of our work with insect sex attractants. In turn, the use of sex attractants is only one of several new techniques being investigated and developed in modern insect-control work. The possibilities opening up to us now for suppressing whole populations of insects by biological or highly selective chemicals are particularly encouraging. The need for effective insect control is particularly acute in parts of the world where disease-bearing, crop-destroying pests leave misery and hunger in their wake.

E. F. KNIPLING
Director, Entomology Research Division
U.S. Department of Agriculture

SIR: John Kenneth Galbraith's post-Keynesian analysis of the U.S. economy ("Market Planning and the Role of Government," May *Atlantic*) must be the outstanding private joke of the sixties.

KURT JONASSOHN
Montreal, Quebec, Canada

SIR: In May's Report on Washington, Douglas Kiker closed with a cogent point. If China's main goal is to kill Americans and alienate them from world opinion, then China is already the winner of this war. When malnourished peasants are shooting down the cream of our Air Force with small-caliber rifles, do we not look like a paper tiger? Perhaps bombing the North is saving Americans in the South; that is debatable.

What is certain is that we have lost over 200 men in the North. With the pacification program faltering for lack of support, with a record deficit at home, and with wars in the Middle East, we can ill afford to waste effort on bombing tactics discredited in World War II. Stop the bombing, not in some forlorn hope of bringing North Vietnam to the bargaining table, but because cold military logic dictates that it is in our own best interest.

ROBERT L. ELGIN
Altadena, Calif.



We have two summers

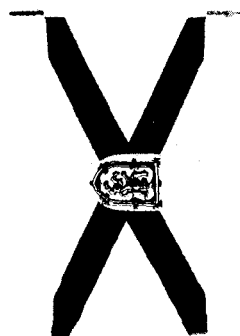
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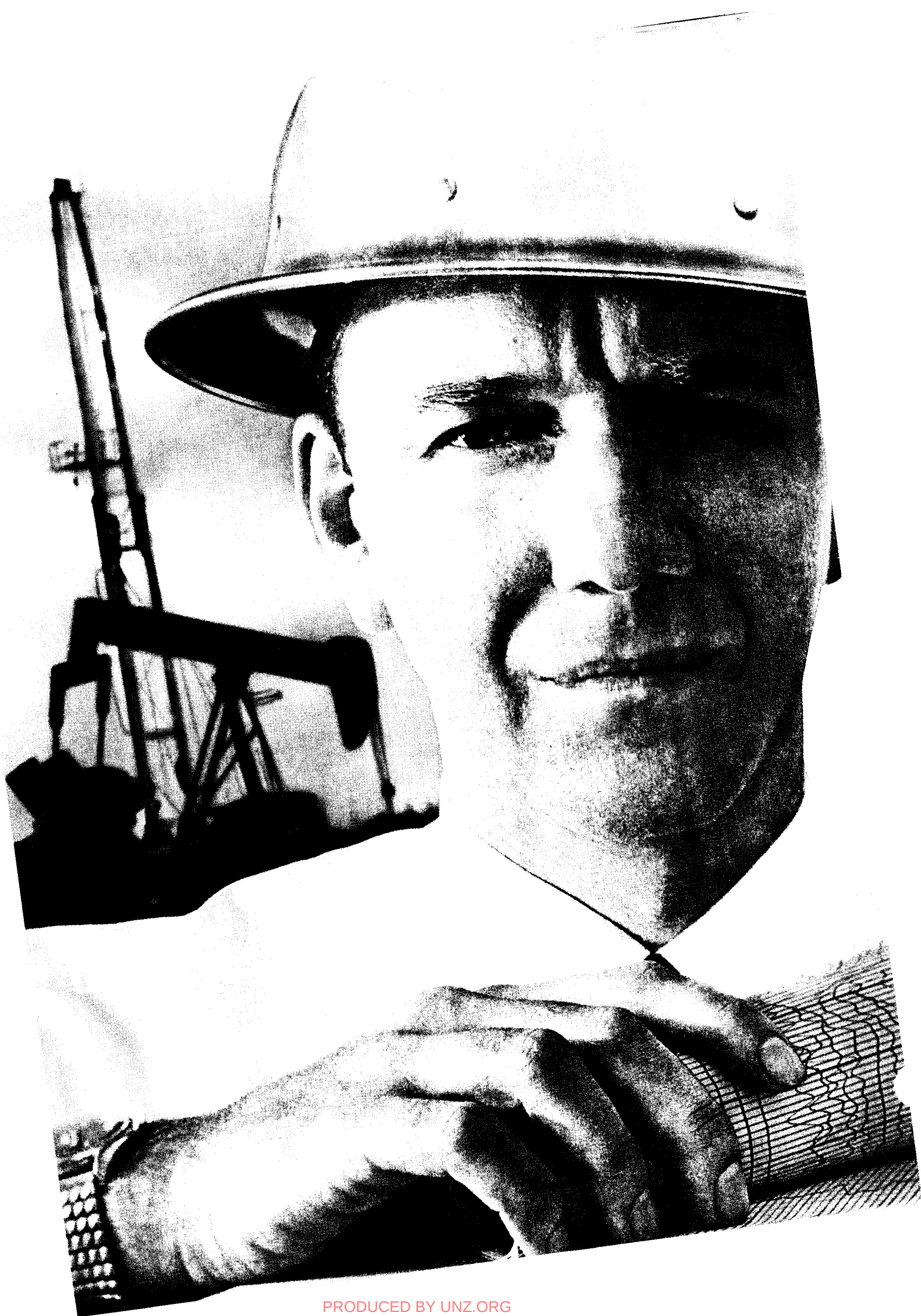
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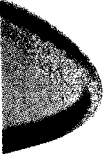
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"Thousands of people have dreamed of striking oil," says IBM's Bob Hodgson, "but just a few know what's actually involved."

Bob Hodgson knows. Before joining IBM, he was an oil company geologist.

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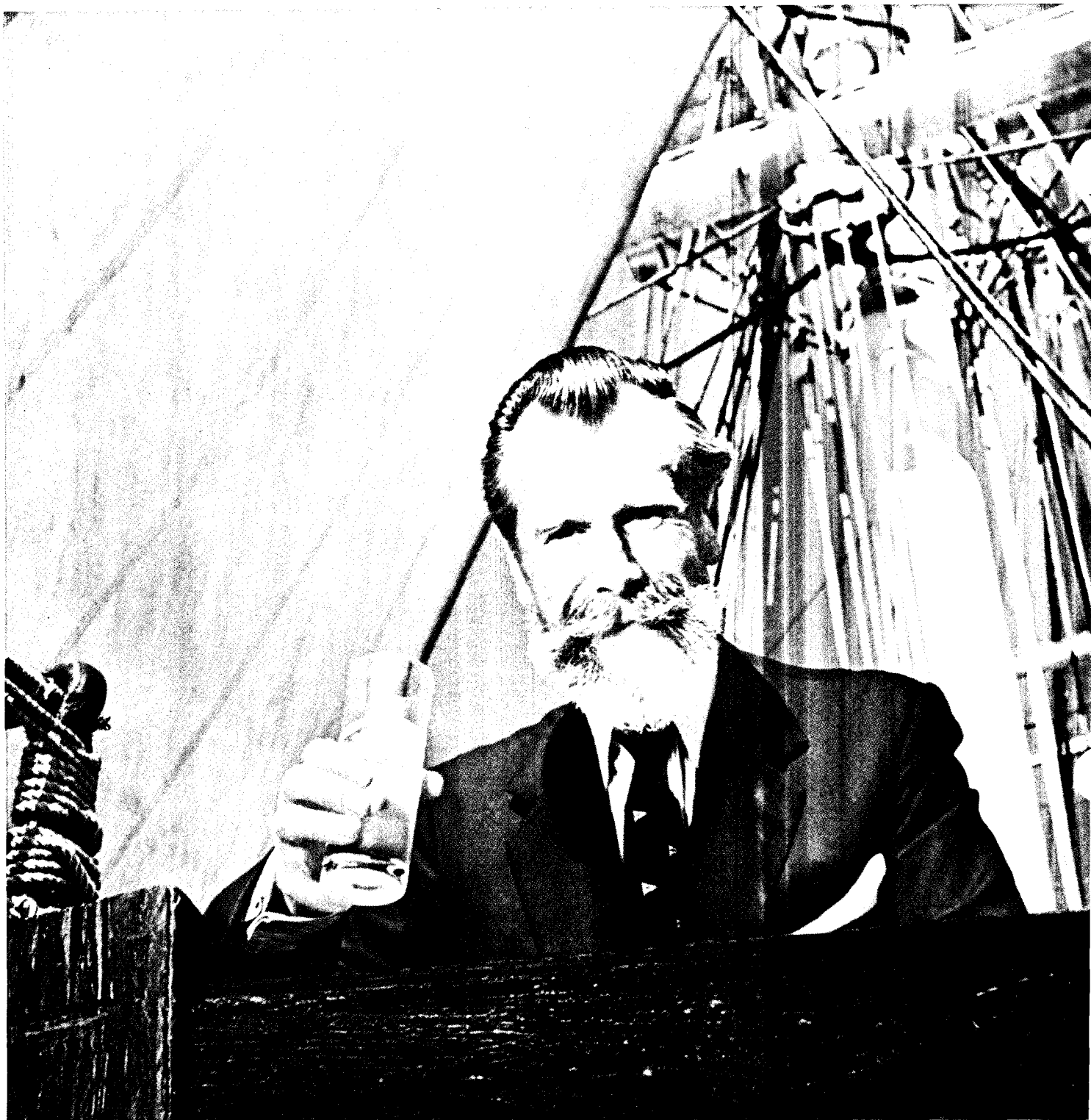
Oil exists in underground layers of porous rock—trapped there, perhaps, by some ancient convulsion of the earth. The best way to find those traps is to analyze data obtained from wells that have already been dug, and from the results of seismic exploration. Literally, millions of pieces of information. The oil industry spends \$500,000,000 a year just collecting this information. To analyze it can take months. That's where computers come in.

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THE LITERATURE OF EXHAUSTION

BY JOHN BARTH

TOM JONES by Samuel Beckett? Saarinen's Parthenon, D. H. Lawrence's WUTHERING HEIGHTS, THE 1001 NIGHTS by John Barth, or the Johnson Administration by Robert Rauschenberg? Imagine these possibilities, and you are on the correct wavelength to enjoy this stimulating essay by the brilliant young (thirty-seven) author of THE FLOATING OPERA, END OF THE ROAD, THE SOT-WEED FACTOR, and most recently, GILES GOAT-BOY.

I WANT to discuss three things more or less together: first, some old questions raised by the new intermedia arts; second, some aspects of the Argentine writer Jorge Luis Borges, whom I greatly admire; third, some professional concerns of my own, related to these other matters and having to do with what I'm calling "the literature of exhausted possibility" — or, more chicly, "the literature of exhaustion."

By "exhaustion" I don't mean anything so tired as the subject of physical, moral, or intellectual decadence, only the used-upness of certain forms or exhaustion of certain possibilities — by no means necessarily a cause for despair. That a great many Western artists for a great many years have quarreled with received definitions of artistic media, genres, and forms goes without saying: pop art, dramatic and musical "happenings," the whole range of "intermedia" or "mixed-means" art, bear recentest witness to the tradition of rebelling against Tradition. A catalogue I received some time ago in the mail, for example, advertises such items as Robert Filliou's *Ample Food for Stupid Thought*, a box full of postcards on which are inscribed "apparently meaningless questions," to be mailed to whomever the purchaser judges them suited for; Ray Johnson's *Paper Snake*, a collection of whimsical writings, "often pointed," once mailed to various

friends (what the catalogue describes as The New York Correspondence School of Literature); and Daniel Spoerri's *Anecdoted Typography of Chance*, "on the surface" a description of all the objects that happen to be on the author's parlor table — "in fact, however . . . a cosmology of Spoerri's existence."

"On the surface," at least, the document listing these items is a catalogue of The Something Else Press, a swinging outfit. "In fact, however," it may be one of their offerings, for all I know: The New York Direct-Mail Advertising School of Literature. In any case, their wares are lively to read about, and make for interesting conversation in fiction-writing classes, for example, where we discuss Somebody-or-other's unbound, unpaginated, randomly assembled novel-in-a-box and the desirability of printing *Finnegans Wake* on a very long roller-towel. It's easier and sociabler to talk technique than it is to make art, and the area of "happenings" and their kin is mainly a way of discussing aesthetics, really; illustrating "dramatically" more or less valid and interesting points about the nature of art and the definition of its terms and genres.

One conspicuous thing, for example, about the "intermedia" arts is their tendency (noted even by *Life* magazine) to eliminate not only the traditional audience — "those who apprehend the artist's art"

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(in “happenings” the audience is often the “cast,” as in “environments,” and some of the new music isn’t intended to be performed at all) — but also the most traditional notion of the artist: the Aristotelian conscious agent who achieves with technique and cunning the artistic effect; in other words, one endowed with uncommon talent, who has moreover developed and disciplined that endowment into virtuosity. It’s an aristocratic notion on the face of it, which the democratic West seems eager to have done with; not only the “omniscient” author of older fiction, but the very idea of the controlling artist, has been condemned as politically reactionary, even fascist.

Now, personally, being of the temper that chooses to “rebel along traditional lines,” I’m inclined to prefer the kind of art that not many people can *do*: the kind that requires expertise and artistry as well as bright aesthetic ideas and/or inspiration. I enjoy the pop art in the famous Albright-Knox collection, a few blocks from my house in Buffalo, like a lively conversation for the most part, but was on the whole more impressed by the jugglers and acrobats at Baltimore’s old Hippodrome, where I used to go every time they changed shows: genuine *virtuosi* doing things that anyone can dream up and discuss but almost no one can do.

I suppose the distinction is between things worth remarking — preferably over beer, if one’s of my generation — and things worth doing. “Somebody ought to make a novel with scenes that pop up, like the old children’s books,” one says, with the implication that one isn’t going to bother doing it oneself.

However, art and its forms and techniques live in history and certainly do change. I sympathize with a remark attributed to Saul Bellow, that to be technically up to date is the least important attribute of a writer, though I would have to add that this least important attribute may be nevertheless essential. In any case, to be technically *out* of date is likely to be a genuine defect: Beethoven’s Sixth Symphony or the Chartres Cathedral if executed today would be merely embarrassing. A good many current novelists write turn-of-the-century-type novels, only in more or less mid-twentieth-century language and about contemporary people and topics; this makes them considerably less interesting (to me) than excellent writers who are also technically contemporary: Joyce and Kafka, for instance, in their time, and in ours, Samuel Beckett and Jorge Luis Borges. The intermedia arts, I’d say, tend to be intermediary too, between the traditional realms of aesthetics on the one hand and artistic creation on the other; I think the wise artist and civilian will regard them with quite the kind and degree of seriousness with which he regards good shoptalk: he’ll listen care-

fully, if noncommittally, and keep an eye on his intermedia colleagues, if only the corner of his eye. They may very possibly suggest something usable in the making or understanding of genuine works of contemporary art.

THE man I want to discuss a little here, Jorge Luis Borges, illustrates well the difference between a technically old-fashioned artist, a technically up-to-date civilian, and a technically up-to-date artist. In the first category I’d locate all those novelists who for better or worse write not as if the twentieth century didn’t exist, but as if the great writers of the last sixty years or so hadn’t existed (*nota bene* that our century’s more than two-thirds done; it’s dismaying to see so many of our writers following Dostoevsky or Tolstoy or Flaubert or Balzac, when the real technical question seems to me to be how to succeed not even Joyce and Kafka, but those who’ve *succeeded* Joyce and Kafka and are now in the evenings of their own careers). In the second category are such folk as an artist-neighbor of mine in Buffalo who fashions dead Winnies-the-Pooh in sometimes monumental scale out of oilcloth stuffed with sand and impaled on stakes or hung by the neck. In the third belong the few people whose artistic thinking is as hip as any French new-novelist’s, but who manage nonetheless to speak eloquently and memorably to our still-human hearts and conditions, as the great artists have always done. Of these, two of the finest living specimens that I know of are Beckett and Borges, just about the only contemporaries of my reading acquaintance mentionable with the “old masters” of twentieth-century fiction. In the unexciting history of literary awards, the 1961 International Publishers’ Prize, shared by Beckett and Borges, is a happy exception indeed.

One of the modern things about these two is that in an age of ultimacies and “final solutions” — at least *felt* ultimacies, in everything from weaponry to theology, the celebrated dehumanization of society, and the history of the novel — their work in separate ways reflects and deals with ultimacy, both technically and thematically, as, for example, *Finnegans Wake* does in its different manner. One notices, by the way, for whatever its symptomatic worth, that Joyce was virtually blind at the end, Borges is literally so, and Beckett has become virtually mute, musewise, having progressed from marvelously constructed English sentences through terser and terser French ones to the unsyntactical, unpunctuated prose of *Comment C’est* and “ultimately” to wordless mimes. One might extrapolate a theoretical course for Beckett: language, after all, consists of silence as

well as sound, and the mime is still communication — “that nineteenth-century idea,” a Yale student once snarled at me — but by the language of action. But the language of action consists of rest as well as movement, and so in the context of Beckett’s progress immobile, silent figures still aren’t altogether ultimate. How about an empty, silent stage, then, or blank pages¹ — a “happening” where nothing happens, like Cage’s *4’ 33”* performed in an empty hall? But dramatic communication consists of the absence as well as the presence of the actors; “we have our exits and our entrances”; and so even that would be imperfectly ultimate in Beckett’s case. Nothing at all, then, I suppose: but Nothingness is necessarily and inextricably the background against which Being et cetera; for Beckett, at this point in his career, to cease to create altogether would be fairly meaningful: his crowning work, his “last word.” What a convenient corner to paint yourself into! “And now I shall finish,” the valet Arsene says in *Watt*, “and you will hear my voice no more.” Only the silence *Molloy* speaks of, “of which the universe is made.”

After which, I add on behalf of the rest of us, it might be conceivable to rediscover validly the artifices of language and literature — such far-out notions as grammar, punctuation . . . even characterization! Even *plot*! — if one goes about it the right way, aware of what one’s predecessors have been up to.

Now J. L. Borges is perfectly aware of all these things. Back in the great decades of literary experimentalism he was associated with *Prisma*, a “muralist” magazine that published its pages on walls and billboards; his later *Labyrinths* and *Ficciones* not only anticipate the farthest-out ideas of The Something-Else Press crowd — not a difficult thing to do — but being marvelous works of art as well, illustrate in a simple way the difference between the *fact* of aesthetic ultimacies and their artistic *use*. What it comes to is that an artist doesn’t merely exemplify an ultimacy; he employs it.

Consider Borges’ story “Pierre Menard, Author of the *Quixote*”: the hero, an utterly sophisticated turn-of-the-century French Symbolist, by an astounding effort of imagination, produces — not *copies* or *imitates*, mind, but *composes* — several chapters of Cervantes’ novel.

It is a revelation [Borges’ narrator tells us] to compare Menard’s *Don Quixote* with Cervantes’. The latter, for example, wrote (part one, chapter nine):

. . . truth, whose mother is history, rival of time, depository of deeds, witness of the past, exemplar and adviser to the present, the future’s counselor.

¹ An ultimacy already attained in the nineteenth century by that *avant-gardiste* of East Aurora, New York, Elbert Hubbard, in his *Essay on Silence*.

Written in the seventeenth century, written by the “lay genius” Cervantes, this enumeration is a mere rhetorical praise of history. Menard, on the other hand, writes:

. . . truth, whose mother is history, rival of time, depository of deeds, witness of the past, exemplar and adviser to the present, the future’s counselor.

History, the *mother* of truth: the idea is astounding. Menard, a contemporary of William James, does not define history as an inquiry into reality but as its origin. . . .

Et cetera. Now, this is an interesting idea, of considerable intellectual validity. I mentioned earlier that if Beethoven’s Sixth were composed today, it would be an embarrassment; but clearly it wouldn’t be, necessarily, if done with ironic intent by a composer quite aware of where we’ve been and where we are. It would have then potentially, for better or worse, the kind of significance of Warhol’s Campbell’s Soup ads, the difference being that in the former case a work of art is being reproduced instead of a work of non-art, and the ironic comment would therefore be more directly on the genre and history of the art than on the state of the culture. In fact, of course, to make the valid intellectual point one needn’t even recompose the Sixth Symphony, any more than Menard really needed to re-create the *Quixote*. It would’ve been sufficient for Menard to have *attributed* the novel to himself in order to have a new work of art, from the intellectual point of view. Indeed, in several stories Borges plays with this very idea, and I can readily imagine Beckett’s next novel, for example, as *Tom Jones*, just as Nabokov’s last was that multivolume annotated translation of Pushkin. I myself have always aspired to write Burton’s version of *The 1001 Nights*, complete with appendices and the like, in twelve volumes, and for intellectual purposes I needn’t even write it. What evenings we might spend (over beer) discussing Saarinen’s Parthenon, D. H. Lawrence’s *Wuthering Heights*, or the Johnson Administration by Robert Rauschenberg!

The idea, I say, is intellectually serious, as are Borges’ other characteristic ideas, most of a metaphysical rather than an aesthetic nature. But the important thing to observe is that Borges *doesn’t* attribute the *Quixote* to himself, much less recompose it like Pierre Menard; instead, he writes a remarkable and original work of literature, the implicit theme of which is the difficulty, perhaps the unnecessary, of writing original works of literature. His artistic victory, if you like, is that he confronts an intellectual dead end and employs it against itself to accomplish new human work. If this corresponds to what mystics do — “every moment leaping into the infinite,” Kierkegaard

says, “and every moment falling surely back into the finite” — it’s only one more aspect of that old analogy. In homelier terms, it’s a matter of every moment throwing out the bath water without for a moment losing the baby.

ANOTHER way of describing Borges’ accomplishment is in a pair of his own favorite terms, *algebra and fire*. In his most often anthologized story, “Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius,” he imagines an entirely hypothetical world, the invention of a secret society of scholars who elaborate its every aspect in a surreptitious encyclopedia. This *First Encyclopaedia of Tlön* (what fictionist would not wish to have dreamed up the *Britannica*?) describes a coherent alternative to this world complete in every respect from its algebra to its fire, Borges tells us, and of such imaginative power that, once conceived, it begins to obtrude itself into and eventually to supplant our prior reality. My point is that neither the algebra nor the fire, metaphorically speaking, could achieve this result without the other. Borges’ algebra is what I’m considering here — algebra is easier to talk about than fire — but any intellectual giant could equal it. The imaginary authors of the *First Encyclopaedia of Tlön* itself are not artists, though their work is in a manner of speaking fictional and would find a ready publisher in New York nowadays. The author of the story “Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius,” who merely alludes to the fascinating *Encyclopaedia*, is an artist; what makes him one of the first rank, like Kafka, is the combination of that intellectually profound vision with great human insight, poetic power, and consummate mastery of his means, a definition which would have gone without saying, I suppose, in any century but ours.

Not long ago, incidentally, in a footnote to a scholarly edition of Sir Thomas Browne (*The Urn Burial*, I believe it was), I came upon a perfect Borges datum, reminiscent of Tlön’s self-realization: the actual case of a book called *The Three Impostors*, alluded to in Browne’s *Religio Medici* among other places. *The Three Impostors* is a non-existent blasphemous treatise against Moses, Christ, and Mohammed, which in the seventeenth century was widely held to exist, or to have once existed. Commentators attributed it variously to Boccaccio, Pietro Aretino, Giordano Bruno, and Tommaso Campanella, and though no one, Browne included, had ever seen a copy of it, it was frequently cited, refuted, railed against, and generally discussed as if everyone had read it — until, sure enough, in the eighteenth century a spurious work appeared with a forged date of 1598 and the title *De Tribus Impostoribus*. It’s a wonder that Borges doesn’t men-

tion this work, as he seems to have read absolutely everything, including all the books that don’t exist, and Browne is a particular favorite of his. In fact, the narrator of “Tlön, Uqbar, Orbis Tertius” declares at the end:

. . . English and French and mere Spanish will disappear from the globe. The world will be Tlön. I pay no attention to all this and go on revising, in the still days at the Adrogué hotel, an uncertain Quevedian translation (which I do not intend to publish) of Browne’s *Urn Burial*.²

This “contamination of reality by dream,” as Borges calls it, is one of his pet themes, and commenting upon such contaminations is one of his favorite fictional devices. Like many of the best such devices, it turns the artist’s mode or form into a metaphor for his concerns, as does the diary-ending of *Portrait of the Artist As a Young Man* or the cyclical construction of *Finnegans Wake*. In Borges’ case, the story “Tlön,” etc., for example, is a real piece of imagined reality in our world, analogous to those Tlönian artifacts called *hrönir*, which imagine themselves into existence. In short, it’s a paradigm of or metaphor for itself; not just the *form* of the story but the *fact* of the story is symbolic; “the medium is the message.”

Moreover, like all of Borges’ work, it illustrates in other of its aspects my subject: how an artist may paradoxically turn the felt ultimacies of our time into material and means for his work — *paradoxically* because by doing so he transcends what had appeared to be his refutation, in the same way that the mystic who transcends finitude is said to be enabled to live, spiritually and physically, in the finite world. Suppose you’re a writer by vocation — a “print-oriented bastard,” as the McLuhanites call us — and you feel, for example, that the novel, if not narrative literature generally, if not the printed word altogether, has by this hour of the world just about shot its bolt, as Leslie Fiedler and others maintain. (I’m inclined to agree, with reservations and hedges. Literary forms certainly have histories and historical contingencies, and it may well be that the novel’s time as a major art form is up, as the “times” of classical tragedy, grand opera, or the sonnet sequence came to be. No necessary cause for alarm in this at all, except perhaps to certain novelists, and one way to handle such a feeling might be to write a novel about it. Whether historically the novel expires or persists seems immaterial to me; if enough writers and critics *feel* apocalyptic about it, their feeling becomes a considerable cultural fact, like the *feeling*

² Moreover, on rereading “Tlön,” etc., I find now a remark I’d swear wasn’t in it last year: that the eccentric American millionaire who endows the *Encyclopaedia* does so on condition that “the work will make no pact with the impostor Jesus Christ.”

that Western civilization, or the world, is going to end rather soon. If you took a bunch of people out into the desert and the world didn't end, you'd come home shamefaced, I imagine; but the persistence of an art form doesn't invalidate work created in the comparable apocalyptic ambience. That's one of the fringe benefits of being an artist instead of a prophet. There are others.) If you happened to be Vladimir Nabokov you might address that felt ultimacy by writing *Pale Fire*: a fine novel by a learned pedant, in the form of a pedantic commentary on a poem invented for the purpose. If you were Borges you might write *Labyrinths*: fictions by a learned librarian in the form of footnotes, as he describes them, to imaginary or hypothetical books.³ And I'll add, since I believe Borges' idea is rather more interesting, that if you were the author of this paper, you'd have written something like *The Sot-Weed Factor* or *Giles Goat-Boy*: novels which imitate the form of the Novel, by an author who imitates the role of Author.

IF THIS sort of thing sounds unpleasantly decadent, nevertheless it's about where the genre began, with *Quixote* imitating *Amadis of Gaul*, Cervantes pretending to be the Cid Hamete Benengeli (and Alonso Quijano pretending to be Don Quixote), or Fielding parodying Richardson. "History repeats itself as farce" — meaning, of course, in the form or mode of farce, not that history is farcical. The imitation (like the Dadaist echoes in the work of the "intermedia" types) is something new and *may be* quite serious and passionate despite its farcical aspect. This is the important difference between a proper novel and a deliberate imitation of a novel, or a novel imitative of other sorts of documents. The first attempts (has been historically inclined to attempt) to imitate actions more or less directly, and its conventional devices — cause and effect, linear anecdote, characterization, authorial selection, arrangement, and interpretation — can be and have long since been objected to as obsolete notions, or metaphors for obsolete notions: Robbe-Grillet's essays *For a New Novel* come to mind. There are replies to these objections, not to the point here, but one can see that in any case they're obviated by imitations-of-novels, which attempt to represent not life directly but a representation of life. In fact such works are no more removed from "life" than Richardson's or Goethe's epistolary

novels are: both imitate "real" documents, and the subject of both, ultimately, is life, not the documents. A novel is as much a piece of the real world as a letter, and the letters in *The Sorrows of Young Werther* are, after all, fictitious.

One might imaginably compound this imitation, and though Borges doesn't, he's fascinated with the idea: one of his frequenter literary allusions is to the 602nd night of *The 1001 Nights*, when, owing to a copyist's error, Scheherezade begins to tell the King the story of the 1001 nights, from the beginning. Happily, the King interrupts; if he didn't there'd be no 603rd night ever, and while this would solve Scheherezade's problem — which is every storyteller's problem: to publish or perish — it would put the "outside" author in a bind. (I suspect that Borges dreamed this whole thing up: the business he mentions isn't in any edition of *The 1001 Nights* I've been able to consult. Not yet, anyhow: after reading "Tlön, Uqbar," etc., one is inclined to recheck every semester or so.)

Now Borges (whom someone once vexedly accused *me* of inventing) is interested in the 602nd Night because it's an instance of the story-within-the-story turned back upon itself, and his interest in such instances is threefold: first, as he himself declares, they disturb us metaphysically: when the characters in a work of fiction become readers or authors of the fiction they're in, we're reminded of the fictitious aspect of our own existence, one of Borges' cardinal themes, as it was of Shakespeare, Calderón, Unamuno, and other folk. Second, the 602nd Night is a literary illustration of the *regressus in infinitum*, as are almost all of Borges' principal images and motifs. Third, Scheherezade's accidental gambit, like Borges' other versions of the *regressus in infinitum*, is an image of the exhaustion, or attempted exhaustion, of possibilities — in this case literary possibilities — and so we return to our main subject.

What makes Borges' stance, if you like, more interesting to me than, say, Nabokov's or Beckett's, is the premise with which he approaches literature; in the words of one of his editors: "For [Borges] no one has claim to originality in literature; all writers are more or less faithful amanuenses of the spirit, translators and annotators of pre-existing archetypes." Thus his inclination to write brief comments on imaginary books: for one to attempt to add overtly to the sum of "original" literature by even so much as a conventional short story, not to mention a novel, would be too presumptuous, too naïve; literature has been done long since. A librarian's point of view! And it would itself be too presumptuous if it weren't part of a lively, passionately relevant metaphysical vision, and slyly employed against itself precisely to make new and original literature. Borges defines the Baroque

³ Borges was born in Argentina in 1899, educated in Europe, and for some years worked as director of the National Library in Buenos Aires, except for a period when Juan Perón demoted him to the rank of provincial chicken inspector as a political humiliation. Currently he's the *Beowulf*-man at the University of Buenos Aires.

as “that style which deliberately exhausts (or tries to exhaust) its possibilities and borders upon its own caricature.” While his own work is *not* Baroque, except intellectually (the Baroque was never so terse, laconic, economical), it suggests the view that intellectual and literary history has been Baroque, and has pretty well exhausted the possibilities of novelty. His *ficciones* are not only footnotes to imaginary texts, but postscripts to the real corpus of literature.

This premise gives resonance and relation to all his principal images. The facing mirrors that recur in his stories are a dual *regressus*. The doubles that his characters, like Nabokov’s, run afoul of suggest dizzying multiples and remind one of Browne’s remark that “every man is not only himself . . . men are lived over again.” (It would please Borges, and illustrate Browne’s point, to call Browne a precursor of Borges. “Every writer,” Borges says in his essay on Kafka, “creates his own precursors.”) Borges’ favorite third-century heretical sect is the Histriones — I think and hope he invented them — who believe that repetition is impossible in history and therefore live viciously in order to purge the future of the vices they commit: in other words, to exhaust the possibilities of the world in order to bring its end nearer.

The writer he most often mentions, after Cervantes, is Shakespeare; in one piece he imagines the playwright on his deathbed asking God to permit him to be one and himself, having been everyone and no one; God replies from the whirlwind that He is no one either; He has dreamed the world like Shakespeare, and including Shakespeare. Homer’s story in Book IV of the *Odyssey*, of Menelaus on the beach at Pharos, tackling Proteus, appeals profoundly to Borges: Proteus is he who “exhausts the guises of reality” while Menelaus — who, one recalls, disguised his own identity in order to ambush him — holds fast. Zeno’s paradox of Achilles and the Tortoise embodies a *regressus in infinitum* which Borges carries through philosophical history, pointing out that Aristotle uses it to refute Plato’s theory of forms, Hume to refute the possibility of cause and effect, Lewis Carroll to refute syllogistic deduction, William James to refute the notion of temporal passage, and Bradley to refute the general possibility of logical relations; Borges himself uses it, citing Schopenhauer, as evidence that the world is our dream, our idea, in which “tenuous and eternal crevices of unreason” can be found to remind us that our creation is false, or at least fictive.

The infinite library of one of his most popular stories is an image particularly pertinent to the literature of exhaustion; the “Library of Babel” houses every possible combination of alphabetical characters and spaces, and thus every possible book and statement, including your and my refuta-

tions and vindications, the history of the actual future, the history of every possible future, and, though he doesn’t mention it, the encyclopedias not only of Tlön but of every imaginable other world — since, as in Lucretius’ universe, the number of elements, and so of combinations, is finite (though very large), and the number of instances of each element and combination of elements is infinite, like the library itself.

That brings us to his favorite image of all, the labyrinth, and to my point. *Labyrinths* is the name of his most substantial translated volume, and the only full-length study of Borges in English, by Ana María Barrenechea, is called *Borges the Labyrinth-Maker*. A labyrinth, after all, is a place in which, ideally, all the possibilities of choice (of direction, in this case) are embodied, and — barring special dispensation like Theseus’ — must be exhausted before one reaches the heart. Where, mind, the Minotaur waits with two final possibilities: defeat and death, or victory and freedom. Now, in fact, the legendary Theseus is non-Baroque; thanks to Ariadne’s thread he can take a shortcut through the labyrinth at Knossos. But Menelaus on the beach at Pharos, for example, is genuinely Baroque in the Borgesian spirit, and illustrates a positive artistic morality in the literature of exhaustion. He is not there, after all, for kicks (any more than Borges and Beckett are in the fiction racket for their health): Menelaus is *lost*, in the larger labyrinth of the world, and has got to hold fast while the Old Man of the Sea exhausts reality’s frightening guises so that he may extort direction from him when Proteus returns to his “true” self. It’s a heroic enterprise, with salvation as its object — one recalls that the aim of the Histriones is to get history done with so that Jesus may come again the sooner, and that Shakespeare’s heroic metamorphoses culminate not merely in a theophany but in an apotheosis.

Now, not just any old body is equipped for this labor, and Theseus in the Cretan labyrinth becomes in the end the aptest image for Borges after all. Distressing as the fact is to us liberal Democrats, the commonality, alas, will *always* lose their way and their souls: it’s the chosen remnant, the virtuoso, the Thesean *hero*, who, confronted with Baroque reality, Baroque history, the Baroque state of his art, need *not* rehearse its possibilities to exhaustion, any more than Borges needs actually to write the *Encyclopaedia of Tlön* or the books in the Library of Babel. He need only be aware of their existence or possibility, acknowledge them, and with the aid of *very special* gifts — as extraordinary as saint- or hero-hood and not likely to be found in The New York Correspondence School of Literature — go straight through the maze to the accomplishment of his work.

GOVERNOR AND MISTER WALLACE

by Marshall Frady



Wide World Photos

Behind the images which Lurleen and George Wallace project are two private persons for whom adversity, and now recurrent illness, have been as familiar as political success. Where the governor of Alabama and her predecessor come from, and what their life has been, are the subjects of Marshall Frady's second ATLANTIC article. Mr. Frady, twenty-seven, is a former NEWSWEEK correspondent in the South and West.

THROUGH the spring and fall campaigns last year, she tagged after him as he scuttled, with the tense urgency of a squirrel, across the map of Alabama. They put her, with one female companion, in a separate car behind his, and she was reverently borne from town to town like some irreplaceable ceremonial fixture, a token to lend the dubious enterprise a measure of legitimacy and sanction, like the provincial plaster madonnas snatched from the gloom of medieval church naves and carried by profane Crusaders into flames and pillage. She submitted to it with an air composed, patient, somewhat inert and remote — a small, quiet figure, smiling pleasantly and a little uneasily, with an expression sometimes, as she squinted in the sun, faintly perplexed.

Only the uninitiates, those excellently reasonable people behind desks and typewriters regarding the whole affair incredulously from afar, supposed that it was too bizarre to work. The truth is, Alabamians, like most Southerners, have developed a high appreciation of the art of the solemn masquerade, the straight-faced ruse. Through the first and second Reconstructions, they have become accomplished at it. Segregation itself has probably been one of history's most elaborate and durable disguises, a colossal facade constructed around what is really an irreconcilable blood-belief in the innate inferiority of the Negro, and the maintenance of this improbable edifice of law and logic has become, in a way, its own perverse tribute to the industry and ingenuity of the Southern mind. Whatever the task may have cost in character, it has left Southern society with certain talents and tolerances. In fact, George Wallace's nimble stratagem probably had a positive, endearing effect on Alabama voters.

Lurleen Wallace demolished her nine opponents in the Democratic primary with 52 percent of the vote, and went on methodically to execute the Republican candidate in the general election. She went through both campaigns bravely, but in the second one, in the fall, she began to get a little tired. The winter before, she had undergone major surgery for cancer. There were moments now when she seemed to flag. After one particularly strenuous morning of rallies, the party stopped at a high school to eat lunch, and Wallace, not thinking yet of food (eating is rather a dull interruption to him while he is campaigning) but rather of all the children collected there in one place and the families they represented, bolted off down the corridor toward the classrooms, leaving his group behind. Lurleen, who had been beside him coming through the door, watched him for a moment. She slumped forward as if something inside her had caved in a little, and then called wearily, her voice just edged with exasperation, "What are

you going to do now, George? Where are you going now?" He turned, as if suddenly reminded of something he had forgotten to fetch and came back and took her aside, and as the rest of the party watched, engaged her in a brief moment of furious whispering, the two of them standing alone together a few feet down the hall. She mostly listened, her face turned slightly away, and then she seemed to sag forward a little more as he took her arm and led her to the first classroom.

But she endured. The tight cavalcade of cars plunged from one crossroads rally to another, with the crowd gathered and waiting in the fine soft fall weather — old diminutive women with crackling eyes and crinkled faces, their heads swaddled in scarves, wrapped in the worn bulky-shoulder overcoats of the forties; old men standing around the gas pumps of filling stations in coveralls and faded army field jackets and oddly formal mouse-gray felt hats; their sons, dark fierce men in filling station uniforms who still seem to have the silence and sullenness and lean, lank look of the frontier; and always the local candidates lined up in rusty black suits, their faces raw and red and bony. At each stop, the October air was filled with the quiet tattering of leaves. There was snow toward the end. After a midafternoon rally in the little north Alabama town of New Hope — held behind a cotton gin, with a wind shivering puddles of melted snow, and wagonloads of cotton parked in the thin sun, and smoke blowing through bare pecan trees — Wallace, bundled in an overcoat, lingered exuberantly among the crowd, grabbing hands two-at-a-time, chattering, wrinkling his nose in friendly recognition: "I sho 'preciate yawl comin' out in this weather, heunh? Yes, Yes, I know yo uncle, he works down at H. L. Green's. Tell him hello, heunh? He sho is our friend. Glad to see you fellas out here today, heunh? Yawl doin' all right? Yes, how is yo daughter now? Well, you tell her I been thinkin' about her, I meant to write her a letter. Hi, sweetie pie. Honey, thank you. You know, I still miss Mr. Roy. I understand, I heard she was goin' to the junior high. Cose, her daddy got killed, you know. . . ." He only paused once or twice to dab his lips swiftly with Chapstick and mutter to an aide behind him, "Where is Lurleen?" Reluctantly, only when there were no more unshaken hands in sight did he return to his car, and then, with the door opened and one foot already inside, he saw her sitting in the car behind him. He gestured impatiently to her, arching his hand as if he were flinging seed over the town at large, and murmured so that she could not possibly have heard him, "C'mon, honey, you got to go into the stores and things, you got to *see* 'em, you got to *speak* to 'em, now. . . ." Through the windshield

of her car, she answered with a helpless, faintly harried look, sitting motionless. But he did not notice even that — he had already dived on into his car and slammed the door.

It was only a few days before the election that the weather suddenly turned stunningly cold, and when one glanced up, one discovered a sky like a woolen hood drawn over the dimming countryside. There was one rally left before nightfall in Maplesville, a small town with weedy lumberyards, and a traffic light at the main intersection, where the rally was to be held, swinging in the wind. The flatbed trailer had been parked in front of Maplesville's city hall — a converted filling station, with a rusting tin sign swaying from a sawed-off water pipe — and the hillbilly band was gathered atop the flatbed trailer, shivering a little in their sequins, but gamely whunking out gospel music and country love ballads full of death, loss, violence, insanity, tears, night. When the Wallaces arrived, to a light spatter of applause, the band's woebegone ballads instantly snapped into a spry, mischievous, hot-diggety-dog *Dixie*. Lurleen mounted the trailer, acknowledged the applause with a single wave of her slight hand and a brave bright smile, and then, without further flourish, read her speech. It was short, toneless, without humor or any of her husband's kind of raw passion, her syllables deliberate and enunciated with an unvarying expression of vaguely scowling earnestness; she sounded like a high school valedictorian delivering a laboriously crafted commencement address.

Then, while Wallace himself spoke, his hips working cockily and fancily and his blunt little boxer's paw steadily stroking the microphone stand, she sat off to one side in a corner of the platform, looking blank and irrelevant and a bit bored, gazing fixedly off over the heads of the crowd, as if she were musing on grocery lists and school clothes for her children. Wallace's voice blared electronically in the twilight: "My opponents say they don't want no *skirt* for governor of Alabama. That's right — no *skirt*. Well, I want you to know, I resent that slur on the women of this state. . . ." Her expression did not change. She sat rigidly, a little primly, her hands in her lap, still gazing off into nothing, as if she hadn't heard. The wind feathered her hair. And suddenly one had the impression that when it was all over, when Wallace's people had gotten back in their cars and the townfolk had scattered away, she would still be sitting up there alone on that platform, straight, composed, smiling vaguely, gazing blankly off into the distance, to be hauled away finally with the platform to the next town.

When, not long after her inauguration, she appeared in a national poll as one of the ten most admired women in the world, in the company of

such personalities as Jacqueline Kennedy, Indira Gandhi, Helen Keller, Princess Grace, even the people of Alabama, including Wallace, were a little surprised. (Though Wallace, on second thought, was also elated: "That's right significant politically, ain't it?" he inquired eagerly of visitors.) She had remained, throughout her husband's four garish years in the governor's office, an obscure and rather lonely figure, amiable enough on public occasions, but essentially a private person, unassuming and unprepossessing. A small tidy woman with a fondness for blazers and turtleneck blouses, which make her look like the leader of a girls' college glee club, she is attractive in that hard, plain, small-faced, somewhat masculine way that Deep Southern women tend to be attractive — in fact, over the years, she has even acquired a certain resemblance to her husband. With the last of her four children (Janie Lee) born six years ago, it was as if she went into a kind of private resigned semi-retreat, like so many other women approaching middle age — like women, perhaps, for whom Anne Morrow Lindbergh wrote *Gift From the Sea*. With her eldest daughter (Bobbie Jo) married and in college, and her son (George, Jr.) and another daughter (Peggy Sue) absorbed in teen-age worlds of their own, she spent a lot of time by herself outdoors, hunting, swimming, water-skiing. She was happiest when floating in a tiny boat in shorts and a baggy shirt out in the middle of a wide lake on a droning drowsy afternoon, all by herself, fishing with a cane pole. "I'd just sit out there on the water, and if they bit, that was fine, and if they didn't bite, that was even better, that was the finest thing in the world. Because you could think then." What time she has to herself now she devotes to Janie Lee, spending long lunches at the mansion with her and a few hours before bed in the evening.

WALLACE has always seemed only marginally aware, not only of food and play, but of such personal matters as home and family — the sweet comforts that bless the lives of ordinary men. He is consumingly a public person, with only a vague and distracted private existence. As soon as they were married in 1942, when Wallace took Lurleen down to his home community of Clayton for a quick and humble honeymoon, he seemed already to have moved his attention, energy, concentration to larger things. "It wasn't much of a honeymoon, I guess," remembers a friend. "George'd go into town every morning with a buddy of his, and when he'd come back to the house for lunch, she'd be at the door waiting. Then, after lunch, he'd go back uptown. He spent most of his honey-

moon just hanging around town talking to people. I wouldn't say he was cold exactly; he just wasn't overly affectionate. He wasn't really happy unless he was talking to the boys and shaking somebody's hand, that's all."

If one spends any amount of time in Alabama, one soon hears reports that more than once during the early years of their marriage Lurleen had been on the point of leaving George. In 1952, after Wallace had left the Alabama legislature and won a circuit judgeship in Clayton, Lurleen wanted him to stop there, to settle for that. "I would have been content," she delicately allows, "for him to stay circuit judge from then on." But almost immediately, he began pursuing the governorship with a compulsive, ravenous, tireless ferocity. "He was making speeches everywhere over the state," says Lurleen, "and he did his own driving. We bought two Chevies, and he wore them both out. It was a matter, for me, of sitting home and waiting for George to get back." A couple close to the Wallaces during that period recalls, "This was the reason Lurleen wanted to quit George. She wasn't well — looked awfully anemic — and she had a baby to care for, and she was alone most of the time. She really had thought that he'd settle down after he was elected judge; his salary could have kept them comfortable. She thought this was good enough. But he looked on it as just another stepping-stone on the way to becoming governor. That was the reason. She was bent on the divorce. We tried to talk her out of it — one time we were at this fellow's house down there, one of Wallace's helpers — and we all tried to talk her out of it, but she just wouldn't hear anything we had to say."

Finally, Wallace and "his helpers" managed to dissuade her. As Lurleen puts it, "I started traveling with George. I had this feeling, that if I campaigned with him, it would draw us closer together. But I was frightened every time I got near a crowd. Most of the time, I'd just sit in the car and wait for him."

Eventually, of course, there evolved in Wallace the notion — more than notion, an actual visceral sensation — that he existed, and was acting, as the very incarnation of the people, the embodiment of their will and sensibilities. His personal, feverish, almost sensuous identification with "the majority of the folks" is one of the central facts in understanding Wallace's political vitality. It's as if he dimly suspects he has no reality without "the folks," and the terror to him of being deserted by the folks — or, by some ghastly accident, alienated from them — is like the terror of not being able to breathe, of disappearing. Probably the most traumatic period in his life was the long interval in 1965 between the state legislature's startling

refusal to submit for popular vote a constitutional amendment allowing governors to succeed themselves (this was in the late fall) and the primary election the next spring that nominated his wife. The legislature's defiance was the first serious political repudiation that Wallace had suffered since he had entered the governor's office, and through the long winter of doubt that followed, there was a vast silence from the people, a silence in which there occurred repeated little ominous intimations, minor but persistent frustrations at the hands of other political bodies in the state, that he might be falling, might indeed have already fallen. For him, the worst part of it was, he couldn't really know — there was no final way to find out until the spring primary.

THE idea of running Lurleen seems to have been a sudden small soundless concussion in Wallace's own head; all the people he began mentioning it to thought he was joking, including Lurleen. But he began to insist more seriously and frequently, "Why not, now?" Finally, he had a small delegation of his aides — his "helpers" again — in to meet with Lurleen in an office at the capitol; formally, gingerly, he had them propose it to her, negotiations made all the more delicate by the fact that she was soon to undergo extensive uterine surgery. She balked, but only halfheartedly; she had no real choice, of course. So, as spring finally approached, it seemed as though he might be rescued after all.

Lurleen Wallace has been closely surrounded by her husband's men ever since. "I guess," she says with a small smile, "that I'm just like one of the boys now." Though it is known that she regards some of Wallace's aides with a cold distaste, Wallace's old staff has been kept intact, and Lurleen exists as little more than a legalizing accessory to the extralegal extension of the George Wallace administration. Though, as Wallace heatedly points out, all the constitutional proprieties are being observed, he still acts as governor from his office directly across the hall from the executive suite (sometimes, late in the afternoons after Lurleen has returned to the mansion, he abandons even that appearance, quickly crosses the hall and serenely continues his work, his telephone calls and conferences, from behind her desk). He still personally draws up the programs and strives with the legislature to get them passed, and the lobbyists and legislators still approach him directly, convivially pulling a chair over to his table in the capitol's dank basement cafeteria, where he hastily consumes 88-cent lunches of mealy peas and fried steak and cornbread and then holds court with a

toothpick, just as in the old days, just as if nothing had changed. The only difference may be that now Lurleen serves as head of state while he acts as prime minister; she attends to all the ceremonial functions, which is perhaps a more pleasant arrangement on the whole, since it somewhat expedites Wallace's national maneuverings. At the most, she has moved into a vacancy that had to be occupied, if not by him then by a surrogate, while he sets about enlarging the scale of his incarnation of "the majority of the folks."

He met and married her in the space of about nine months. She was seventeen years old, had just graduated from high school and finished a business school course, and was working as a clerk behind the cosmetics counter at the Kresge's dime store in Tuscaloosa — a thin, slight, vaguely pretty girl, daughter of a shipyard worker and the only child in the family still living at home. Her upbringing, in the quiet dreamy little town of Northport near Tuscaloosa, had been correct, churchly, and comfortable, leaving her with modest and specific domestic expectations. She was the kind of girl most generously described, perhaps, as "a good student," earnest, moderately industrious, sufficiently bright. "Politics," she recalls, "was something Daddy discussed at our house with other people, not with me."

Wallace himself was twenty-three, recently graduated from law school at Tuscaloosa but still lingering there and driving a dump truck for the state while he awaited induction into the army (it was the year after Pearl Harbor). He had already become something of a rooster among the young ladies of Tuscaloosa (an old friend of his remembers, "Yeah, George was always around the women. He was really something with the women. I mean, you couldn't beat him off with a stick"). He strode up to Lurleen's counter on a warm August afternoon, fans droning sleepily in the thick popcorn-scented air, and asked for a bottle of hair oil. "He could always just go right up to people," says Lurleen. "He had the prettiest brown eyes, and the way he'd cut up. I remember liking him from the start."

Their courtship was quiet and perfunctory — rides in the drab, sallow light of buses, into town to the Bama Theater for a picture show, chill autumn nights out on her front porch, Sunday afternoon dinners with her family. He was living in a Tuscaloosa boardinghouse then, a small, tense, wiry youth, as thin and quick as a ferret, voraciously ambitious, with only one pair of baggy pants and a borrowed coat and perhaps two white shirts, and Lurleen remembers, "He ate quite a lot when he came over to our house." She says, "Even then, he was talking politics all the time. That's what seemed to be really occupying his

mind. He was already talking about running for governor. While we were dating, people wanted to know why he wasn't in the service, and this bothered him. He was nervous about that. It worried him a lot."

Finally, Wallace's orders arrived. On a cold night on her front porch, shortly before he was to report for induction, he proposed. He returned a few months later in uniform, and they were married on a bright noon in May, by a justice of the peace in a dim, musty office in a downtown Tuscaloosa office building, with the windows open to the warm flush of the spring day. Afterward, with Lurleen's mother, they went downstairs to the H. & W. Drug Store on the street level, had Cokes and chicken salad sandwiches, and then walked to the train depot and caught a train for Montgomery. There, they visited with Wallace's mother for a few hours. They spent their wedding night in a Montgomery boardinghouse, in a bleak room with a linoleum floor, a large iron frame bed, and a naked light bulb dangling from a cord in the center of the ceiling.

BEFORE Wallace went overseas, they passed through a succession of brief and shabby tenancies in large, alien cities; their first night in one town, after the first child had been born to them, they had to sleep on a stranger's front porch in the numbing cold, keeping the baby warm between them. In Alamogordo, New Mexico, they dwelt for a while in a plank chicken house with a concrete floor and a small heater and a hot plate. And when Wallace returned from the war and was elected to the legislature, they lived in the boardinghouse where they had spent their wedding night — in the same room. The other rooms were filled with railroad workers, and Lurleen remembers, "I had to do all my washing in the bathroom down the hall that everyone used."

During those days, says Lurleen, "George used to slow up and wait for me when we were walking. He used to, but he doesn't now. It was a long time ago. He just seemed to get out of the habit . . ."

She drinks coffee obsessively and manfully. Since becoming governor, she has also begun to smoke raggedly, incessantly, carrying her pack of Benson & Hedges in a demure cigarette case in her hand wherever she goes. "We been worrying about it a little bit," says one of Wallace's aides. "She really ought to cut down some on those cigarettes. Why, when she goes to make a speech, she's stubbing out a cigarette when she gets up to talk, and as soon as she's done, as soon as she's finished shaking hands, she's grabbed another one

out of her pack, and she's lighting it up." She seems to be constantly, rigidly afraid that she is going to do something wrong, make a wrong move, blurt out the wrong thing. She is brittle and tautly on guard before newsmen, and Wallace's people have, so far, carefully shielded her from political interviews and dialogues. It's as if, having been a private and nonpolitical person for most of her life, she is simply accustomed to delivering the direct and flat-footed truth and has not yet mastered the calm, intricate minuet of evasion and equivocation and sanctitude at which natural politicians are more or less adept. She reads all her speeches. Visibly uncomfortable as she is with conversations that have to do with anything other than her family and the business of running a household, she did not want to attend the conference of governors that President Johnson called last spring in Washington, and Wallace had to reassure her, "Now, honey, they not going to ask you to stand up and give your ideas about Vietnam or the balance of payments; all you got to do is just sit there and listen, that's all." Left, then, with little more than a figurine to analyze, some of the press, most notably the women's magazines, have indulged in wry little smiles about her dress and drawl, and Wallace has affected a politically effective indignation about such stories: "They say she didn't *dress* right out there in California. Well, I'll tell you, if she dressed like some of *them* . . ." But for her part, she has maintained a brave, if slightly baffled, cheerfulness about the articles. "It's all just part of politics," she proposes.

Her political notions are a dutiful one-dimensional duplication of her husband's — in sum, rather on the order of an essay on states' rights that might be entered in a local high school contest sponsored by the D.A.R. In fact, she seems puzzled that anyone would inquire about her political beliefs. Asked once what figures in history had made the greatest impact on her, she answered, after a long pause, "Well, I suppose the women of the South who fought such hardships and tried to hold things together back during the War Between the States, and that period afterward." A little later, asked what books had been most important in her life, she replied, "Well, I suppose those stories on women of the South and the hard role they played back during the War Between the States and Reconstruction."

While her performance as governor has been mostly confined to such duties as appearing at plant dedications, riding in a jeep during military academy reviews, presenting honorary plaques, and receiving curious visitors from out of state in her office, she has nevertheless taken it all with a certain degree of seriousness. She has reported to the governor's office early in the morning and usually

departed only late in the day. "If there is any change in my administration," she declared in her inaugural address, "it will not be a change of policy or priorities, but rather one of attitude. . . . It will be an attitude reflecting an inner feeling of a wife and a mother." It has, in a sense, worked out that way: when she visited a state mental institution recently, walking from room to abject room with her official entourage following respectfully after her, her face went white, there came over her a mute and stricken and withdrawn astonishment, and her eyes blurred with tears. What she would do with such random discoveries, and the impulses they create in her, has been the only real and interesting question posed by her ascension.

The speculation that she might prove more assertive than her husband or his advisers ever reckoned on, while irresistible, was really fanciful. She is not so naïve a girl as to forget it was her husband who put her where she is, that the people elected her as a stand-in for him, and that without him she would be absolutely lost and helpless in the office. What's more, if she had tried to take over the show, she would have seemed to the people of Alabama, not to mention herself, surpassingly unladylike. Finally, such a stunt simply isn't part of the nature of such a woman. She has submitted to everything, surrendered even herself to her husband's furious public compulsion, much as an evangelist's or missionary's wife might, after so many years, surrender herself to attend her husband's obsessive communion with God, thereby accepting her own diminishment. This summer she suffered a recurrence of cancer, leaving serious doubt about whether she will be able to return to the governor's office.

In the process of her surrender, she also arrived at a kind of solitary contented affection for her husband: she seems genuinely to dote on him as she defers to him. On the morning of the general election last fall — what should have been one of the most important hours in her life — the two of them rode down from Montgomery to Clayton to vote, and Wallace chattered ceaselessly and jubilantly in the back seat the whole length of the drive, seeming only incidentally aware of Lurleen beside him.

"You got to bed mighty late last night," he

teased her once; "you should have been in bed earlier than you were." She protested that she had spent the time tucking in the younger children.

"Yeah," he continued, "and at that rally last night, you didn't introduce me right. You shoulda introduced me as governor. I was shocked when you said George. You said, 'And now I give you your governor and my husband, George.' I was shocked." She only leaned back in the seat and turned her face away, gazed out of the window with a steady, patient little smile on her face. But he did not notice; he was perched on the edge of his seat, still talking, with his small stubby hands braced on the back of the seat in front of him, where a reporter was riding.

On one occasion he paused to study some workmen at the side of the road, and observed, "Why, four of those fellows could handle 250 Harvard professors, you know it? Kind of folks been showing up at my rallies, they the people that fought the Civil War. The common folks — they didn't have any slaves, most didn't have any at all. They just fought. Look ather — see over yonder? You take just a plain ole dirt farmer like that plowing behind his mule in some field in Chilton County, he knows just by *instinct*, just by having lived with folks, more than all those professors know. He knows when you can trust somebody and when you can't. He knows what it takes to get people to act right; it takes a whapping them up the side of the head, that's what."

He was asked if he would have liked to live during the Civil War years, and he mused, "Well, of course, there was something romantic and intriguing about the war down here in the South, and you think sometimes you would have liked to been around to see what was going on"; and all the while he was toying with an answer, still not quite sure about the import of the question, Lurleen, leaning back in the seat and looking directly at the reporter, was nodding silently, affirmatively, and proudly, compressing a smile, without his seeing her. The rest of the way down to Clayton, he continued to orate, as Lurleen, who that day was to be elected governor of Alabama, wordlessly and tenderly and steadily picked invisible pieces of lint from his sleeves and brushed dandruff from his shoulders.

W A T E R

by Leslie Norris

On hot summer mornings my aunt set glasses
On a low wall outside the farmhouse,
With some jugs of cold water.
I would sit in the dark hall, or
 Behind the dairy window,
Waiting for children to come from the town.

They came in small groups, serious, steady,
And I could see them, black in the heat,
Long before they turned in at our gate
To march up the soft, dirt road.
 They would stand by the wall,
Drinking water with an engrossed thirst. The dog

Did not bother them, knowing them responsible
Travelers. They held in quiet hands their bags
Of jam sandwiches, and bottles of yellow fizz.
Sometimes they waved a gratitude to the house,
 But they never looked at us.
Their eyes were full of the mountain, lifting

Their measuring faces above our long hedge.
When they had gone I would climb the wall,
Looking for them among the thin sheep runs.
Their heads were a resolute darkness among ferns,
 They climbed with unsteady certainty.
I wondered what it was they knew the mountain had.

They would pass the last house, Lamberts', where
A violent gander, too old by many a Christmas,
Blared evil warning from his bitten moor,
Then it was open world, too high and clear
 For clouds even, where over heather
The free hare cleanly ran, and the summer sheep.

I knew this; and I knew all summer long
Those visionary gangs passed through our lanes,
Coming down at evening, their arms full
Of cowslips, moon daisies, whinberries, nuts,
 All fruits of the sliding seasons,
And the enormous experience of the mountain

That I who loved it did not understand.
In the summer, dust filled our winter ruts
With a level softness, and children walked
At evening through golden curtains scuffed
 From the road by their trailing feet.
They would drink tiredly at our wall, talking

Softly, leaning, their sleepy faces warm for home.
We would see them murmur slowly through our stiff
Gate, their shy heads gilded by the last sun.
One by one we would gather up the used jugs,
 The glasses. We would pour away
A little water. It would lie on the thick dust, gleaming.

THE LAST HOLDOUTS

by Patricia Lynden

They live by their own laws, which involve manipulating and breaking ours. They prefer that we know nothing about them, but if we insist on probing, they try to make sure we come away with a romantic fairy-tale notion of them. Patricia Lynden, twenty-nine, became a Gypsy-watcher two years ago, when she began covering odd corners of New York for NEWSWEEK, where she is an editorial assistant.

IN A land of assimilation they are the last holdouts. They have roamed this country for over 250 years, but they show no signs of joining us; nor are they ever likely to. They are the Gypsies, and they have been at home away from home since the first unrecorded moment of their exodus from India.

They meet with the rest of the world, the non-Gypsies, or the "Gajay" in their language, only to steal our money. Then they disappear behind the doors of their "ofisas," dingy storefronts where they live and "work," and laugh endlessly at their latest trick. While they are a people apart, they are infatuated by our status symbols and exploit our credit economy to buy Cadillacs, color television sets, diamonds, and the services of some of the nation's best medical specialists. They rarely pay, however.

Most of us — who do not seek Gypsies out for magic solutions to problems — are dimly aware of their existence, have perhaps caught glimpses of them emerging from a rented hall after a celebration, or calling out to "suckers" — their term — from ofisa doorways. But try to ask a Gypsy about his way of life, and you will meet with vague answers, lies, an uncomprehending though well-meaning expression, or an appallingly servile manner. One loses interest quickly, and that is their intent.

I had the good luck one day, while on a routine reporting assignment at the New York City Police Department's Pickpocket and Confidence Squad, to discover that the detective I was interviewing was

one of the few people in this country who know about Gypsies. He is Lieutenant Allen Gore, who had at that time spent ten years as the department's sole Gypsy expert. That same season on Broadway he became the basis of the male lead in *Bajour*, a musical about Gypsies. Over the years, Lieutenant Gore had gotten to know them well, and even learned an impressive amount of their language, Romany, which is difficult because it is an unwritten tongue. He said I could go with him on his investigations for as long as I needed to get a story.

Our visits were restricted to Gypsies living in New York City, where the best estimates put the population at around 12,000; but American Gypsies are the same whether you see them in San Francisco or New York. Indeed, they are literally the same, because the American Gypsy population (probably about 200,000) is in constant slow flux from one place to another. Any middle-aged Gypsy has likely camped for months or even years in fifteen or more cities across the country from Portland to Miami, from Provincetown to Los Angeles.

To know the Gypsies, one must practically live among them. So few have that the literature is scant, and much of it marred by untruths. Jan Yoors, a New York artist, did live with them during his adolescence in Europe, and his recent book, *The Gypsies*, is an account of that life. Lieutenant Gore solved the problem by spending much of his working day and all his free time visiting their ofisas, talking, listening, and watching. It took him



five years before he was fully able to distinguish their lies from the truth and the myths from the realities. I was told by Lieutenant Gore that an extended visit at a Gypsy home would be out of the question for me. No Gypsy would ever consent, he said. However, there was one family I had come to know whose members were anxious to cultivate Lieutenant Gore. When he suggested, after a year, that they allow me to visit them for a week, the woman of the house immediately agreed.

My hostess was a woman in her sixties named Peppa, and she set up only one condition to my visit: she would answer all questions except any about the “boojo.” In Romany the word means “bag” (it was incorrectly called “bajour” in the musical). It is also the name of the most elaborate of Gypsy confidence games. At its culmination, the customer’s money is sewn into a small bag, and by means of a deft switch, the victim is given a bag of plain paper and the Gypsy keeps the one that contains the money. Many content themselves with lesser forms of confidence tricks because, while they don’t get rich, they also don’t have to take big risks or work many weeks for results. But my hostess “made boojo,” as the Gypsies say, and made \$50,000 a year at it. She was worried that my professed desire to know more about Gypsy life, their beliefs and customs, was just a pretext for learning the mechanics of the boojo.

I had, however, already learned how the boojo is carried off from listening to Lieutenant Gore and

Photograph by Evelyn Hofer, from NEW YORK PROCLAIMED.

suckers tell about it. A typical Gypsy customer was a fashionable New Jersey matron who told how she sought out a Gypsy to work black magic so she could get a divorce and large alimony settlement from her husband. The Gypsy assured her she could solve the problem, and it developed after many consultations that the problem was caused by a “curse” on the customer’s money and valuables. She was told to bring \$7000 in cash, some diamond jewelry, and several fur pieces to the ofisa to have the curse banished. The jewelry and furs were left there for further “work,” and the customer returned home with the bag she thought contained her money. Later in the evening she became suspicious, opened the bag to find plain paper, and returned to the ofisa to confront the Gypsy. The Gypsy and her family had, of course, disappeared, and next day the woman went to the police. Her money was never recovered, and the Gypsy was never captured.

It is rare that a Gypsy gets caught. Many of their clientele never realize they are being bilked; others are too embarrassed to tell. As often as not, they get caught because other Gypsies inform on them. As one Romany woman said: “Everybody know it when somebody make a score.” That knowledge is used when the Romany legal system — the only one they recognize — breaks down because a Gypsy refuses to follow its dictates. If he, for example, refuses to pay a penalty imposed on him by a Romany court, his adversary often takes revenge by going to the Gajo law. (Gajo is the masculine singular and Gajee the feminine singular form for “non-Gypsy.”) He simply informs to the police about one of his enemy’s thefts, and the police make an arrest. Gypsy law, or “crees,” has no enforcement machinery. Corporal punishment is not part of the Romany tradition; obeying the law is voluntary. Jurors at a trial do no more than arrive at a decision on who is right and wrong in a case, and name the penalty, usually a fine. After that, if one party refuses to comply, the other takes the law into his own hands by going to the Gajo law.

THE Romany life is concerned almost solely with itself. World affairs are Gajo affairs, and thus of no interest to the Gypsies. What really absorbs them are their own feuds, marriages, divorces, births, deaths, illnesses. A New York internist who was called in for consultation on a Gypsy case said afterward that no patient was ever so difficult to treat. The entire clan arrived from all over the country and encamped at the hospital to assume en masse the anxiety for the patient that is usually reserved, in the Gajo world, only to the patient and his immediate family. Day in and day out they dunned the doctor and hospital staff for reassur-

ances that the patient would recover, fretting with extravagant intensity, which the doctor found inordinate and felt was a hindrance to his attempts to treat the patient.

In a similar way, a divorce also becomes a community preoccupation. During my stay at Peppa's, the family was the center of interest because one of the daughters was about to have a divorce trial. Day and night, Gypsies were in and out of the house, learning the background of the case, arguing it endlessly. Since it was the major topic of conversation for the week, I too became familiar with its details and nuances. Complicated as it may seem, what follows is a very abbreviated version of a situation all the local Gypsies familiarized themselves with in preparation for the impending trial.

One of Peppa's six daughters, a woman of thirty-two called Maleva, had left the ofisa she shared with her husband, taken their daughter, and returned to her mother's house. She claimed that her husband had abandoned her, and was determined to have custody of their daughter. She was prepared to go to the Gajo court if need be to keep the child, since Gypsy law does not necessarily favor the mother in custody disputes. Wanya, the estranged husband, was countercharging abandonment, and also wanted the child, as well as the return of more than the customary one half of his wife's purchase price at marriage.

The dispute had become a feud between the two families, since by Romany custom marriages are arranged between the fathers of a couple, and the bride is purchased by the groom's father. It is not unusual to pay \$5000 for a girl who is a virgin, healthy, well mannered, and adept at the confidence game.

Things had been somewhat unusual in the marriage of Wanya and Maleva. For one thing, Peppa knew her daughter felt an attraction for Wanya, although it would have been scandalously improper for Maleva to say so. But Wanya's family did not have enough money to pay for such a girl who possessed all the Gypsy virtues. So Peppa let her go for only \$2500, and she let her go on credit until Wanya's mother could make the money to pay the price.

By strict custom, the credit arrangement was a compromise of the bride's family's honor. However, Peppa exacted in return a commitment from Wanya's father that because of the low price, Maleva would not be required to spend the usual first years of her marriage living with her in-laws and giving her earnings to them. Peppa herself had been very unhappy as a young wife taking orders from her mother-in-law and didn't want her daughter to suffer the same. Wanya's family agreed to the condition, and the couple was married.

The trouble started when Wanya's father began demanding money from Maleva. Maleva sup-

ported Wanya (which seems to be an American innovation among Gypsies) better than Wanya's mother kept his father. The father became so envious at his son's good fortune that he refused, even after his wife did make a large sum of money, to pay Peppa what he owed her. Not until a year later did he finally pay \$2000, and Maleva had to put up the remaining \$500 herself — another compromise of honor.

By then the two families were well into a feud, the couple had begun to quarrel, and the parents to exchange insults. Wanya's mother threatened to make Maleva's father "marimay," or unclean, the worst thing a Gypsy can do to another. An object or a person unwillingly exposed by a woman to her own genitals is considered marimay, and unfit to associate with other Gypsies. A man and his family are ostracized for many months should it happen to him. Wanya's mother threatened to make Maleva's father marimay when, one day during a quarrel, she cursed him and pointed to her genitals to indicate that if she got any angrier, she would touch them, and then touch him with the "tainted" hand. When recalled, the incident brought disgrace so near in the minds of Maleva's family that it was spoken of only in whispers and tones of dread.

By the time the two families were ready to make a crees, there was much "dishonor" and "disgrace" that had been suffered by Maleva's family, and they wanted the jurors to rule that none of the marriage price be paid back, and indeed, they said, Wanya's family should pay them for their suffering. The trial was held a week after my visit, lasting all one evening and through the night. The principals, their families, and other Gypsies who held an opinion about the couple shouted for hours, coming away hoarse from the rented hall. Maleva got custody of the child, but her father had to pay back \$1500 to Wanya's father.

ONE of the reasons Gypsies hold the Gajay in contempt is, they say, because we are materialistic and attached to our possessions. But the Gypsy is also materialistic, almost a caricature of us in his buying of Cadillacs, diamond rings, mink coats, and color television sets. The difference, the Gypsy maintains, is that he doesn't become attached to what he owns. To prove it, he takes no care of his possessions. Gypsy Cadillacs, even when they are still new, characteristically have torn upholstery and dented fenders.

Peppa makes \$50,000 a year and owns an apartment building in Miami Beach that provides additional income, but one would not suspect it by looking at members of her family or the outside

of their little pink \$18,000 house in a lower-middle-class section of Queens. But inside the house, all the walls have been ripped out to make one big room following Gypsy preference. Expensive gilt and brocade sectional couches, on which the family sleeps, contrast wildly with the florid red and black wall-to-wall carpeting and ornate lamps. On all the furniture and walls were stains, marks, and tears to which no one paid attention. In the center of one wall was a huge color television set. A broken one stood next to it; rather than fix the old set, they had purchased a new one. The closets bulged with clothes, many of them never worn, especially the traditional long skirts and low-necked tops that American Gypsies now wear only to Gypsy gatherings. (On the streets they are unrecognizable except to an experienced eye because their dress is American.) There were several mink coats. The bureau held a large collection of gold-coin necklaces, antique jewelry, and diamond rings. Peppa's husband, Nicola — also known as "Deaf Nick" according to the Roman custom of nicknaming for a characteristic — had many drawers full of handmade silk shirts, and in a closet were as many baggy but custom-tailored suits. His daily attire included large topaz cuff links, a diamond tie clip, and a solid-gold belt buckle with gold coins soldered to it. He wore two gold watches, one on the wrist and one on a chain in his waistcoat. Since, as the Gypsies say, "the woman makes the man," Peppa kept Nicola always in a new Cadillac. A large portion of the family's money also seemed to go to innumerable medical specialists, since American city-bred Gypsies are hypochondriacs.

It is characteristic of Gypsies, rich or poor, to be often without money, since they respect spending, not saving. And there was no embarrassment on Peppa's part when, moneyless, she had to borrow from me. Over the week I loaned money to her, Nicola, and their daughters on many occasions (and was punctiliously paid back each time). Once, when a plumber was summoned in an emergency, Peppa at first tried to get out of paying him. "Just send me a bill, Mister," she said, with a cavalier wave of the hand. But the plumber wanted cash. "I thought you came to help us out, Mister, but I see you just came to take our money," she shouted. Cowed, the plumber took what he could get, which was my five dollars, and left. When he was gone, Peppa said: "It's a good thing he didn't know I'm Gypsy or he never would have gone away without all the money." It is a lesson increasingly being learned by landlords, doctors, and stores that cater to the Gypsy trade.

Among themselves, Gypsies recognize differences of tribe. There are basically four tribes throughout the world: Muchwaya, Calderash, Churura, and

Lovara. The Muchwaya and Calderash are the two that have come to this country in the largest number. The Muchwaya are the smaller of the two, and have adapted in such a way that they have become the richer. It is generally the Muchwaya women who make boojo, although some Calderash — such as Peppa, who is married to a Muchwaya — practice it too. The difference between tribes is small. There are variations in a few of the words they use. The Muchwaya, for instance, say "lovay" for money, and the Calderash say "loy." Marriage tends to be within the tribe, but this is not a fast rule.

Contrary to the popular belief, there are no kings or queens among the Gypsies. In fact, there are no rulers. They are governed by the crees, which represents the general will, and their traditions. Some Gypsies become more powerful than others by playing politics and having a wife who makes a good deal of money. These Gypsies cultivate the police, local politicians, lawyers at the district attorney's office, and judges. When another Gypsy gets into trouble, the Gypsy politician uses his pull to get him off and his wealth to cover any expenses involved. Sometimes he can even exact "taxes" for the protection he offers. Gypsies who balk at payment, or become competitive, are informed on.

Although they live surrounded by the Gajay, and get to know the most intimate secrets of some, Gypsies surprisingly understand very little about us. They make generalizations from what they observe of their customers, from what they see on television, and random experiences. The picture is distorted. Since they do not send their children to school, or attach any value to the kind of education we prize, there are great gaps in their understanding of Gajo institutions and culture. I was in Washington, D.C., one day and happened upon a Gypsy family taking a guided tour through the Capitol. It was unusual, so I followed to eavesdrop on them. Near the Senate chamber they smiled and nodded appreciatively as the guide told the dimensions and other statistics of a mural. But they did not understand what the Senate chamber was about. "Who sits there?" the Gypsy woman asked her husband. "The jury," he replied. During my visit at Peppa's, she asked one night, "Who is Gromyko?" I replied that he was once the Russian ambassador to this country, and she wanted to know what an ambassador does. I explained that he watches over his country's interests in another country. She could understand why they would be necessary to try to keep the peace in unfriendly countries, but she could not understand why the Gajay need an ambassador in a country they get along with. She soon tired of my attempts to explain Gajo ways, and changed the subject.

As the visit wore on, the hostility that attended my initial presence — as an outsider who would not make them richer — subsided, and the family began to speak less guardedly. Sonia, one of Peppa's daughters, asked one night, as we shared a plate of fish and potatoes — eating the Romany way, with our fingers — what I thought of the Gypsies, having seen them up close. I said I thought them nice. She replied: "You know what I mean. What do you think about, you know, the way we make our living? You think it's bad that we do that . . . make boojo, don't you?" she pressed. "You have to, those are your people. I would if I was you." If she was sympathetic, I asked, why didn't she stop? "I have to do it. It's in the blood. If you've got the blood, you have to do it," she answered with finality. Did she ever feel guilty? "You don't feel bad. It's not something to feel bad about. You feel good when you make boojo. That's something good. You don't think about the woman," she replied. Did she ever wish she were a Gajee? "Sometimes I wish I was a Gajee. You have a nice life. But we're different people. A Gypsy, he doesn't murder, he doesn't kidnap, he doesn't rob banks . . ."

The religion was the most difficult of all to pin down, and in that respect it tells the most about them. Although they claim to be Catholic, the Gypsy religion is actually a confusing mixture of Christianity and ancestor worship. The latter is perhaps a surviving remnant from their Indian origins. As the Gypsies arrived and spread into the Western world, beginning around the fourteenth century, they picked up smatterings of Christianity and assorted local folkways. All these make up their religion today, a creed that is without an organized dogma. When they do go to church, which is rarely, the Gypsies generally choose an Eastern Orthodox one, and they usually bury their dead in Eastern Orthodox cemeteries. Their forays into church are casual, and the one I witnessed was also raucous, although no disrespect was intended. Early in January five members of one family were killed in a fire at their Brooklyn ofisa. Some twelve hundred shocked members of the Muchwaya tribe came from all parts of the country to mourn, and as they entered the church, many wailing with grief, they ignored the No Smoking signs that the experienced priest had put up for the occasion. Seating was a noisy business, with much yelling and changing of seats to join friends and console one another. Later, at the gravesite, still crying, they showered the coffins with liquor and money to give the departed a start in the next life, as the priest stood by praying aloud but being ignored. Again no disrespect was meant. And, while they seem to take their religion seriously, they are not averse to using it to fool the Gajay. Each ofisa has a small corner with an altar — a cross surrounded by candles and photographs

of any recently deceased relatives. It is used by the family for its own infrequent observances, but also as a prop to convince the Gajay of their spiritual powers and closeness to God.

While at Peppa's I persistently questioned members of the family in an attempt to grasp a body of dogma that I later learned does not exist. Tired of my questions and amused at my confusion, one of Peppa's daughters repeated a story her grandmother had once used to answer her questions: The Gypsies once had a church, she said, but it was made out of cheese. One day the Gypsies got hungry and ate it, and that was the end of their church.

There is another tale they tell — the only hint I heard of an attempt to rationalize and explain the Romany life. Some Gypsies say they believe it, others wink when asked if they do. When Christ was on the cross, the story goes, His persecutors were preparing a fourth spike made of silver to pierce his heart. Some Gypsies stole the spike, and Christ was spared the additional agony. God was so grateful that he gave the Gypsies permission to steal thereafter. I asked my hostess whether she believed the story. "How else can you explain it?" she replied. "Why can a Gypsy steal but he'll never get caught? The Gypsies don't have a church, and they don't have a country, but God made them free and He watches over us."

I GET THERE FIRSTMOST WITH THE BESTMOST

BY TYNER WHITE

I bring you gilded chairs. But you've a house
filled to with furniture you can't use
and steamer trunks for the items you collect.

I build you shelves; you keep your books in a pile.
Wood for your fire? You use oil.
You're not impressed with my intellect.

Tell you what, I've a big kite with a tail
that says: Vote Bull Moose! The perfect thing to sail
from your gable. You've *got* one. Would you select

an antler from my attic? A pound of bees?
Mink-fluted night pail lined with rare old cheese?
Say, you can see the zoo, should you elect
to tour my hometown. Please? In your worst chemis-
Peacock! Cigars! Lady, I'm on my knees!

CONTROLLING CRIME NEWS

Sense or Censorship?

by Robert M. Cipes

Without noticeable movement toward a meeting of minds, the American press and bar have been debating the conflict between a free press and the right to a fair trial. This article, by a lawyer and writer now based in Santa Barbara, will be part of THE CRIME WAR, to be published by New American Library. Mr. Cipes here examines the controversial Reardon Committee report of the American Bar Association and the press's generally outraged and sometimes fatuous response to it.

FOUR days after the assassination of President Kennedy, the New York *Times* published a letter from its own managing editor, Turner Catledge. Catledge wrote that a *Times* news report had erred when it referred to Lee Harvey Oswald as "President Kennedy's assassin." Said Catledge: "Although Oswald was accused of the assassination and the Dallas police thought they had an airtight case against him, he was never tried and convicted. Under the American system of justice, he is innocent until proved guilty. Future articles and headlines will reflect that fact."

While such posthumous regard for Oswald's rights is overdone, it reflects growing concern with standards of crime reporting. There are surely more significant issues of public affairs, yet because the prerogatives of the press are involved, there are few which have generated so much newspaper space and such heated debate. In response to the Warren Commission Report, and with tensions heightened by a recent spate of sensational trials, the legal and journalistic professions are groping for standards which will bridge the uneasy gap between the constitutional rights of the press and those of the accused. An American Bar Association committee has drafted a tentative code to regulate crime publicity, which has met with almost uniform condemnation by newspaper publishers and editors.

This month the code will be hotly debated at the ABA's annual meeting in Hawaii; later it will be voted on by members. As the battle between the press and bar seems headed for its final round, a close look at the controversial proposals is in order.

The publicizing of sensational crime is as old as crime itself. In America, with its dual institutions of trial by jury and assertive journalism, the key issue is the influence of publicity on the minds of jurors. One critic posed it this way: "In the case of a particularly audacious crime that has been widely discussed, it is utterly impossible that any man of common intelligence, and not wholly secluded from society, should be found who had not formed an opinion." This was in 1846. During the newspaper circulation wars at the turn of the century, Arthur Train called yellow journalism the "most vicious factor in the administration of criminal justice." Train damned the newspapers for creating false sympathy for defendants, rather than bias against them. This does not change the issue, of course; it simply illustrates a difference in environment.

Each decade has had its *causes célèbres*, and each *cause célèbre* has produced a wave of revulsion and talk of curbing excessive publicity. But it has remained just that — talk — with no tangible reforms. This time *may* be different. One result of

the Warren Report was the appointment of the ABA committee to study publicity. It is known as the Reardon Committee, after its chairman, Justice Paul Reardon of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. Last October, after two years of work, the committee released its recommendations. It found that most prejudicial material is not the result of independent news reporting but originates with law enforcement officers and lawyers (both prosecution and defense). Hence the committee recommends strong controls over all participants in a criminal case. Its theory is that by drying up the source, most offensive material will not find its way into the newspapers. The committee would not entirely immunize the press. It could be punished for contempt of court but only for flagrant abuses which affect the jury's verdict.

Despite the modest nature of its proposals, the Reardon Report has outraged the journalistic community. For example, the president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors has called it "detrimental to society," "selection of news, suppression of news, censorship of news," leading to "abuse and confusion," encouraging "the police tendency towards secrecy," "misguided, quixotic, unnecessary and harmful to our democratic system." Strongest criticism is reserved for proposed controls over news sources. Columbia Law professor Telford Taylor touched the crucial point when he said: "What first appeared to be an issue of whether or not restrictions should be applied to the press has now emerged as a question of whether or not the press will permit the bar to restrict itself."

Consistent with a resolve to clean its own house, the ABA committee begins by proposing a change in the canons of legal ethics. This would prevent lawyers from releasing any information or opinion about a criminal case with which they are associated "if there is a reasonable likelihood that such dissemination will interfere with a fair trial or otherwise prejudice the due administration of justice." The committee feels that the existing canon on publicity (adopted sixty years ago) is too general, and it has rarely been enforced. The new canon would bar lawyers' statements about the following: a defendant's prior criminal record or information as to his character or reputation; the existence or contents of any confession; the performance of any examination or tests or the defendant's refusal to submit to such an examination; the testimony of prospective witnesses; the possibility that the defendant will plead guilty; and any opinion as to the defendant's guilt or innocence, although a defense attorney may state that his client denies the charges.

During the trial itself, no lawyer can release or authorize any statement relating to the case, except that he may quote from or refer without

comment to public records in the case. Lawyers who violated the canon would be subject to disciplinary action, which could mean suspension or disbarment. The restrictions are similar to those laid down by the Justice Department two years ago for federal prosecutions. It is in state courts, however, that most crimes of violence are tried and that the worst publicity abuses occur.

The Reardon Committee originally proposed to restrict the release of crime information by court personnel and police officers along the same lines as its restrictions on lawyers. Again, no legislation would be necessary; control would depend on the court's inherent power to enforce its own rules. In the case of the police, however, this raises a serious question of "separation of powers"—whether the judicial branch of government has power to discipline employees of the executive branch. The Reardon Committee thinks that it does, but in a spirit of compromise has modified its original proposal. It now recommends that the police adopt voluntary controls and that court rules be resorted to only in the event that such controls prove ineffective.

THE Reardon Committee assumes that since most offensive publicity comes from the mouths of the trial participants, controlling them will indirectly cure abuses by the press. But what happens when the press acts on its own, when an editor personally initiates a prosecution? This was pretty much the situation in the Sheppard case. Federal District Judge Weinman, in reversing Dr. Sheppard's conviction in 1964, sized it up accurately in these words:

"If ever there was a trial by newspaper, this is a perfect example. And the most insidious violator was the *Cleveland Press*. For some reason that paper took upon itself the role of accuser, judge, and jury. The journalistic value of its front page editorials, the screaming, slanted headlines and the nonobjective reporting was nil, but they were calculated to inflame and prejudice the public. Such a complete disregard for propriety results in a grave injustice not only to the individual involved but to the community in general. . . . If ever a newspaper did a disservice to its profession; if ever the cause of freedom of the press was set back, this was it."

But if the identity of the villain was clear to Judge Weinman, it was not to the Supreme Court. Its forty-page opinion does not so much as mention the *Cleveland Press* or its editor, Louis Seltzer, the man responsible for the Sheppard vendetta. Instead, the villain in the eyes of the Court is the trial judge, Edward Blythin (since deceased). It was Blythin's

"failure to insulate the proceedings from prejudicial publicity and disruptive influence [of newsmen in the courtroom] which deprived Sheppard of the chance to receive a fair hearing." How Blythin, who did not enter the case until months after the press had done its damage, could have insulated the proceedings is a problem in metaphysics which the Court does not resolve.

The Sheppard opinion found it unnecessary to consider "what sanctions might be available against a recalcitrant press." In its anxiety to evade this issue, the Court scrambled for a precedent, some authoritative guide that would get it off the hook. The most authoritative thing available was the Chief Justice's own Warren Commission report. Not bothered by dissimilarity in the cases, the Court proceeded to build the flimsy Sheppard structure on the Warren foundation. It is obvious from reading the opinion that Justice Clark, its author, not only had the Warren Report at his elbow as he wrote; he also literally tore some pages from the report and called them the Sheppard case: "Neither the press nor the public had the right to be contemporaneously informed by the police or prosecuting authorities of the details of the evidence being accumulated against Oswald [Sheppard]." And again: "Bedlam reigned at the courthouse [read "police station"] during the trial and newsmen took over practically the entire courtroom, hounding most of the participants, especially Sheppard." Clark does not tell us that the entire courtroom consisted of four rows, so it was impossible for newsmen not to take it over.

Bending over backward to avoid offending the press, the Court virtually sat on the trial judge. Rarely has appellate hindsight mustered such a catalogue of "should-have-dones." The judge should have considered locking up the jury during the trial, though Sheppard's counsel advisedly refrained from requesting it. He should have granted the defense motion to change the place of trial, though as one Justice indicated during the oral argument, no county in Ohio was free from the poisonous publicity. The judge should have postponed the trial until after local elections in which he was running to succeed himself. But the election actually took place during jury selection and before the trial began, so the purpose of a short postponement is unclear. Finally, the Court condemned the trial judge for "requesting," rather than "warning," the jury not to read newspapers during the trial.

Without specifically referring to the Sheppard opinion, the Reardon Committee doubted the efficacy of these remedies. "None of these techniques," it said, "can at the same time (1) assure a fair trial in the face of prejudicial disclosures that saturate the jurisdiction and (2) preserve

other rights of the defendant and the right of the people to see that the guilty are properly punished." The committee illustrated its point with the following examples: "A continuance, if it is to be long enough to dissipate the effects of the potentially prejudicial publicity, may require the defendant to sacrifice his right to a speedy trial. And its purpose will be defeated if the publicity is renewed when the case finally comes up. A change of venue may also require the sacrifice of state or federal constitutional rights (as will waiver of jury trial) and will undoubtedly be ineffective if the case is one of wide notoriety. Voir dire [examination of prospective jurors] . . . cannot fully cope with a juror's failure to be candid or with influences that occur below the level of consciousness. Sequestration [locking up the jury during the trial] does not remedy the effects of pretrial publicity and may itself prejudice the defendant because of the inconvenience and annoyance to the jurors. Admonitions to the jury have often proved ineffective [as conceded by almost half the judges responding to the committee's poll]."

IF THE Supreme Court thought the restricted scope of the Sheppard opinion would be understood or its professional courtesy to the press reciprocated, it was due for disappointment. The president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors said the opinion would "hide from public knowledge virtually all of the facts of law enforcement and the administration of justice." He called it a step in the direction of the English rule where the contempt power is invoked freely against journalists. Misunderstanding of the Sheppard case reached crisis proportions when a famed constitutional law professor told a conference of state trial judges (meeting in Canada) that the opinion invited them to use the contempt power against the press. Although Justices are not accustomed to publicly interpreting their opinions, the professor's statement was too much for Justice Clark. Addressing the same conference the next day, Clark protested. It's all a mistake, the Justice declared. We didn't say anything about the contempt power, or set standards for the press. Perish the thought. The Justice even denied that the Court intended to prescribe rules for judges: "We laid guidelines the court *might* follow, not guidelines they *must* follow."

Even this unusual effort at clarification did not dispel the misunderstanding. Some judges continued to read the Sheppard opinion literally. At Sheppard's own retrial, for instance, the new judge (having read what Clark said about "bedlam") refused to give seats in the courtroom to

any but local newsmen or wire-service representatives. Reporters from such national publications as *Life* and the *New York Times* had to wait in line daily beginning at 7:30 A.M. in order to compete with curious housewives for the few vacancies in the courtroom. Those who left their seats to meet a deadline did so at the risk of losing them. Some days these reporters did not get in at all.

Only a month after the Sheppard case was decided by the Supreme Court, an event occurred which was to throw an already fuzzy subject into a state of confusion. On July 14, 1966, eight Chicago student nurses were slain in their dormitory. Effective police investigation quickly produced a suspect, Richard F. Speck, whose fingerprints were found in the dormitory and who was identified from a photograph by the lone survivor. Speck's photo was plastered on every front page as a massive manhunt began. As a result of this publicity he was soon recognized, by a physician treating him after a suicide attempt.

In April, Speck was convicted of the eight murders and sentenced to death. Since prejudicial publicity is bound to be an argument on appeal, it is worth examining what that publicity was. The first question is the propriety of news disclosures before Speck's arrest. Taking the Reardon Report as a guideline, it specifically permits the police to release any information necessary to aid in the defendant's apprehension or to warn the public of any dangers he may present. Clearly there is a public interest in stopping a dangerous criminal before he commits further violence. Thus the Chicago police acted properly in publishing Speck's picture and conducting the manhunt. It was not necessary, however, to announce positively and repeatedly that Speck was "the killer," nor to disclose all the damaging evidence against him, especially the fingerprint evidence (the accuracy of which became a key issue at the trial). Even if disclosures were necessary to aid in Speck's apprehension, public interest in the disclosures ends when the suspect is arrested. Here, however, the police superintendent compounded earlier injury by adding even stronger public assurances of Speck's guilt.

As the trial date approached, the judge granted a change of venue from Chicago to Peoria. Though any difference in the degree of news coverage was doubtful, the prosecuting attorney did not oppose the motion. Like the judge, he would do everything possible to preserve the conviction that would almost certainly be obtained.

Shortly before trial, the judge issued a fourteen-point order regulating reporters. It covered everything from sketching in the courtroom (prohibited) to the consequence of visiting the men's room during trial (loss of one's place). More seriously, re-

porters were allowed to print only what occurred in open court (a ban going far beyond anything recommended by the Reardon Report). To make this worse, they were forbidden to purchase transcripts—a strange way to ensure the accuracy of their reports. These restrictions were all the more arbitrary in view of the jurors' sequestration, meaning they would never have access to newspaper reports. As the trial approached, and the judge was subjected to unanimous condemnation from the press, as well as a lawsuit, he retreated one by one from many of his fourteen points. It was still necessary, however, for the state's highest court to rule, in a suit by the *Chicago Tribune*, that reporters could buy official transcripts anytime they wanted to.

The formal purpose of the trial judge was of course to protect the rights of defendant Speck. The actual purpose was to protect the state's conviction against reversal, and his own judicial rectitude. Without clear guidelines, the tendency of any trial judge, particularly in this era of close appellate oversight, is to err on the side of caution. Had the Reardon proposals been in effect in the Illinois courts during the Speck trial, the fourteen-point fiasco would never have occurred. All of which suggests that uniform standards in the end may be the press's best protection against arbitrary censorship.

It took six weeks to pick a jury in the Speck case, longer than it took to try the case. Partly this was because of the enormity of the crime; one murder gives each side 20 peremptory challenges, eight murders required 160. A "peremptory" challenge is exercised without stating any reason. It differs from a challenge "for cause" which the court exercises; there were also many of these in the Speck case, on grounds of opposition to capital punishment or an acknowledged belief in Speck's guilt.

For a crime like the Chicago massacre this six-week ritual is perhaps inevitable; the Reardon proposals would not avoid it. Indeed, by setting higher standards for jury selection they might actually aggravate the *voir dire* process. A juror who has formed an opinion about the defendant's guilt will be challenged for cause "unless the examination shows unequivocally that he can be impartial." And any juror who remembers any significant prejudicial information will be challenged "without regard to his testimony as to his state of mind."

The committee's conclusions about juror prejudice jibe with the results of a University of Chicago study. It found that pretrial examination is "grossly ineffective" to screen out bias; jurors often lie in a desire to be chosen, feeling that rejection reflects on their good faith. But existing rules, while irrational in assuming that court instructions can

cure bias, at least have the pragmatic virtue of getting a jury selected. The *voir dire* examination in the Speck case might still be going on were the Reardon proposals in effect. Perhaps this only emphasizes the need to concentrate on the early stages of a case, before publicity has done its damage. Yet even here it would be visionary to expect perfect control. "There are some crimes so terrible," as the late Mark DeWolfe Howe said of the Speck case, "that you can't expect either the police or the press to observe the normal rules."

Another Reardon recommendation deals with preliminary hearings. The defense may exclude the public from any pretrial hearing where evidence is heard which could not be admitted at the trial. (A record would be kept and be made public after the trial.) Without such a restriction a preliminary hearing could be used to publicize inflammatory material. This has been the English experience, about which I shall have more to say presently.

I have described the committee's indirect controls over publicity. How about controls placed directly on the press? Can a court legally hold a newspaper editor or publisher in contempt, as is commonly done under English rules? The Reardon Committee is convinced that the contempt power may be used, providing that it is limited to narrow and clearly defined situations. The committee attributes infrequent use of the power not so much to lack of authority as to the fact that courts have placed so few restraints on the press in the first place; in other words, there has been no occasion for enforcement. The Supreme Court has never passed upon use of the contempt power in a criminal jury trial, though it has reversed contempt convictions in several nonjury cases.

Under the committee's code there are two types of cases in which contempt may be appropriate. One is where a person, going beyond public records, makes a statement willfully designed to affect the outcome of a trial and which seriously threatens to have that effect. This applies, however, only when a jury trial is in progress, and thus may be criticized as too narrow. The type of pretrial poisoning which took place in the Sheppard case, for example, would not even be punishable under this clause. The committee has taken pains to come within the "clear and present danger" test which the Supreme Court created for First Amendment restrictions. No new legislation would be necessary to authorize this use of contempt, says the committee, except in a few states and in the federal courts.

The second type of case permits contempt action against anyone (including a reporter) who violates a judge's order not to release information produced in a hearing closed to the public. This means that

a judge cannot control disclosures (for example, of an inadmissible confession) unless he engages in the rather drastic procedure of closing his courtroom. If he follows the common practice of holding a hearing outside the jury's presence, he cannot prevent a reporter from disclosing what went on in the hearing. He can only request the reporter's cooperation. This is the present practice, and the Reardon Committee would not change it.

A recent case suggests that the practice can be made to work. In March, after the bank-robbery conviction of an alleged Mafia member, Federal Judge Jacob Mishler praised reporters for not printing allegations about the defendant's past which were not admissible at the trial. "The coverage of this trial," Judge Mishler said, "may be the most forceful argument against imposing restrictions on the press."

THE reception for the Reardon Report among the working press, as I have indicated, has been less than cordial. Most of its proposals have been rejected by the American Society of Newspaper Editors and the American Newspaper Publishers Association. One tactic of these groups is to deny the existence of a problem, claiming a failure to show any real damage from crime publicity. Actually the Reardon Committee based its recommendations on a study of hundreds of reported decisions, on extensive interviews with trial participants, and on its own content analysis of crime-news coverage in more than twenty cities during a one-year period (1965). While the committee concedes that the *percentage* of cases with a serious publicity question is small, it shows that the *number* of such cases is substantial, far greater than has been generally believed. Nevertheless, in April the ANPA raised \$150,000 for an empirical study of the problem, which is sure to provide an excuse for further delay.

The Newspaper Publishers' report is more defensive than the Editors'. Starting with the premise that "the American Press has demonstrated its devotion to the cause of fair trial," the report predictably concludes that no controls of any kind are necessary. In fact, its only recommendation is that "the press stand ready at any time to discuss these problems with appropriate individuals or groups." This is not even as strong as the Editors' 1965 suggestion for "energetic, frequent, and continuing conversations among those concerned" with the problem.

The chief author of the Editors' 1965 report (other reports were issued in 1966 and 1967 to respond to Reardon) was Alfred Friendly, then managing editor of the *Washington Post*. Friendly apparently took his own suggestion to heart and began

engaging in continuing conversations with a Washington attorney, Ronald Goldfarb, an expert on the contempt power. The result of the conversations was collaboration in a book, *Crime and Publicity*, published May 15 by the Twentieth Century Fund. The book is undoubtedly a welcome ally for the Reardon Committee, agreeing with its essential recommendations.

Unfortunately, Friendly's value as an ally may be weakened by the inconsistent positions that he has been taking elsewhere. In 1964, when the Supreme Court of New Jersey laid down publicity guidelines less sweeping than Reardon's, Friendly was quoted as being "flabbergasted" by the court's opinion. Inconsistencies persisted after publication of the Reardon Report. In a bulletin to the Editors' group, Friendly chided his colleagues for overreacting to the bar report. One of his criticisms: "To argue, as almost every critic of the report has, that the proposed restrictions against what *should not* be released will invite secrecy about what *should* be made public is somehow not convincing." Yet Friendly himself, in a contemporaneous piece in the *Washington Post*, wrote that the dangers of the Reardon proposals lie "in the excuse they may give to the police for suppressing what should not be suppressed and what the Reardon group is perfectly willing to have released."

The impact of the Reardon proposals on Southern civil rights cases is a specter often raised in opposition to the report. Railroadings of Negro suspects and cover-up of white murderers are what the report is charged with abetting. The truth is that the report is largely irrelevant in these cases. If the Reardon proposals are not available, the red-neck sheriff will find some other excuse for secrecy, or he will simply dismiss reporters without any reason.

On the other hand, sanction against flagrant press abuses may never be imposed in the South, since contempt punishment must come from the local judiciary. Take the newspaper in Lynchburg, Virginia, which wrote almost daily that a Negro defendant's Northern lawyer was "linked with Communist-front organizations." These reports may be enough to get the defendant's conviction reversed, but the reversal will not deter the newspaper, as the threat of contempt might.

In trying to rally liberal opinion, the news media do not make a convincing case for their impact on civil rights cases. The failure of a district attorney to prosecute or a jury to convict, and official resort to secret detention and star-chamber trials — these are not simply signs that the criminal process has broken down and is in need of reform. Their real meaning is that government itself has become corrupt. Unfortunately, this is not a condition that will be cured by exposés in Northern newspapers.

Last February, another in the series of press-bar reports came out. This one was by a committee of the Bar Association of the City of New York, chaired by seventy-eight-year-old Judge Harold R. Medina of the federal court of appeals. The Medina Report differs from the Reardon Report in denying power to hold news media in contempt and power to impose judicial controls on police. It is stronger than Reardon, however, in the restrictions it would place on lawyers, such as the duty to pressure clients and witnesses not to make out-of-court statements.

Judge Medina concluded his report "with a feeling of optimism," but unfortunately it proved to be misplaced. The judge was sure that the reluctance shown by news media was due to a threat to their independence and their constitutional rights. "Once it becomes firmly established that these fundamental rights are not in jeopardy and that their contribution to the purification of the judicial process is a voluntary one . . . their cooperation will be more generously forthcoming." Judge Medina, like Justice Tom Clark before him, was unprepared for the press's ungenerous treatment. "A code of silence," a "policy of secrecy in law enforcement," said the American Society of Newspaper Editors. "Frankly, I think those people don't realize who their friends are," Medina lamented.

The Editors' group believes that "putting prior restraint on news sources is equivalent to putting prior restraint on the press." What the drying up of "live" sources really means, however, is that the laborious task of digging out the facts must be done independently. Independent reporting of crime news is now largely a myth, according to a leading trial lawyer, Milton R. Wessel. He writes, "A large number of criminal indictments themselves would go completely unnoticed if not highlighted by a tip from the police or the district attorney, and sometimes by the defense counsel." Getting crime news without assistance between indictment and trial is even more difficult. "Absent an official tip of some kind, the reporter has no way of knowing what applications or motions will be heard." And covering the trial, says Wessel, is the most difficult, time-consuming job of all. "The press can't afford to assign full-time reporters . . . to any but the most exceptional cases. Stenographic transcripts are much too expensive, usually not available in time, frequently incomprehensible without exhibits and long study."

Recognizing that without help publicity will be limited, participants in a trial often point out to the press significant matters in the record, advise them when an "interesting" witness will testify. These officials, says Wessel, adopt "the fiction that they are merely reciting what is public, ignoring that it is not otherwise available and in any event they are editorializing by selecting episodes that they

consider favorable. These comments . . . actually serve to create partisan news and prejudicial comment, which for practical reasons would never otherwise exist."

This is not mere theory. Wessel's point was proven in a long criminal trial in which both he and this author participated. At Wessel's request, the trial judge directed all participants to withhold any comment concerning the case until its conclusion. No restriction was placed upon the press itself, but it was arranged that "off the record" tips, summaries, and digests would not be given to reporters, nor would anyone furnish free copies of transcripts to them. Despite the obvious public interest in the case, writes Wessel, and trial disclosures of relatively sensational matter, "the amazing result was that there was absolutely no public comment anywhere about it for over a month following the beginning of trial." When one reporter finally did come upon the case, it was so difficult for him to follow that he ended up writing his articles on the theme "No Publicity in Fraud Trial." Wessel does not suggest that drying up present sources will foreclose press coverage; he believes that it will encourage the press to select and concentrate on those cases which are truly newsworthy.

Despite scary predictions that we are moving toward the British system of strict press controls, there is little in the proposed codes that is remotely suggestive of the British system. For one thing, besides marked differences in social and political conditions, the legal conditions for the contempt power in England make sanctions possible that would never be dreamt of here. There is no constitutional guarantee of free press, and reporters and editors may be punished without having threatened any "clear and present danger" to justice. In fact, they may be punished simply for outraging the dignity of the court, regardless of any prejudice to litigants.

The British themselves have been showing signs of discontent with the way in which press controls have been operating. Insulation of criminal trials from prejudicial publicity—in notorious cases like that of Stephen Ward or Dr. John Bodkin Adams—has been more theoretical than real. The press may report anything which takes place at a preliminary hearing, a pretrial inquest to decide if there is enough evidence to hold a defendant for trial. Much of this testimony may be inadmissible at the trial, but the press is free to report it anyway. In the case of Dr. Adams, who was ultimately tried for poisoning an elderly patient, charges of similar murders had been aired at the preliminary hearing and widely publicized before trial. Currently there is a bill in Parliament which would practically do

away with the preliminary hearing, in part because of its abuse for publicity purposes.

British concern about the excesses of their yellow journals, which often seem to outdo ours, has been matched by doubts in the other direction—as to the failure of the responsible press to oversee critically the administration of justice. A joint committee of British jurists and journalists recently found that the press was suffering from excessive caution, probably owing to fear of the contempt power. A relaxation of some features of the law was sought. Not only must the British press contend with contempt laws; it must also live with strict libel laws which clearly operate in favor of plaintiffs, in sharp contrast to our libel laws.

To state the British law only underlines how truly free the American press is from legal restrictions. What is it, then, that the editors and publishers are so agitated about? Joseph Kraft has referred to the human tendency to trivialize, to focus on issues symbolically related to what bothers us, but simpler to understand. The American press does have cause for alarm, but not by reason of a narrowly defined code governing a narrow and not terribly vital area of public affairs.

The press says it is fighting for "the public's right to know." To know what? That Sam Shepard slept with his lab technician, or that young Dr. Coppelino had an affair with Mrs. Farber? The very pettiness of most crime news, the poverty of examples of important exposures both suggest that somehow this whole press-bar fight has been inflated. Newsmen boast of their "watchdog" function and cry about being "muzzled," but has anyone gotten down to examining the dog to see if it can really bite?

To understand the malaise of the American press I think we must look beyond the courtroom and the police station. The press was given its privileged status in order to question and, if necessary, counteract the exercise of government power. In that function it is defaulting. Writing in the *New York Review of Books*, Andrew Kopkind has described the real sources of news suppression: "In ways which journalists themselves perceive only dimly or not at all, they are bought, or compromised, or manipulated into confirming the official lies: not the little ones, which they delight in exposing, but the big ones, which they do not normally think of as lies at all, and which they cannot distinguish from the truth."

The press has been tilting at windmills in this noisy debate about crime news, dissipating energies which might be better spent in a larger struggle, already deferred too long. The press is off fighting brushfires while its own house is burning down.

BOOKS and MEN *Twenty years have passed since the Hiss case floated like a dark cloud across the American scene, yet the broody shadow lingers. "It stripped America of its political innocence, and it has never been quite the same again," writes Mr. Rees, a distinguished British novelist (THE SUMMER FLOOD, A BRIDGE TO DIVIDE THEM), translator (CONVERSATIONS WITH KAFKA), and editor (ENCOUNTER). In this instance, he discovers that even a bad reconstruction of the case, a psychoanalyst's effort to portray Whittaker Chambers as evil incarnate and Alger Hiss as innocence raped, reactivates strange and sad memories.*



The PSYCHE and the TYPEWRITER

by GORONWY REES

AT THE close of his second trial for perjury, in November, 1949, Alger Hiss protested against the jury's verdict of guilty in the following words: "I am confident that in future the full facts of how Whittaker Chambers was able to carry out forgery by typewriter will be disclosed." Hiss was right to emphasize in this way the importance of the famous Woodstock Number N230099. It had not been traced at the time of his first trial, when the jury failed to agree on a verdict. In the second trial, it was produced in evidence by the defense, though in fact it greatly strengthened the case for the prosecution. Indeed, in the second trial the prosecution made a significant change in its presentation of the case. In the first trial, the deputy attorney general, Thomas Murphy, told the jury that everything depended on the word of Whittaker Chambers: "If you don't believe Chambers then we don't have a case"; now he rested his case on the material evidence before the court, on the "immutable documents" which Hiss was alleged to have typed on his battered old Woodstock.

More than seventeen years later, history has not yet disclosed the facts which would exonerate Hiss, though there are some whose faith in him is so strong that they believe it still will. But where history has failed, psychoanalysis has come to his rescue, in the shape of *Friendship and Fratricide; An Analysis of Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss* (Viking, \$8.95), by a practicing psychoanalyst, Myer A. Zeligs, M.D., of Los Angeles.

Over a period of six years Dr. Zeligs has re-

examined all the evidence that was available at the time of the trial, and has supplemented it with new material which he has collected himself. He has interviewed a host of witnesses, whose evidence might throw new light on what was already known, and to this mass of material he has applied his own psychoanalytic techniques in order to arrive at an "analysis in depth" of both Hiss and Chambers.

The Hiss case was such an extraordinary historical phenomenon, and the personalities of Hiss and Chambers played such a decisive part in it, that Dr. Zeligs' inquiry could not fail to be a fascinating one. No one, I think, could quarrel with the industry and devotion he has shown in carrying out his task. On the other hand, it would be difficult not to criticize the use he has made of the material, or the standards he has applied in selecting from it, and in presenting and interpreting it. Partly this is the result of applying a conception of truth which is fundamental to psychoanalytic procedures. For the analyst, a lie is as significant as the truth; indeed, it is a truth which is struggling to express itself and has become distorted in the process, while the truth may be only a rationalization whose real meaning may be the exact opposite of what is intended. No doubt, this conception has its own validity in the interpretation of the subconscious motives which influence all our actions, yet it is a weapon which demands of the analyst the most scrupulous self-restraint. This is not a quality which is very apparent in *Friendship and Fratricide*. Dr. Zeligs tells us

Photographs of Whittaker Chambers and Alger Hiss, courtesy of Wide World Photos.

that he has conducted his inquiry in a spirit of "careful analytic neutrality." His book, however, is about as neutral as an act of assassination.

THE two portraits which Dr. Zeligs offers for our inspection present a quite remarkable contrast in deepest black and unspotted white. That of Chambers is both somber and lurid, suffused by all the fires of hell, as if Hieronymus Bosch had taken to portraiture; that of Hiss glows with the gentle radiance of a *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, something in the style of Watts. That two such creatures, one absolutely bad, one absolutely good, ever inhabited the same world, even if it were only a world of the imagination, taxes our credulity; that they lived in the real world, and confronted each other in the drab surroundings of a courtroom, quite defies belief. Even the psyche, to which all things are possible, does not embrace quite so wide a variation of types, which denies the humanity of both.

Yet, oddly enough, this unqualified contrast, as between an angel and a demon, raises a difficulty which Dr. Zeligs does not choose to discuss. For confronted by these two men, one a trusted servant of the state, with an impeccable record and friends and admirers in the highest spheres of American public life, the other a seedy ne'er-do-well, only recently re-arisen, as from the dead, from the murkiest depth of American society, it was the demon whom the jury finally came to believe and accepted as what he himself so improbably claimed to be, a witness of truth, and it was the angel they disbelieved; never was there a clearer case of the stone which the analyst rejected being made the head of the corner. Dr. Zeligs, of course, might well say that the jury were ordinary men and women who did not have the benefit of psychological insight, and that the court refused to listen to his friend and colleague Dr. Binger, who did. The question is, however, whether an analyst who never met Chambers is a better judge of his credibility than men and women who had the opportunity of watching and listening to him under protracted and grueling cross-examination; after reading Dr. Zeligs' book, one is less than ever inclined to think so.

What then is the portrait of Chambers which emerges from *Friendship and Fratricide* and which Dr. Zeligs considers such conclusive proof of guilt that if it conflicts with material evidence, the evidence must be discarded or explained away? It is a portrait of a psychopath, whose grasp upon reality has been so weakened that he can no longer distinguish between truth and falsehood, and constantly imposes his own fantasies on the external

world; a congenital liar who is incapable of telling the truth. It follows that when he tells lies we must seek the truth they are intended to conceal; it follows equally that when he appears to tell the truth, we must be on our guard and look for the lie which it embodies. This is what is meant by exercising "careful analytic neutrality."

The "psychical truth" behind Chambers' lies was the love-hate relationship established in childhood, first with his parents and then with his younger brother. Chambers' mother had rejected his love, and this made him wish for her death; indeed, in fantasy he killed her, by inventing a myth that she had almost died in childbirth owing to his monstrous physique. His death wish toward his mother inspired in him a profound sense of guilt, which was redoubled when his mother gave to Chambers' younger brother the love which should rightly have been his, and directed to him the same wish to kill that Chambers had felt for her. And indeed, once again in fantasy, he did kill him, for when his brother committed suicide it was part of a death pact in which Chambers failed to carry out his share of the bargain. For Chambers loved his brother, with a love which was homosexual as well as fraternal; he wished to share his sufferings, and to join him in the death he so profoundly desired for him.

Thus Chambers, as the murderer in fantasy of both his mother and his brother, bore a burden of guilt so intolerable as to make it impossible for him to face reality, and in particular the reality about himself, which was something in which love, hate, envy, the desire for revenge, the urge to destroy and kill were all compounded in a combination as explosive as a charge of dynamite. Hence the compelling need to lie, for to tell the truth would be to betray, to himself as well as others, the hateful thing that he was. Hence also the need to fabricate alternative identities, create aliases, surround himself with a cloak of mystery and secrecy, to make himself invisible, bury himself underground; all subterfuges which were a means both of protecting himself against the truth and of simulating the death he wished both for himself and those he loved and hated.

But most of all there was the irresistible compulsion to repeat the pattern which had shown itself in his relationship with his brother, the fundamental syndrome of homosexual love-hate which inexorably demanded the death or destruction of the loved one. It was irresistible because it was founded on a sense of deprivation so vast and profound that it organized all Chambers' immensely powerful psychic energies in its service, and the fantasies it inspired urgently and peremptorily demanded to be played out in real life.

Thus, when, in the summer of 1934, Hiss first

met Chambers, it was as his predestined victim; the clean-limbed all-American college boy, with a touch of both the puritan and the aristocrat in his character, was designed as if by nature to revive in all their ambivalence and violence the feelings which Chambers had once cherished for his brother; and when, inevitably, Hiss rejected Chambers' love, there could be only one result. The shadow of death fell on him and his brilliant career, and with diabolic prescience and incomparable ingenuity Chambers set about collecting and fabricating the evidence with which, fifteen years later, he encompassed Hiss's downfall. In this story, as Dr. Zelig tells it, there are elements both of Greek tragedy and of Augustinian predestination, which give it a certain grandeur. Chambers, driven by the Furies and possessed by all the devils in hell, appears like some monstrous apparition out of a dark and terrible world in which nothing is what it seems and most things are their opposite and yet everything moves by mysterious laws to unavoidable catastrophe.

YET in fact Chambers not only inhabited the private world of the subconscious; he also was a creature of flesh and blood, who lived in the ordinary world of common experience — that is to say, in the United States as it was in the first half of this century, exercising upon both Chambers and Hiss, like everyone else, immense social and political pressures which had quite as much influence on their relationship as any of the motives Dr. Zelig has dredged up from the dead sea bottom of depth analysis. It does not seem to have occurred to Dr. Zelig that the relationship between the psyche, which is the object of his special study, and the objective world, which is not, is one of infinite complexity, involving philosophical, and even metaphysical, problems which, until they are resolved, should make an analyst hesitate before tracing a direct causal connection between the emotional disturbances arising out of the suicide of a younger brother and, nearly twenty-five years later, a conviction for perjury in a court of law.

For the Hiss case was not merely, or even primarily, a struggle between the demons in Chambers' breast. It was also a legal conflict in which the due processes of law were applied to discovering which of two men was telling the truth; and because the issues involved were far larger than either of the two individuals concerned, it also became a political conflict in which millions of Americans felt that somehow their own destiny was at stake. Chambers was certainly, by any standard, an extraordinary person, though one should add that Dr. Zelig's portrait of him depends on suppressing

or ignoring the evidence of those who knew him best and on denying any kind of validity to the process of religious conversion, which for Chambers was the most important event in his life. Hiss was altogether less extraordinary, but he also achieved a symbolic importance because, for many people, he seemed to typify everything that was best in the Age of Roosevelt. But it was not the personality of Hiss or Chambers which gave the case its importance, any more than it was the personality of Dreyfus or Esterhazy which gave importance to the great Affair. The Affair shook France to its foundations, forced Frenchmen of all parties, opinions, classes to examine where their loyalties really lay. To Charles Maurras this was so much its most important aspect, so much more significant than the fate of any individual, that he did not hesitate to say that the conviction of Dreyfus should be maintained even if he were proved to be innocent. Not many Americans would apply the same shameless logic as Maurras; yet many of those who believed, and continue to believe, in Hiss's innocence were influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by the sense that to convict him was to convict an entire generation which, under the New Deal, had deserved well of the Republic.

But the forces which gave significance to the Hiss case also helped to shape the life and character of its two protagonists; Hiss and Chambers became the men they were just as much, or more, because of the great economic depression of 1929 to 1933 as because of the suicide of Chambers' brother or of Hiss's father. Dr. Zelig achieves the astonishing feat of representing Hiss and Chambers as if they played their part in a social vacuum, as if, indeed, the case were only a shadow play projected by Chambers' fantasies. But the awkward thing about Chambers' fantasies was that they were repeatedly being verified in reality. When he claimed to have known Hiss, and Hiss denied it, he really had known Hiss. When he said that Hiss had seen a prothonotary warbler on the banks of the Potomac, Hiss really had seen a prothonotary warbler on the banks of the Potomac. And when he said that Hiss had copied State Department documents on his old Woodstock typewriter, there, fifteen years later, as if conjured up out of thin air, were the documents and Woodstock Number N230099 to prove that it was so.

It began to dawn on people that the psychopath and congenital liar was capable of telling the truth, and that the man with an almost exaggerated respect for truth was also capable of lying. But for depth analysis this is too great a paradox to swallow.

So far as the personal issue was concerned this was the crux of the case. What Dr. Zelig calls Hiss's pedantic and legalistic insistence on the exact truth began to look to others like evasion, and

on occasion Hiss had to suffer the mortification of having them laugh in his face. But the Hiss case was not merely a personal issue. Chambers was not merely saying that Hiss was a Communist agent; he was also testifying that there existed a vast, secret, and criminal conspiracy organized by the Communist Party to subvert the government of the United States and that the Communist Party had successfully infiltrated its agents into the United States government. Moreover, Chambers specifically related the growth of this conspiracy to the progress of the New Deal, which was, he said, "a genuine revolution, whose deepest purpose was . . . a basic change in the social and, above all, the power relationships within the nation."

Such charges were heard at first with incredulity and derision. They were something so novel, so alien to the whole American tradition, so discordant with the American's image of himself and of his fellow countrymen; the shock became all the greater as the Hiss case proceeded and it began to appear that Chambers had evidence to substantiate his charges; it was so profound indeed that the social philosophy of the New Deal, which is the social philosophy underlying the liberal and progressive movement in America, has never quite recovered from it. In this sense the Hiss case stripped America of its political innocence, and it has never been quite the same again, for if Hiss was guilty any American might be guilty. Perhaps indeed this was its most far-reaching effect. Without the Hiss case, McCarthyism would have been impossible; and if today many Americans see in the CIA another conspiracy whose influence pervades every branch of American life, it is partly because such a conception became familiar and credible to them, in another form, as a result of the revelations arising out of the Hiss case.

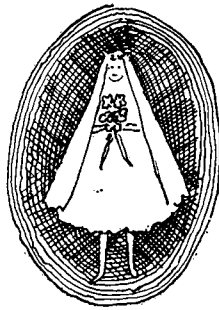
For in the larger context also, Chambers' fantasies once again showed their uncanny capacity for imposing themselves on reality. The Communist underground was not simply a figment of Chambers' imagination, or a means of satisfying a paranoiac's subconscious wish for revenge, for escape, for persecution, for death; it actually existed outside his dreams and was peopled not by ghosts but by men and women of flesh and blood, like the J. Peters (Chambers' "alter-ego," according to Dr. Zeligs) whom Chambers claimed to be the head of the Communist underground in America and whose physical existence we cannot doubt because he was deported by the United States government during the course of the Hiss case.

Dr. Zeligs makes no attempt to explain the extraordinary parallelism between events in Chambers' psyche and events in the external world, except to suggest repeatedly either that the Communist underground did not exist in the form in

which Chambers described it or that Chambers did not play the part in it which he claimed. Yet in the end, when confronted with Woodstock Number N230099, Dr. Zeligs himself seems to become confused about what was real and what was not. His explanation is that Chambers fabricated a replica of the typewriter in 1935 and either substituted it for the real thing, which he then destroyed, or replaced the real thing, destroying the replica, in the confident hope that the remaining machine would turn up in the hands of the Hiss defense fourteen years later. There is of course no evidence whatever that Chambers did this; there is only Dr. Zeligs' assertion that he must have done it, for how else could Hiss be innocent, or Chambers guilty? Moreover, according to Dr. Zeligs, Chambers had the means to commit the fabrication, because he had at his disposal all the Communist *apparat's* technical machinery for forgery. Yet in that case Chambers must really have been what he claimed to be, and moreover, the Communist underground must have lent itself to his long-term plan for framing Hiss thirteen years after he had left the Communist Party. Thus once again Chambers' fantasies displayed their magical powers of translating themselves into reality, this time in the shape of a Woodstock typewriter.

Dr. Zeligs' book is a sad example of what follies a psychoanalyst can commit if he applies his specialist techniques to historical events without that scrupulous and impartial regard for objective fact which we have the right to expect of him. This is unfortunate, because there can be little doubt that the insights into human nature which we owe to psychoanalysis can be of value to the historian, and may help to illuminate some of the darkest corners of his subject. But at best they can only be hypotheses, and it is by the facts themselves that they must be verified. Moreover, history is concerned not merely with individuals but the environment in which they live and work, and the immensely complicated interplay between the two provides the historian with many of his most difficult and delicate problems. To solve them, the historian has to call upon many skills as well as his own, and among these may well be that of the analyst, but in every case the historian's duty will be to try and reconcile their results with the events of history as they actually occurred. This may be an unrealizable ideal, but it is the only ideal which the historian can legitimately follow. To suggest that specialist studies have the power not merely to illuminate or to add to the facts, but to manipulate or overrule them is to import into history yet another of those superstitions from which it has been so painfully released in the past. If we have to choose between the psyche and the typewriter, we must stick to the typewriter.

The Bride of Christ



A Story by Nadine Gordimer

When Lyndall Berger decided, at sixteen, to be confirmed into the Church of England, her parents were at first appalled, then watchful. The test came on Good Friday. In the hands of one of South Africa's most talented artists, this family situation generates an impressive short story.

LYNDALL BERGER, at sixteen, wrote to her parents for permission to be confirmed.

"Are you mad?" Sidney's gaze was a pair of outspread arms, stopping his wife short whichever way she might turn.

"Well, I know. But it never enters your mind that for someone — I'm not saying for *her* — it could be necessary; real, I mean. When one says 'no,' one must concede that. Otherwise she must put the refusal down to rationalist prejudice. You see what I mean?"

"Saved them all the abracadabra at the synagogue for this. Mumbo jumbo for abracadabra."

It was Shirley who had agreed when the child went to boarding school that she could go to church with the other girls if she felt like it — just to see what it was all about. She bought her, at the same time, a Penguin on comparative religion; in the holidays she could read James Parkes on the origins of Judaism and Christianity, right-hand lower bookshelf near the blue lamp. Shirley did not know whether the child had ever read either; you were in the same position as you were with sex: you gave them the facts, and you left an

unspeakable, unanswerable question. How does it feel to want to perform this strange act? How does it feel to have faith?

"It's like cutting her skirts up to her thigh. She wants to be confirmed because her friends are going to be. The answer is no."

His wife's face winced in anticipation of the impact of this sort of dismissal. "Of course it's no. But we must show her the respect of giving her the proper reasons. I'll talk to her when she's home next Sunday."

Shirley had meant to take her daughter for a walk in the veld, but it wasn't necessary because Sidney and Peter, their other child, went off to play golf anyway. Shirley was not slow to take a stand on the one ground that stood firm beneath her feet. "You've been going to church for over a year now. I suppose you haven't failed to notice that all those nicely dressed ladies and gentlemen of the congregation are white? A church isn't a cinema, you know — I say this because we get used to seeing only white people in public places like that, and it's quite understandable that one begins to take it for granted. But a church is different, you know that; the church preaches brotherhood, and there's no excuse. Except prejudice. They pray to God, and they take the body of Christ into their mouths, but they don't want to do it next to a black man. You must have thought about it often."

"I think about it all the time," the girl said. They were peeling mushrooms; she didn't do it well; she broke off bits of the cap along with the skin she rolled back, but her mother didn't complain this time.

"That's why Sidney and I don't go to synagogue or church or anything — one of the reasons. Daddy wouldn't belong to any religion wherever he lived — that you know — but perhaps I might want to if I lived anywhere else, not here. I couldn't sit with them in their churches or synagogues here."

"I know." Lyndall did not look up.

"I wonder how you feel about this." No answer. Shirley felt there should be no necessity to spell it out, but to force the child to speak, she said, "How can you want to join the establishment of the Church when there's a color bar there?"

"Well, yes, I know —" Lyndall said.

Her mother said of the mushroom stalks, "Just break them off; I'll use them for soup."

They returned to the silence between them, but a promising silence, with something struggling through it.

"I think about it every time I'm in church — I'm always — but it's got nothing to do with Christ, Mummy. It's not his fault" — she paused with shame for the schoolgirl phrasing before this woman, her mother, who inevitably had the advantage of adult articulacy — "not Christ's fault that people are hypocrites."

"Yes, of course, that's the point I'm trying to make for you. I can understand anyone being attracted to the Christian ethic, to Christ's teaching, to the idea of following him. But why join the Church; it's done such awful things in his name."

"That's got nothing to do with Christ."

"You associate yourself with them! The moment you get yourself confirmed and join the Church, you belong along with it all, from the Crusaders and the Spanish Inquisition to the good Christian Nazis, and the good Christians of the Dutch Reformed Church who sprinkle pious sentiments over the color bar the way the Portuguese bishops used to baptize slaves before they were shipped from West Africa — you belong along with them just the way you do in church with the nice ladies in smart hats who wouldn't want a black child sitting beside theirs in school."

Lyndall was afraid of her mother's talk; often the constructions she had balanced in her mind out of her own ideas fell down before her mother's talk like the houses made of sticks and jacaranda feathers that used to turn to garden rubbish beneath the foot of an unrecognizing grown-up.

She was going to be quite good-looking (Shirley thought so), but the conflict of timidity and determination gave her the heavy-jawed look of a certain old uncle, a failure in the family, whom Shirley remembered from her own childhood.

"What about Garth and Nibs?"

The child made the statement. The Lellands, ex-missionaries who had both been put under government ban for their activities as members of

the Liberal Party, were among the Bergers' closest friends.

"Yes, Garth and Nibs, and Father Huddleston and Bishop Reeves and Crowther and a lot of other names. Of course there are Anglicans and Catholics and Methodists who don't preach brotherhood and forget it when it comes to a black face. But the fact is that they're the rarities. Odd men out. The sort of people you'll be worshiping Christ with every Sunday are the people who see no wrong in their black brothers' having to carry a pass. The same sort of people who didn't see anything wrong in your great-grandparents' having to live in a ghetto in Galicia. The same people who kept going to church in Germany on Sundays while the Jews were being shoveled into gas ovens."

She watched her daughter's face for the expression that knew *that* was coming; couldn't be helped, it had to be dragged up, again and again and again and again — like Lear's "nevers" — no matter how sick of it everyone might be.

But the child's face was naked.

"Darling" — the words found release suddenly, in helplessness — "I really can understand how you feel. I'm not just talking; I can tell you that if I had a religion at all it could only be Christ's; I've never been able to understand why the Jews didn't accept him, it's so logical that his thinking should have been the culmination — but I know I couldn't become a Christian, couldn't . . ."

The child didn't help her.

"Because of *that*. And the other things. That go with it. It's like having one drop of colored blood in your veins. You'd always have to admit it, I mean, wouldn't you? You'd always want to tell people first. Everything'd have to begin from there. Well, it's just the same if you're a Jew. People like us — color and race, it doesn't mean a damn thing to me, but it can only not mean a thing if I begin from there, from having it known that I'm Jewish. I don't choose to belong with the ladies who separate the meat and the milk dishes and wear their Sunday best to synagogue, but I can't not choose the people who were barred from the universities — they were, just like the Africans, here — and killed by the Germans — you understand?" Her voice dropped from an apologetic rise; she hadn't wanted to bring it in, again. Lyndall was rubbing rolls of dirt on her sweating hands. She blinked jerkily now and then as the words pelted her. "And you, you belong along with that too, d'you understand, you'll always belong with it. Doesn't matter if you're confirmed a hundred times over. And another thing — it's all part of the same thing, really. If you were to become a Christian, there would always be the suspicion in people's minds that you'd done it for social reasons."

In her innocence, the child opened her lips on a gleam of tooth, and frowned, puzzled.

Shirley felt ashamed at what was at once trivial and urgently important. "Clubs and so on. Even certain schools. They don't want to admit Jews. Oh, it's a bore to talk about it. When you think what Africans are debarred from. But at the same time — one wants *all* the pinpricks, one must show them one won't evade a single one. How can I explain — pride, it's a kind of pride. I couldn't turn my back on it."

The child moved her head slowly and vehemently in understanding, as she used to do, near tears, when she had had a dressing-down. "Lyndall," her mother said, "you'd have to be a real Christian, an every-minute-of-the-day, every-day-of-the-week Christian, before I could think of letting you be converted. You'd have to take all this on you. You'd have to know that the person kneeling beside you in church might make some remark about Jews one day, and you wouldn't be able to let it pass, like a Christian; you'd have to say, I'm Jewish. I'd want you to take the kicks from both sides. It would be the only way."

"Oh, but I will, I will, I promise you, Mummy!" The child jumped clumsily, forgetting she was almost grown-up, forgetting her size, and gave her mother the hard kisses of childhood that landed on cheek and chin. The bowl of mushrooms turned over and spun loudly like a top coming to rest, and scrabbling for the mushrooms, looking up from under the hair that fell forward over her face, she talked: "Father Byrd absolutely won't allow you to be confirmed until you're sure you're ready — I've had talks with him three times — he comes to the school on Thursdays — and I know I'm ready, I feel it. I promise you, Mummy."

Shirley was left with the empty bowl; she urgently wanted to speak, to claim what had been taken out of her hands; but all she did was remove, by pressure of the pads of her fingers, the grit in the fungus dew at the bottom.

OF COURSE Lyndall had to be baptized, too. They hadn't realized it, or perhaps the child had wanted to break the whole business gently, one piece of preposterousness at a time. She had been named originally for that free spirit in Olive Schreiner's book, a shared feeling for which had been one of the signs that brought her parents together. Her mother attended both the baptismal and confirmation ceremonies; it was understood that Sidney, while granting his daughter her kind of freedom, would not be expected to be present. For the confirmation Lyndall had to have a sleeveless white dress with a long-sleeved bolero; all the

other girls were having them made like that. "So's you can wear the dress for parties afterwards," she said.

"One never wears these dresses for anything afterwards," said her mother. Eighteen years in a plastic bag, the zipper made tarnish marks on the wedding dress.

Lyndall also had to have a veil, plain muslin, like a nursing sister's. It was even held in place with bronze bobby pins.

"The Bride of Christ," said Sidney when, trying it on, she had left the room. At least he had managed not to say anything while she was there; Shirley looked up for a second, as if he had spoken to her thoughts. But he was alone in his own.

"She's not going into a nunnery," she said.

Yet why did she feel such a cheat with him over this thing? He could have stopped the child if he'd been absolutely convinced, absolutely adamant. The heavy father. How much distaste he had — they had — for the minor tyrannies. . . . It was all very well to set children free, he wouldn't compromise himself to himself by accepting that he might have to use the power of authority to keep them that way.

Lyndall was weeping when the bishop in his purple robes called her name and blessed her in the school chapel. The spasm on the rather large child's face under the ugly veil as she rose from her knees produced a nervous automatic counterspasm within her mother; the child was one of those who hadn't cried beyond the grazed-knees stage. Shirley stirred on her hard chair as if about to speak to someone, even to giggle . . . but she was alone: on the one side, somebody's grandmother with a pearl earring shaking very slightly; on the other, a parent in dark gray hopsack with no gap between trouser and sock. Afterward there was tea and cake and an air of mild congratulation in the school hall. Meeting over a communal sugar bowl, Shirley and another woman smiled at each other in the manner of people who do not know one another's names. "A big day in their lives, isn't it? And just as well to get it over with so they can settle down to work before the exams, I was just saying . . ." Shirley smiled and murmured the appropriate half phrases. The white dresses swooped in and out among the mothers and fathers. Bobbing breasts and sturdy hams, or the thin waists and blindly nosing little peaks just touching the flat bodices, but nubile, nubile. That was Sidney's explanation for the whole thing: awakening sexuality, finding an emotional outlet; they do not love Christ, they are in love with him, a symbolic male figure, and indeed, what about Father Whatnot with his pale, clean priest's hands, appearing every Thursday among three hundred females?

Father Byrd was gaily introducing the bishop to a

parent in a blue swansdown hat. The bishop had disrobed, and appeared in the assembly like an actor who has taken off his splendid costume and makeup. The confirmants were displaying presents that lay in cotton wool within hastily torn tissue paper; they raced about to give each other the fancy cards they had bought. Lyndall, with a deep, excited smile, found her mother. They kissed, and Lyndall clung to her. "Bless you, darling, bless you, bless you," Shirley said. Lyndall kept lifting her hair off her forehead with the back of a mannered hand, and saying with pleased, embarrassed casualness, "What chaos! Could you see us shaking? I thought I'd *never* — we could hardly get up the steps! Did you see my *veil*? Roseann's was down to her nose! What chaos! Did you see how we all bunched together? Father Byrd told us a million times . . ." Her eyes were all around the room, as if acknowledging applause. She showed her mother her cards, with the very faint suggestion of defiance, not used but at the ready; but there was no need — with heads at an angle so that both could see at the same time, they looked at the doggerel in gilt script and the tinsel-nimbused figures as if they had never wrinkled their noses in amusement at greeting-card sentimentality. Shirley said, "Darling, instead of giving you some little" (she was going to say "cross or something," because every other girl seemed to have been given a gold crucifix and chain), "some present for yourself, we're sending a donation to the African Children's Feeding Scheme in your name. Don't you think that makes sense?"

Lyndall agreed before her mother had finished speaking: "That's a much better idea." Her face was vivid. She had never looked quite like that before; charming, movingly charming. Must be the tears and excitement, bringing blood to the surface of the skin. An emotional surrogate, Sidney would have said, if Shirley had told him about it. But it was something she wanted to keep; and so she said nothing, telling the others at home only about the splendor of the bishop's on-stage appearance, and the way the girls who were not confirmants hung about outside the school hall, hoping for leftover sandwiches. Peter grinned — he had disliked boarding school so much that they had had to take him away. Beyond this, they had had no trouble with him at all. He certainly had not been bothered by any religious phase; he was a year older than Lyndall, and as pocket and odd-job money would allow, was slowly building a boat in a friend's backyard.

WHEN Lyndall was home for a weekend she got up while the rest of the house was still asleep on

Sunday mornings and went to Communion at the church down the road. It was her own affair; no one remarked on it one way or another. Meeting her with wine on her breath and the slightly stiff face that came from the early morning air, her mother, still in a dressing gown, sometimes made a gentle joke: "Boozing before breakfast, what a thing," and kissed the fresh, cool cheek. Lyndall smiled faintly and was gone upstairs, to come clattering down changed into the trousers and shirt that was the usual weekend dress of the family. She ate with concentration an enormous breakfast: all the things she didn't get at school.

Before her conversion, she and Shirley had often talked about religion, but now when Shirley happened to be reading Simone Weil's letters and told Lyndall something of her life and thought, the girl had the inattentive smile, the hardly patient inclinations of the head, of someone too polite to rebuff an intrusion on privacy. Well, Shirley realized that she perhaps read too much into this; Simone Weil's thinking was hardly on the level of a girl of sixteen; Lyndall probably couldn't follow.

Or perhaps it was because Simone Weil was Jewish. If Lyndall had shown more interest, her mother certainly would have explained to her that she hadn't brought up the subject of Simone Weil because of *that*, Lyndall must believe her; but given the lack of interest, what was the point?

During the Christmas holidays Lyndall went to a lot of parties and overslept on several Sunday mornings. Sometimes she went to a service later in the day, and then usually asked Shirley to drive her to church: "It's absolutely boiling, trekking there in this heat." On Christmas morning she was up and off to Mass at dawn, and when she came back, the family had the usual present-giving in the dining room, with the servants, Ezekiel and Margaret and Margaret's little daughter, Winnie, and constant interruptions as the dustmen, the milkman, and various hangers-on called at the kitchen door for their "bonsella," their Christmas tip. The Bergers had always celebrated Christmas, partly because they had so many friends who were not Jews who inevitably included the Bergers in their own celebrations, and partly because, as Sidney said, holidays, saints' days — whatever the occasion, it didn't matter — were necessary to break up the monotony of daily life. He pointed out, apropos Christmas, that among the dozens of Christmas cards the Bergers got, there was always one from an Indian Muslim friend. Later in the day the family were expected at a Christmas lunch and swimming party at the Trevor-Pearses'. After a glass of champagne in the sun, Shirley suddenly said to Sidney, "I'm afraid that our daughter's the only Christian of the lot who's been to church today," and he said, with the deadpan, young-wise

face that she had always liked so much, "What d'you expect, don't you know the Jews always overdo it?"

THE Bergers thought they would go to the Kruger Park over the Easter weekend. As children grew older, there were fewer things all the members of a family could enjoy together, and this sort of little trip was a safe choice for a half-term holiday. When they told Peter, he said, "Fine, fine," but before Shirley could write to Lyndall, there was a letter from her saying she hoped there wasn't "anything on" at half term, because she and her school friends had the whole weekend planned, with a party on the Thursday night when they came home, and a picnic on the Vaal on Easter Monday, and she must do some shopping in town on the Saturday morning. Since Lyndall was the one who was at boarding school, there was the feeling that family plans ought to be designed to fit in with her inclinations rather than anyone else's. If Lyndall wasn't keen, should they stay at home, after all? "Fine, fine," Peter said. It didn't seem to matter to him one way or the other. And Sidney, everyone knew, privately thought April still too hot a month for the Game Reserve. "We can go at our leisure in the August holidays," he said, made expansive and considerate by the reprieve. "Yes, of course, fine," Peter said. He had told Shirley that he and his friend expected to finish the boat and get it down for a tryout in Durban during August.

A friend at school had cut Lyndall's hair, and she came out of school as conscious of this as a puppy cleverly carrying a shoe in its mouth. Her mother liked the look of her, and Sidney said "Thank God" in comment on the fact that she hadn't been able to see out of her eyes before, and whatever reaction there was from her brother was elicited behind closed doors, like all the other exchanges between brother and sister in the sudden and casual intimacy that seemed to grow up between them, apparently over a record that Lyndall had borrowed and brought home. They played it over and over on Thursday afternoon, shut in Lyndall's room.

Lyndall's head was done up like a parcel, with transparent sticky tape holding strands of hair in place on her forehead and cheeks; she gave her fingernails a coating like that of a cheap pearl necklace and then took it off again. She had to be delivered to the house where the party was being held by seven, and explained that she would be brought home by someone else; she knew how her mother and father disliked having to sit up late to come and fetch her. Her mother successfully prevented herself from saying, "How late will it be?" — what was the use of making these ritual

responses in an unacknowledged ceremony of initiation to adult life? Tribal Africans took the young into the bush for a few weeks, and got it all over with at once. Those free from the rites of primitive peoples repeated plaintive remarks, tags of a litany of instruction half but never quite forgotten, from one generation to the next.

Lyndall came home very late indeed, and didn't get up until eleven next morning. Her brother had long gone off to put in a full day's work on the boat. It was hot for early autumn, and the girl lay on the drying grass in her pink gingham bikini, sun-bathing. Shirley said to her, "Isn't it awful, I can't do that anymore. Just lie. I don't know when it went." Whenever the telephone rang behind them in the house, Lyndall got up at once. Her laughter and bursts of intense, sibilant, confidential talk now sounded, now were cut off, as Ezekiel and Margaret went about the house and opened or closed a door or window. Between calls, Lyndall came out and dropped back to the grass. Now and then she hummed an echo of last night's party; the tune disappeared into her thoughts again. Sometimes a smile, surfacing, made her open her eyes, and she would tell Shirley some incident, tearing off a fragment from the sounds, shapes, and colors that were turning in the red dark of her closed lids.

After lunch her mother asked whether she could summon the energy for a walk down to the shops — "You'll have an early night tonight, anyway." They tried to buy some fruit, but of course even the Portuguese greengrocers were closed on Good Friday.

As they came back into the house, Sidney said, "Someone phoned twice. A boy with a French name, Jean-something, Frebert, Brebert?"

Lyndall opened her eyes in pantomime astonishment; last night's mascara had worked its way out as a black dot in the inner corner of one. Then a look almost of pain, a closing away of suspicion took her face. "I don't believe it!"

"The first time I'd just managed to get Lemmy down on the bathroom floor," said Sidney. The dog had an infected ear and had to be captured with cunning for his twice-daily treatment. "You won't get within a mile of him again today."

"Jean? He's from Canada, somebody's cousin they brought along last night. Did he say he'd phone again, or what? He didn't leave a number?"

"He did not."

She went up to her room and shut the door and played the record. But when the telephone rang she was somehow alert to it through the noisy music and was swift to answer before either Shirley or Sidney moved to put aside their books. The low, light voice she used for talking to boys did not carry the way the exaggeratedly animated one that was for girls did. But by the time Shirley had reached

the end of the chapter they had heard her run upstairs.

Then she appeared in the doorway and smiled in on the pair.

"What d'you know, there's another party. This boy Jean's just asked me to go. It's in a stable, he says; everyone's going in denims."

"Someone you met last night?"

"Jean. The one Daddy spoke to. You know."

"Such gaiety," said Sidney. "Well, he's not one to give up easily."

"Won't you be exhausted?"

But Shirley understood that Lyndall quite rightly wouldn't even answer that. She gave a light, patronizing laugh. "He says he wanted to ask me last night, but he was scared."

"Will you be going before or after dinner?" said Shirley.

"Picking me up at a quarter past seven."

In Shirley's silences a room became like a scene enclosed in a glass paperweight, waiting for the touch that would set the snow whirling. The suburban church bells began to ring, muffled by the walls, dying away in waves, a ringing in the ears.

"I'll give you a scrambled egg."

LYNDALL came down to eat in her dressing gown, straight out of the bath: "I'm ready, Ma." Sidney was still reading, his drink fizzling flat, scarcely touched, on the floor beside him. Shirley sat down at the coffee table where Lyndall's tray was and slowly smoked, and slowly rose and went to fetch the glass she had left somewhere else. Her movements seemed reluctant. She held the glass and watched the child eat. She said, "I notice there's been no talk of going to church today."

Lyndall gave her a keen look across a slice of bread and butter she was just biting into.

"I woke up too late this morning."

"I know. But there are other services. All day. It's Good Friday, the most important day in the year."

Lyndall put the difficulty in her mother's hands as she used to give over the knotted silver chain of her locket to be disentangled by adult patience and a pin. "I meant to go to this evening's."

"Yes," said Shirley, "but you are going to a party."

"Oh, Mummy."

"Only seven months since you got yourself confirmed, and you can go to a party on Good Friday. Just another party; like all the others you go to."

A despairing fury sprang up so instantly in the girl that her father looked around as if a stone

had hurtled into the room. "I knew it. I knew you were thinking that! As if I don't feel terrible about it! I've felt terrible all day! You don't have to come and tell me it's Good Friday!" And tears shook in her eyes at the shame.

Peter had come in, a presence of wood glue and sweat, not unpleasant, in the room. Under his rough eyebrows bridged by the redness of an adolescent skin irritation, he stared a moment and then seemed at once to understand everything. He sat quietly on a footstool.

"The most important day in the year for a Christian. Even the greengrocers closed, you saw —"

"I just knew you were thinking that about me, I knew it." Lyndall's voice was stifled in tears and anger. "And how do you think I feel when I have to go to church alone on Sunday mornings? All on my own. Nobody knows me there. And that atmosphere when I walk into the house and you're all here. How d'you think I *feel*?" She stopped to sob dramatically, and yet sincerely; her mother said nothing, but her father's head inclined to one side, as one offers comfort without asking the cause of pain. "And when you said that about the present — everyone else just got one, no fuss. Even while I was being confirmed I could feel you sitting there, and I knew what you were thinking — how d'you think it is, for me?"

"Good God," Shirley said in the breathy voice of amazement, "I came to the confirmation in complete sincerity. You're being unfair. Once I'd accepted that you wanted to be a real Christian, not a social one —"

"You see? You see? You're always at me —"

"At you? This is the first time the subject's ever come up. When've I ever said a word?"

The girl looked at them blindly. "I know I'm a bad Christian! I listen to them in church, and it just seems a lot of rubbish. I pray, I pray every night —" Desperation stopped her mouth.

"Lyndall, you say you want Christ, and I believe you," said Shirley.

The girl was enraged. "Don't say it! You don't, you don't, you never did."

"Yet you make yourself guilty and unhappy by going out dancing on the day that Christ was crucified."

"Oh, why can't you just leave her alone?" It was Peter, his head lifted from his arms. His mother took the accusation like a blow in the chest.

Sidney spoke for the first time. "What's the matter with you?"

"Just leave her alone," Peter said. "Making plans, asking questions. Just leave people alone, can't you?"

Sidney knew that he was not the one addressed, and so he answered. "I don't know what you're

getting hysterical about, Peter. No one's even mentioned your name."

"Well, we talk about you plenty, behind your back, to our friends, I can tell you." His lips pulled with a trembling, triumphant smile. The two children did not look at each other.

"Coffee or a glass of milk?" Shirley said into the silence, standing up.

Lyndall didn't answer, but said, "Well, I'm not going. You can tell him I'm sick or dead or something. Anything. When he comes."

"I suggest you ring up and make some excuse," said Shirley.

The girl gestured it away; her fingers were limply twitching. "Don't even know where to get him. He'll be on his way now. He'll think I'm mad."

"I'll tell him. I'm going to tell him just exactly what happened," said Peter, looking past his mother.

She went and stood in the kitchen because there was nobody there. She was listening for the voices in the living room, and yet there was nothing she wanted to hear. Sidney found her. He had brought Lyndall's tray. "I don't understand it," he said. "If the whole thing's half-forgotten already, why push her into it again? For heaven's sake, what are you, an evangelist or something? Do you have to take it on yourself to make converts? Since when the missionary spirit? For God's sake, let's leave well alone. I mean, anyone would think, listening to you in there —"

His wife stood against the dresser with her shoulders hunched, pulling the points of her collar up over her chin. He leaned behind her and tightened the dripping tap. She was quiet. He put his hand on her cheek. "Never mind. High-handed little devils. Enough of this God-business for today."

He went upstairs and she returned to the living room. Lyndall was blowing her nose and pressing impatiently at the betrayal of tears that still kept coming, an overflow, to her brilliant, puffy eyes.

"You don't know how to get hold of the boy?" Shirley said.

There was a pause. "I told you."

"Don't you know the telephone number?"

"I'm not going to phone Clare Pirie — he's her cousin."

"It would be so rude to let him come for you for nothing," said Shirley. Nobody spoke. "Lyndall, I think you'd better go." She stopped, and then went on in a tone carefully picking a way through presumption, "I mean, one day is like another. And these dates are arbitrary, anyway, nobody really

knows when it was, for sure — the ritual observance isn't really the thing — is it? —"

"Look what I look like," said the girl.

"Well, just go upstairs now" — the cadence was simple, sensible, comforting, like a nursery rhyme — "and wash your face with cold water, and brush your hair, and put on a bit of makeup."

"Well, I suppose so. Don't feel much like dancing," the girl added, offhand, in a low voice to her mother, and the two faces shared, for a moment, a family likeness of doubt that the boy Peter did not see.

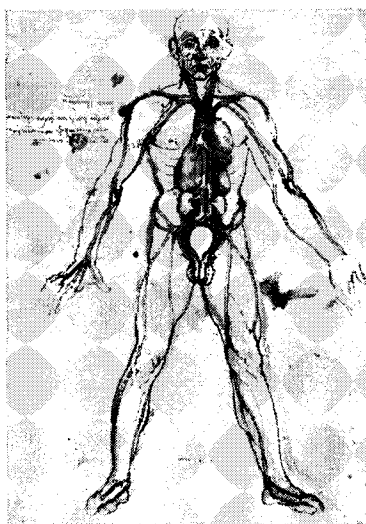
CLOTURE ANNUELLE

BY DARYL HINE

X in August: I should not have forgotten,
I ought to have guessed that it would be so awful,
Empty, monotonous as a month of Sundays,
Yet haunted somehow like a monument,
To it would be easy to say I don't know what,
Except I do: to all the other Augusts
Equally hot or equally overcast,
Last year and the year before the last,

When I waited, which I wasted waiting,
Wondering what else to do with time but waste it,
For the long chaste summer to be done with, the
beginning
Of intimate autumn and the promiscuous winter.
I am of those who never go away,
All the more rare, then, to find myself a stranger
In streets I thought I knew by heart, but where
The shuttered shops alone return my stare.

Life leers from every terrace and embrasure,
Tricky, inaccessible, and dear.
In mid off-season time is a temptation.
Invaders occupy the café tables
Where in the spring we spoke to one another.
How wise you were, my dear, to go elsewhere.
Today it is clear. Search me. Our sources give
The sibyl's sentimental answer, "Live."



A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH

by Roy L. Walford, M.D. Great developments in surgery and tissue-typing make possible the transplantation of most vital organs, but with this ability to prolong life come serious problems. The scientific advances and the ethical questions they raise are here examined by a professor of pathology at U.C.L.A. and a leading authority in the tissue-classification method. Dr. Walford, a sometime poet and gambler, is an adviser to the National Institutes of Health in transplantation and immunology.

MODERN surgeons have the skill to transplant almost any organ from the body of one human being into that of another. Hearts, lungs, livers, pancreases, even extremities can all be transplanted with some degree of success. Kidney transplants have received more attention than other kinds of tissue grafts in humans simply because of the relative availability of this organ. If a person chooses, he can donate one of his kidneys for transplantation to a sick relative without appreciably shortening his own life-span.

The case of a twenty-two-year-old man recently operated on at the University of California Hospital typifies the current status of kidney transplantation in humans. The young man was in advanced renal failure due to infection. For three months he had been kept alive by having his vascular system hooked up twice weekly to an artificial kidney. This procedure is costly and can be regarded only as temporary treatment.

In the meantime, however, his white blood cells and those of his five brothers and sisters were "typed" in the laboratory of Dr. Paul Terasaki. The typing procedure is similar in concept to ordinary red-blood-cell typing. It permitted the selection of that brother or sister who was most similar to the patient for certain important genetic factors, and whose kidney therefore had the best

chance of surviving in the new environment of his body. All the siblings were willing to donate one of their two kidneys to their brother. Which one to take? The typing indicated that one of the sisters was the best choice.

On the day of surgery, brother and sister were wheeled into adjacent operating rooms. The left kidney of the sister was removed by one operative team, while the second team cut open the lower abdomen of the brother and prepared the graft bed. The sister's kidney was placed in its new bed, arteries and veins were hooked together, and the ureter was connected to the patient's bladder. As manifested by secretion of urine, the transplanted kidney began functioning within five minutes. The technical part of the operation was therefore successful.

The patient recovered fully and was alive and well three months later. However, and this is the crux of today's problem, how long his new kidney would continue to function could not be exactly predicted. A transplanted organ, be it kidney or other tissue, may behave well initially and for a very long time, but at length it is likely to fail. The recipient's body tends to react to the transplant in about the same way it reacts to bacteria. It creates antibodies and mobilizes cells to destroy what it regards as "foreign" tissue.

Drawing by Leonardo da Vinci.

Now transplantation of other organs besides the kidney is also quite possible. Let me give several examples. A few years ago six physicists received a near-lethal dose of irradiation in a nuclear-reactor accident in Yugoslavia. The bone marrow, where blood is made, is one of the organs most susceptible to irradiation injury. One physicist died in a few days. The five others received bone-marrow transplants under the supervision of Dr. G. Mathé of Paris. One of them died despite treatment. The remaining four survived. The transplanted marrows functioned for at least a period of weeks, sustaining their lives until their own damaged marrows had time to recover. Dr. Mathé has also treated a few leukemia patients with large doses of irradiation, followed by transplantation of healthy bone marrow. He has had temporary remission in a few patients and one possible cure. In the last case, the diseased leukemic marrow was completely wiped out by the irradiation, whereupon the transplanted marrow "took" and has continued to supply blood to the patient. This method of treatment is still experimental and hazardous, but it does illustrate that marrow transplants are feasible in man.

Transplanted hearts in dogs have survived up to eight months and lungs for over three months. Dr. Tom Starzl of Denver has transplanted livers in 116 dogs. Twenty-four survived over fifty days and fifteen for a much longer period. Five transplantations of livers from fresh cadavers have been performed in humans. These livers have functioned for one to three weeks before failing. Dr. Richard Lillehei of Minnesota recently performed the first successful transplantation of a pancreas (again from a cadaver) to a human being. The thirty-two-year-old severely diabetic patient has required no insulin since the operation.

In an automobile-train accident in Denver in 1965 the left arm of a twenty-one-month-old girl was completely severed at the shoulder. An alert policeman found the severed arm along the tracks and brought it to the hospital with the child. The arm was re-implanted by surgeons at the University of Colorado and has regained about 80 percent of its function. About twelve successful re-implantations of accidentally severed limbs have been accomplished in the United States and abroad in the past five years. The point here is that if re-implantation of an arm torn off by the cataclysm of a train accident can be successful, then actual transplantation of an extremity under controlled operating room conditions is entirely possible.

The above illustrations (many more could be cited) indicate that from the standpoint of surgical technique alone, transplantation of most human organs is feasible right at the present time. In all, 1200 kidney transplants have been done throughout

the world. Of these about 600 have been successful. The incidence of successful grafts augments each year as a result of our increasing ability to control the "rejection" process responsible for most of the failures.

Greater success with kidney transplants — and equivalent success with other organs — is no longer a matter requiring really basic research. It is a question of the development and application of what biologists already know. A major revolution in medicine and a minor one in moral philosophy are in the offing. How did all this get started, where is it headed, and what does it mean for society?

HISTORICALLY, transplantation biology has not always been very respectable. It has been plagued by false claims for sexual rejuvenation and retardation of the aging process following testicular transplantation from animals to man. John R. Brinkley, a bogus physician who was one of the great quacks of the twentieth century, gained his first great notoriety by boasting — falsely, according to most authorities — that he had successfully transplanted the testes of goats into elderly men, with considerable restoration of their virility. These "goat glands" were supposed to cure almost anything. In 1920 Dr. Serge Voronoff performed the first testicular grafts from ape to man, and in the next two years chalked up 162 such operations. Not permitted to air his extravagant pronouncements at the French Academy of Medicine, he called a press conference and paraded before the reporters an aged man, a billy goat, and a ram, all allegedly "rejuvenated" by transplantation of monkey glands. Voronoff became a world sensation in short order, and cartoons were published depicting grandfathers swinging from chandeliers. The Irish poet William Butler Yeats was, in his maturer years, also the recipient of a monkey-gland graft. Indeed, if the fine eroticism of Yeats's later verse may be taken as scientific proof, one might argue that in his case the grafted monkey testes actually survived. But we know this could not really have happened. Even when transplanted between individuals of the same species — to say nothing of goat or monkey to man — the organs in these early days always died after a relatively brief period of functional activity.

So for transplantation biologists the first big question was, Why do transplanted organs function initially and then rather abruptly die? Many theories were concocted to explain this rejection phenomenon, most of them wide of the mark. There was the fifteenth-century story of the slave's "sympathetic nose." This nose, cut from a slave and transported to a new recipient, survived only so

long as the slave himself lived; at his death the nose, now on the other person, promptly fell off.

One of the first real insights into the cause of transplant rejection was a by-product of World War II. Large numbers of soldiers and civilians were badly burned in the London blitzes. One treatment for extensive body burns is to cover the raw surface either with skin from a person who has recently died or with small pieces of skin cut from living volunteers. The transplanted skin heals in place and acts as an effective dressing for the burn. In medical vernacular, it "takes." Eventually, however, it dies and sloughs off. It is "rejected."

In 1941 Peter Medawar, the British scientist who later won the Nobel Prize for his work in transplantation biology, began investigating the cause of this rejection. He found that transplanted skin in rabbits is rejected just as in humans. He then performed the simple but important experiment of taking skin a second time from the original donor rabbit and transplanting it to the rabbit who had already rejected the first skin graft. The second transplant was always rejected much more quickly than the first. Apparently the recipient rabbit had developed some kind of biological memory of the first skin graft, recognized the second graft as being from the same source, and rejected it sooner. Medawar called this the "second-set phenomenon," and correctly theorized that rejection of organs is an immune reaction quite analogous to the body's mobilization of cells and manufacture of antibodies to fight off infection. Unless the transplanted organ comes from an identical twin, it is not quite the same genetically as the tissues of the recipient. His body therefore recognizes it as being "foreign." Initially it functions because a certain amount of time is required for the body's immune response to be initiated. Subsequent organs are rejected even sooner than first organs because biological memory shortens the response time.

By a series of skin-grafting experiments with various mouse strains, scientists next proved that the speed and strength of rejection are precisely determined by the degree of genetic difference between donor and recipient animals. When the mice are genetically identical, the grafts survive permanently; when they are slightly different, the grafts may survive for as long as three months; when they are very different, the grafts are rejected in ten days.

Finally, work began on the human species. In the 1950s a group of surgeons at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, under the leadership of Dr. Joseph Murray, undertook a series of kidney transplantations in man. Their activities were looked upon rather askance by more conservative

biologists. Such undertakings were said to be "premature." Nevertheless, the surgeons persevered, and as it has turned out, were quite justified in their perseverance. Into individuals with severely damaged kidneys they grafted a healthy kidney obtained either from a living relative or from a fresh cadaver. They promptly found that kidney transplantation in the human — and in fact, any organ transplantation — follows all the laws already thoroughly studied in rabbits and mice. In some hundreds of operations Dr. Murray and his co-workers saved a number of lives, extended the span of many, lost many that would have died anyway, and perfected the methodology of renal grafting.

THE basic knowledge about the "why" of graft rejection in humans is therefore now at hand. The next problem is, What can we do to avoid the rejection? Two areas of current research promise a solution within the next two to five years: the use of drugs or other agents to suppress the rejection process, and tissue-typing.

Since organ rejection is an immune process, if one could suppress the immune mechanism of the recipient person in just the right way and to the right extent, one might inhibit the rejection reaction. It is, in fact, already possible to do this, albeit imperfectly, with drug therapy.

SURVIVAL OF TRANSPLANTED KIDNEYS IN 431 PATIENTS

Source of Organ	Percent of kidneys functioning			
	4-6 months	7-12 months	2 years	3 years
Identical twins	89	89	85	85
Brother or sister	61	54	52	52
Mother or father	59	53	32	32
Unrelated donor	17	14	9	—

The table shows how many months or years transplanted kidneys have survived in humans. Many of these people are still alive. It is of course clear that the genetic relations are very important. Nevertheless, most of the prolonged survivals shown could not have been achieved except by means of drug-induced suppression of the immune process. Unfortunately, nearly all drugs potent enough to do the job are also rather toxic to the patient. Much

research is therefore under way to discover effective drugs which are less toxic.

It has been proved that the rejection response is mediated by those white blood cells known as lymphocytes. Most of the immunosuppressive drugs act by inhibiting the metabolism of these cells. Investigators have also recently employed a serum made by injecting human lymphocytes into horses. The horses produce antibodies against the white cells: The horse serum containing these antibodies is then injected into the person receiving an organ graft. One theory holds that this anti-lymphocytic serum "erases the immunological memory" of the animal. In any case, very significant prolongation of skin grafts in animals and good results with kidney grafts in human beings have already been obtained by treatment with the serum.

Now, the closer the genetic relation between donor and recipient, the lower the dose of drug or antiserum required for adequate immunosuppression. Scientists are therefore learning how to "type" people, to determine if the organs of one individual are of the right genetic makeup to be accepted by another. A quantitative idea of just *how* foreign the tissues of a particular donor will appear to a particular recipient can thus be obtained. We know that one must type human red cells (the major cell component of blood) before blood transfusion, or one may provoke a transfusion reaction, itself a kind of rejection process. Red-cell types, however, are on the whole not related to organ compatibility — to the ability of "tissue," as opposed to blood, to survive in a new body.

Methods for determining tissue "types" in humans have been developed only in the last few years. Instead of the red cells, the white cells are used. The genetic characteristics of these cells are the same as those determining survival of grafted organs. White-cell analysis requires a battery of typing sera, each selected to detect a particular character or antigen. Blood from the person to be typed is drawn, and a pure suspension of his white cells is prepared. These cells are mixed with the test sera and examined under the microscope. If a serum reacts with the white cells, they are killed. The test is fairly simple. However, reliable and specific reagents are still hard to come by. They can be obtained either from persons who have reacted against organ transplantation by production of antibodies, or sometimes from women who have had many children. Pregnancy occasionally leads to production of antibodies against fetal tissues. These are not injurious to the fetus, but they can be used to type human white cells.

Progress in the development of the typing sera, including their large-scale collection and manufacture, has been greatly stimulated by the Col-

laborative Research Program of the National Institute of Allergy and Infectious Diseases. It will soon be possible to do tissue-typing on a large scale and to select from among available organs the one most suitable genetically for the intended patient. A moderate amount of drug or serum therapy will then circumvent residual rejection processes. Organ transplantation will become a practical and widespread scientific reality. Indeed, the United States Public Health Service is already setting up large regional tissue-typing and organ transplantation facilities — notably in New York, Los Angeles, Boston, Seattle, and later in other areas throughout the country.

I HAVE referred to the "scientific" reality of organ grafting. There is another form of reality that must also be faced in the future. We shall witness a tremendous demand by sick persons for all kinds of fresh and functional human organs. If present methods of procurement are adhered to, there will simply not be enough organs to go around.

The kidney is a rather special case. Everybody has two of them. Members of the same family are usually willing to donate one kidney to another family member. Even so, procurement is not always easy. Often no family member is available, or those available are not of the right white-cell type. A pretty nineteen-year-old girl named Glinda Thar has been waiting nearly a year in a Michigan hospital for the gift of a healthy kidney taken from the body of a deceased person promptly after death. The cadaver kidney must be of the right type, and permission to take it promptly from the body of the deceased has to be arranged for in advance. So Glinda is still waiting.

Even when all the scientific problems are totally solved, very few persons among the 100,000 dying yearly in the United States from advanced kidney disease will have the chance for a new kidney unless procurement methods are greatly expanded. And what about other organs? Heart failure is a far more frequent killer than kidney disease. Everybody with a malfunctioning heart would like a healthy one; individuals with cirrhotic livers would like new livers; with worn-out lungs, new lungs.

Any program for large-scale organ procurement will run head-on into legal barricades and raise disturbing moral issues. There are limited sources from which functional human organs of all kinds might be obtained in sizable numbers, and squeamish persons will shrink from most of these.

The first source is that of terminal patients, those expected to die in a few weeks or months but most of whose organs are still in good condition. A number of fatal diseases strike just one organ,

and do not involve other parts of the body. A patient dying of brain hemorrhage may have a perfectly healthy heart, liver, lungs, and kidneys, all suitable for transplantation to other people. Patients dying of cancer (the second major cause of death in the United States) can unfortunately be used as organ donors only in special cases, depending upon the type of cancer. Several cases are already on record where a few cancer cells, having spread to an otherwise healthy kidney, were transplanted along with the kidney, survived, multiplied, and killed the patient.

The white cells of twenty patients dying of diseases other than the spreading types of cancer could be typed. At the same time the cells of, say, twenty individuals with heart, kidney, or other disease, could also be typed. Each of the twenty recipients might thus be compared via typing with all twenty donors. This allows twenty times twenty, or 400, different possible donor-recipient combinations. At least some of these combinations will be good matches from the typing standpoint. Physicians could thus select combinations which ensure maximum tissue compatibility.

A small number of such cadaver kidney transplants have been performed at the University of California Hospital by Doctors Willard Goodwin and Donald Martin. Donors have so far been limited to patients dying of brain disease who desire to leave their organs for transplantation. All such persons are typed before death. A number of potential recipients are also typed. As soon as the donor is pronounced dead, the surgical team rushes his body to the operating room, where a full-scale surgical procedure is carried out. Both kidneys are antiseptically removed from the dead body. In the meantime, those two recipients from the waiting list whose white cells gave the best match with the cells of the deceased are called into the hospital. They come in from their homes or wherever they can be found and are taken right to adjacent operating rooms. One kidney from the dead body is put into one recipient, the other kidney into the other. Three separate operating rooms are thus functioning at the same time. In the future when lungs, heart, liver, extremities, and other organs are also transplanted, a donor's death will lead to a flurry of activity because each organ recipient will require a separate operating room and his own surgical team. The dead man will become diversified to the extent that matching recipients are at hand.

In many states individuals can will their organs for transplantation, just as is already done with the cornea of the eye or as bodies are donated "for scientific purposes." The terminal patient source outlined above is therefore feasible now and depends only upon the availability of adequate tissue-

typing methods. However, one dilemma does introduce itself if we are limited to this source. If a patient has terminal heart disease, shall we allow him to die in order to obtain his kidneys for a kidney patient, or allow a kidney patient to die to obtain his heart for the heart patient? Obviously, as many will have to give as receive.

Accident victims might constitute a second major source. Their organs would be kept frozen in liquid nitrogen until required. Large organ banks will need to be established for this purpose in major cities, similar to the blood banks of today but vastly more expensive and complicated. Admittedly, techniques for the freeze-preservation of whole organs are not yet fully developed. Ice crystals form at the point of freezing, the salt concentration in the residual water is markedly increased, and the proteins are denatured. Freezing procedures which avoid the ice-crystallization effect will almost certainly be worked out eventually with further developmental research. Indeed, the carpenter ant of North America has already worked it out. As winter approaches, the ant manufactures and saturates his tissues with the oily compound glycerol. Glycerol happens to be a good freeze-preserved. The saturated ant freezes solid throughout winter. In spring he thaws and comes to life again. New insights into methods for freeze-preservation of human organs have come from studies of the carpenter ant.

IN THE widespread organ banks of the future, hearts, lungs, livers, kidneys, and other tissues from accident victims of known white-cell types will be kept frozen until required. Accident victims must be dismembered promptly after death to stock these banks. But legal barriers will first have to be surmounted, and that, as everyone knows, can be the devil's own job. As recently as September of 1966, the Massachusetts State Senate defeated a bill that would allow citizens to will their organs at death for transplantation to others. Under present Massachusetts law, permission of the next of kin must be obtained. It is not easy to locate the kin and obtain their written consent within the one or two hours before the needed organs undergo irreversible changes.

The state of Michigan enjoys a more enlightened view than Massachusetts. In November of 1966, the Michigan Kidney Foundation opened its campaign to obtain kidney-donor pledges. The first pledge was signed by Garo Yepremian of the Detroit Lions football team, and reads as follows: "In the hope that it may save the life of another, I hereby consent, at my death, to the immediate removal of my kidneys for the use of the kidney

donor program.” This one campaign will eventually save up to 200 lives each year in Michigan. It is hoped that those who have made this worthwhile pledge to save others will not then die in Massachusetts.

The current status of the Los Angeles Coroner’s Office affords yet another example of the legal asininity that prevails about the disposal of dead bodies. It is technically unlawful for the coroner to remove and retain for indefinite reference even a minute fragment of tissue from an autopsied body. After determination of the cause of death, he is enjoined to return to the body for burial all the little bits of tissue he has used for his examination. This even includes microscopic slide preparations. To remove an entire organ for transplantation within an hour of death without express permission of relatives would be legally unthinkable, no matter how urgent the need of some hopefully waiting patient.

A generalization is in order at this point. Perhaps a third of future humanity will at some time during the course of their lives need an organ transplant. Terminal patients, victims of fatal accidents, condemned criminals who might be persuaded to will their healthy organs to society, and suicides, who number 22,000 a year in the United States, all die anyway. It will be a tragic waste if their organs are not made available to patients whose lives could be prolonged. With certain obvious qualifications, obtaining these organs involves questions of legal and social machinery rather than basic morality. We have not yet run quite full tilt into the moral dilemma.

Another possibility is the sacrifice of mentally defective human beings in order to harvest their organs. There are two categories of such humans. The first consists of those individuals with brain damage secondary to accident or major disease, and of such severity that they can only be regarded as human vegetables. Although their higher brain centers are dead, their other organs may be very healthy. In some cases the brain damage is sufficiently extensive to interfere even with the central nervous system control of the breathing process. These patients require maintenance indefinitely in artificial respirators.

Recently, a Washington University professor of medicine sought help from theologians in a campus meeting to determine the morality of “turning off the respirator” on such hopelessly decerebrated patients so that their organs could be used in trans-

plants. The theologians were unable to make a definite recommendation.

The second category consists of those with congenital mental defects. The actual number of these persons depends on where one draws the line of mental retardation. If organs were taken from all individuals in the intellectually lowest 10 percent of the population, disposing of them before the child-bearing age, the procedure would in itself exert evolutionary pressure toward the intellectual betterment of mankind. Now men will not often kill each other for the abstract betterment of their species. Indeed, the science of eugenics has never enjoyed great popular appeal. History suggests, however, that they will consent to slaughter one another for what they regard as their mass individual preferment. Is not war itself such a monster of preferment, justified with all the fanfare of morality and necessity?

It is a good bet that the scientific problems of organ transplantation are nearly solved. The solution is less a matter of basic research than of further development of what is already known. Thousands of organs of all types will be needed for transplantation. This need will raise sociological, legal, and ethical issues. If we are limited to procuring transplants from terminal patients, one can predict a continuing shortage of organs. A strong and steady social pressure will inevitably develop to go elsewhere. One of the things that people like most is just to stay alive, whatever the price. To avoid facing individual death, they will look with quite a new light at the problems involved in obtaining organs from accident victims without permission, at suicide, capital punishment, or euthanasia.

With successful transplantation the rule rather than the exception, the dilemma of organ procurement cannot be avoided. To the extent that we decide not to expand organ sources, individuals who require nonavailable organs will die. Practical reality will alter our moral conceptions of the sanctity of the human body, of human life.

Should scientists therefore pull back from solving the remaining problems of organ transplantation? I hardly think many people will answer yes, but it doesn’t really matter if they do. We shall solve them anyway. In truth we scientists are averse to throwing real bombs at society, and as a group we have been in the forefront of the ban-the-bomb movement. But thought-bombs, problem-bombs, that’s quite a different matter. These we toss with all the élan of an old-time Russian anarchist.

FACT OF
THE ACT

BY ROBERT GRAVES

On the other side of the world's narrow lane
You lie in bed, your young breasts tingling
With imagined kisses, your lips puckered,
Your fists tight.

Dreaming yourself naked in my arms,
Free from discovery, under some holm oak;
'The high sun peering through thick branches,
All winds mute.

Endlessly you prolong the moment
Of your delirium: a first engagement,
Silent, inevitable, fearful,
Honey-sweet.

Will it be so in fact? Will fact mirror
Your virginal ecstasies:
True love, uncircumstantial,
No blame, no shame?

It is for you, now, to say "come";
It is for you, now, to prepare the bed;
It is for you as the sole hostess
Of your white dreams —

It is for you to open the locked gate,
It is for you to shake red apples down,
It is for you to halve them with my sword
That both may eat.

Yet expectation lies as far from fact
As fact's own afterglow in memory;
Fact is a dark return to man's beginnings,
Test of our hardihood, test of a willful
And blind acceptance of each other
As also flesh.

THE STRUGGLE AND THE WAR

The Maze of Vietnamese Politics

by Frances FitzGerald

We are aware of the Vietnamese War, but what is the Vietnamese Struggle?

Frances FitzGerald's second ATLANTIC article based on her ten months in Saigon

slices through the cultural barriers which force most U.S. reporters to view Vietnam through

American eyes, to show how deep and dangerous are our misconceptions about the

Confucian-based politics and psychology of the Vietnamese.

LATE at night a Vietnamese officer and his American civilian adviser rose from the table and parted in agreement, leaving behind them on the tablecloth two designs. The American had drawn a system of rectangles with arrows leading from one box to another, while on his side of the table the Vietnamese had drawn a series of ellipses beginning and ending at the same base curve. For the past few hours the two had been engaged in a heated discussion about economic development in Vietnam. They had spoken in terms of a social revolution and a democratization of the administrative structures. Though the Vietnamese, a former Viet Minh commander, had emphasized the political component of the revolution more strongly than had the American, there had seemed to be no reason why the two should keep circling and recircling around the subject, as if in argument, impatiently illustrating their views on the tablecloth. As they used the same words, they had assumed they were speaking the same language.

The United States is fighting a war in Vietnam on the basis of certain assumptions about the nature of Vietnam. That U.S. policy-makers have yearly had to revise their estimates about the course of the war and the need for American intervention raises the question of whether or not these assumptions conform to reality. Policy-makers assume,

first, that the 17th parallel dividing North and South Vietnam corresponds to the frontier between East and West Germany in that it divides Vietnam into two parts, each of which has a separate identity. They assume that South Vietnam is a nation-state, and that with a certain amount of assistance it can develop a non-Communist government which will satisfy the needs and aspirations of its population. In recent months President Johnson has offered to withdraw American troops from South Vietnam on the condition that North Vietnam withdraw its troops, presumably on the assumption that the South Vietnamese government could settle its own domestic problems were it not for Northern aggression. With these simple assertions the United States has drawn a design which does not correspond to the pattern of political forces in Vietnam. In 1962, Defense Secretary Robert McNamara said, "Every quantitative measurement we have shows that we are winning the war." His remark was a warning signal that the failure of prediction has not stemmed from mere overoptimism.

To discuss solutions to Vietnamese problems it is first of all necessary to understand the problems as they occur to the Vietnamese. What is the relationship between man and society in Vietnam? What are the traditional modes of political expression, and how have they changed under the impact

of the West? How do the Vietnamese view American policy and the American military presence?

Culturally, as geographically, Vietnam is half a world away from the United States; an American travels to Vietnam only through a vast effort of translation.¹

AT THE base of Vietnam lies the village. Behind the facade of the cities and deep in the minds of "Westernized" Vietnamese, the village remains the archetype, the perfect closed circle of the community. As in the design the Vietnamese officer drew on the tablecloth, all political movements in Vietnam are variations on the theme of the village. In Saigon the theme has grown indistinct under the accretions of Western language, but it remains close to its original form in the real villages of South Vietnam. Though for centuries Vietnam lived under Chinese political and cultural domination, the Vietnamese have a unique world view composed of elements of Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, and the animism that is the original relationship between the people and their land. That the Vietnamese are the only one of the Viet (Southern) tribes of China to retain their cultural identity owes as much to the strength of their village communities as to the geography of Vietnam.

In the world of the villages each gesture has its ritual significance. The gesture is the dot at the center of the concentric circles of the Confucian universe: on the inside ring is man surrounded by his family and the penumbra of ancestral spirits; on the next circle is the clan-village, with its hierarchy of elders and its legendary common ancestor or genies; further out, through ever widening stretches of the imagination, lie the orbits of the Nation and the Emperor-Demigod, and finally, the Earth and the Heavens. The patterns are perfectly static, yet the same movement and substance pass through all of them as water passes through a design of ripples. Each orbit has its own nature, its own personality, which develops in harmony with all the rest; though it moves in the endless reflections of the others, it is no vacant imitation. As a man's life is guided by the movement of the stars, so his house bears relation to the whole universe; by astrology and geomancy a man can put himself in tune with the higher spheres. A man can do nothing by himself, yet he bears responsibility for the total harmony of society. When asked by a Viet Cong agent in 1963 whether or not he supported the

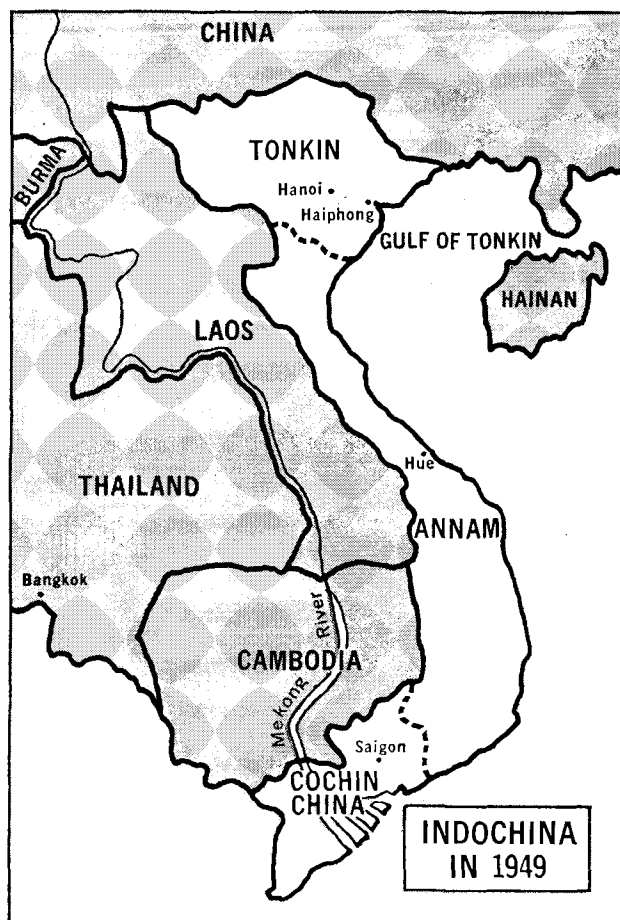
Liberation, one villager replied in the old language, "I do not know, for I am the will of heaven." And heaven had given him no sign, as it had during the Resistance war when a French platoon had defeated a Viet Minh band in the village and set up a permanent outpost. At that time he concluded that the French were the legitimate rulers of Vietnam; now he was not certain. "If I do what you say, then the Diem side will arrest me. If I say things against you, then you will arrest me. So I would rather carry both burdens on my two shoulders and stand in the middle." The peasant is and is not a practical man.

For the villager each regime has its own "virtue," its own immutable character, which, like that of a human being, combines moral, social, political, and spiritual elements in one indivisible form. In vain have the Buddhists tried to explain themselves to Westerners who insist on separating their "purely political" from their "purely religious" functions — though they half admit the distinction themselves. The leaders of the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao, the two older "theocratic" sects in the South, merely smile and offer no explanation. With Ngo Dinh Diem this spherical Confucian universe occasionally showed through the flat surfaces of Western language. The President interpreted the abortive coup of November, 1960, as evidence that heaven approved of his regime; "the hand of God," he said, had reached down to protect him. Though in its Catholic manifestation the impersonal Confucian heaven had, for Diem, turned anthropomorphic, earthly and spiritual power remained fully integrated.

In Vietnam a regime is invalid unless it has this confluence with a transcendent design and a moral nature to inhabit its political program. The moral force of the Diem regime — from the official doctrine of "personalism" to Madame Nhu's ban on dancing — was surpassed only by that of its strongest enemy, the Viet Cong, whose cause, writes Douglas Pike, the leading American expert on the subject, "consisted of moral duties, based on moral absolutes, guided by moral imperatives." Even for the Vietnamese Communists, who are inheritors of nineteenth-century radical distinctions between church and state and between one class and another, the society retains its moral impulse, its balanced Confucian personality.

For Vietnamese the Mandate of Heaven, which confers legitimacy upon a regime, is not, like Louis XIV's divine right, a constant. The mandate is timeless, and therefore a regime carries no ennobling historical perspective, but lives naked within its own immediate potential. The Vietnamese word for revolution suggests no image of a mechanical operation, but rather one of an unmotivated flip-flop, the turning over of a page.

¹ In attempting to give some notion of the categories of Vietnamese political thought, I am deeply indebted to Paul Mus, the French historian and anthropologist, born in Hanoi, who has done what I believe to be the only significant work on the subject. His *Sociologie d'une guerre* was published in 1952 during the Indochina War.



Each regime marks a unique phase of history; between regimes there is no straight-line progression, no dynamic of opposing forces, no gradual evolution. Revolution is metamorphosis which occurs without cause, for in the seamless Confucian universe man can find no place to insert a lever under one particular world. Within a few weeks of General Nguyen Chanh Thi's dismissal in March, 1966, the Buddhist Struggle Movement had so changed the city of Hué that the very architecture in its permanence seemed a sham beside the new faces in the government offices and the old faces saying new things; yet there had been no violence. If one regime succeeds in replacing another, it does so by virtue of its own resonance with what Westerners might call "the laws of nature" or "the spirit of the times." Its success is proof that it has from the very beginning had the appropriate qualities; success confirms its legitimacy. After the defeat of the Buddhist Struggle the Venerable Tri Quang had for a period something like a nervous breakdown from the deep sense that his failure meant he was the wrong instrument for Vietnam, a man out of tune with heaven. To Westerners the government attack on the Danang

pagodas seemed an event of small account, a gain for Ky which would not balance out the gains the Buddhists had made over the past three months in taking over the entire administration of Central Vietnam. The country had had two distinct governments. But the Vietnamese, who do not share our account-book mentality, interpreted the pagoda raids as a sign of victory for the Ky government, and accordingly, the Struggle dissolved as rapidly as it had taken shape. In the government offices of Hué yet another group of new faces appeared almost instantaneously.

In Vietnam sudden reversals of political loyalty occur fairly frequently, as the successes of both the NLF and the government defector programs indicate. And yet the Vietnamese are not precisely "opportunists." Rather they have, as Paul Mus says, a "different intellectual rhythm," which springs from the contract which they have made with society and with the ghosts of their ancestors. In the villages of Vietnam man is not an "individual" in the Western sense, for he has not quite distinguished himself from the community living and dead, natural and supernatural, to which he belongs. He behaves not as a man of absolute free will, but as a junior partner, the executor of community opinion. Because of this continuity between man and society, between society and the heavens, the Vietnamese does not live within the segmented Western world of cause and effect, of conceptual analysis, of theoretical distinctions between form and substance. A Vietnamese father passes on to his son not a set of definitions of "rightness" and "wrongness" but himself as the incarnation of "rightness." A child learns by example, by the memorization of maxims; each detail, being a part of the universal order — being, in fact, the universe in microcosm — has its own absolute importance. If he imitates the correct procedures, if he behaves in conformity with established patterns, his reward is the approval of the community around him, and by extension, that of the spiritual community of ancestors and the transcendent heaven.

IN POLITICS as in other fields of activity the goal of a Confucian society is social harmony, for like musical instruments in resonance, the whole of the community is a great deal more than the sum of the individuals who compose it.

For Westerners, who believe in the eternal verity of certain principles and in the society as an aggregate, the notion of brainwashing is shocking and the experience traumatic. In societies such as those in Indonesia, China, or Vietnam, it is in one form or another an activity of every political

movement. Its aim is to convince the individual that the community around him has changed and that to win its approval he must, like a child, learn a new style of behavior. A young Vietnamese district chief once told this reporter that he was keeping refugees from a Viet Cong village near his headquarters in order "to change their opinions." If he were unsuccessful, as the Diem regime was with the student demonstrators and intellectuals in its prisons, it would not mean that he had been unable to change their abstract political ideals but that he could not convince them that the government was stronger than the Viet Cong — that is, that it was the force most likely to re-establish social harmony in the community. One definition of a "hard-core" Viet Cong cadre is a man who understands his community to include not just the village or the district but Vietnam as a whole. Unlike the villager to whom the French outpost meant French sovereignty, he has extended his horizons in both time and space. And at the furthest extreme from village thought, Mao Tse-tung and Ho Chi Minh see the world as their community. For them the precepts of a Communist society approach abstract ideals.

At the end of his scholarly book *Viet Cong*, Douglas Pike suddenly breaks out of his neutral tone to conclude: "The NLF and the people it influenced lived in a muzzy, myth-filled world of blacks and whites, good and evil, a simplistic world quite out of character with the one to which the Vietnamese were accustomed. Here, one felt, was tomorrow's society, the beginning of 1984, where peace is war, slavery is freedom, the nonorganization is the organization." Though an American may legitimately criticize the Viet Cong, other Americans may begin to wonder about their commitment in Vietnam if the criticism in question applies to a characteristic which is most essentially and typically Vietnamese. A world where there is no clear air of abstraction, no concepts, no principles, where every gesture and every word have a political, religious, and social significance cannot help but look "muzzy" and "myth-filled" to Westerners. At one time Ngo Dinh Diem insisted upon signing every entry and exit visa for South Vietnam — and yet his purposes might be said to have been clearer than those of his American advisers, who turned him from hero to villain within the space of a few months.

When such Westerners as Pike and Jean Lacouture ask, "What is NLF doctrine?" or "What do the Buddhists want?", they perhaps expect such answers as "peace," "socialism," or "democracy." But the answer is that the NLF has no abstract doctrine and the Buddhists want nothing; the questions have been badly formulated. When the Buddhists say, "Ninety percent of the Vietnamese people are

Buddhists . . . the people are never Communist," and the NLF say in contrast, "The struggle of religious believers in South Vietnam is not separate from the struggle for national liberation," each is, in a manner of speaking, "making" those statements the truth. Unlike Westerners, the Vietnamese do not clearly differentiate between what the philosopher Professor J. L. Austin calls "performative" and "constative" utterances, between, for example, the marriage contract "I do" (take this woman to be my lawful wedded wife), and the statement "This is my lawful wedded wife." With the descriptive statement "This is my lawful wedded wife," they are actually attempting to perform the marriage ceremony. If the woman is already married, or if the Vietnamese people show themselves to be Communists rather than Buddhists, then the utterance is both untrue and an impossible project. On the other hand, if all the people agree that peace is war, then it is war. As is the case in Vietnam today, the word "peace" has no meaning acceptable to all of the population; as used by Communists and non-Communists, it implies not only the lack of war, but two entirely different projects for the re-establishment of social harmony. The word "peace" is, in effect, the battlefield of the current political struggle.

As the Vietnamese consider the meaning of language to be dependent on social consensus, so they take a normative view of behavior. They speak of "correct actions" and "correct solutions," not of "rightness" or "goodness" per se. Because of this intimate relation between man and his community, Vietnam is by nature totalitarian. As the regime is identical with its community and its version of correct behavior, all other political movements must be clandestine and revolutionary. A politician cannot oppose the regime without dropping out of the community; to achieve his political purposes he must found a new community and/or subvert the old one. Vietnam may be divided, but it will not be pluralistic while this basic thought construction holds. In Saigon individual members of the Constituent Assembly can speak against the government, but as individuals they are powerless, tolerated as madmen were tolerated in the Middle Ages. It is the group that is important. The revolutionary carries on his proselytization not so much by frontal assault on the individual as by a surrounding movement in the half-conscious world of verbal and behavioral norms. Making this point in his Western conceptual language, Douglas Pike concludes that the NLF follower did not "decide" to enlist in the cause; rather he "was first surrounded by a social organization that he had no hand in creating but to which he somehow belonged. Through a process of insinuation the youth came to realize that he was part of the NLF, never quite

sure how this happened and never with any overt choice presented him." During the Buddhist Struggle of 1966 the government employees in Hué physically gave over the radio station to the students under the pressure of local "public opinion." Some of them joined the Struggle against the government. Though Americans might be inclined to consider them "unprincipled," they are no more so than the American network executives who decide which programs should be thrown off the air on the basis of their ratings.

THE world of the revolution is, like the world of the village, complete, spherical. Enclosed within it, the revolutionary cannot envisage another point of view, or therefore, the possibility of a direct confrontation between his community and the regime. If the revolutionaries have adopted the correct attitude — that is, the one that conforms to the will of heaven — then the society is automatically theirs. Among the Cao Dai and the Hoa Hao, who still live in a world beyond the laws of cause and effect, this certainty remains in its original formulation. Though since 1960 they have made arrangements with both the Viet Cong and the government, their leaders believe that when the interregnum is over, Vietnam will enter into a state of social harmony identical to the one that they claim to have found. Here, buried within the old spiritualist language, lies a clue to the strict subordination which the Viet Minh and Viet Cong political commissars hold over the military commanders. Military victories are not only less important than political victories, they are strictly meaningless except as reflections of political reality. For the NLF as for the Buddhists, the vehicle of political change is not the war, or the pitch of force against force, but the Struggle, the attempt to make manifest the statement "All Vietnamese are Buddhists," or "The people hate the U.S. imperialists and their puppets." The Struggle may take many forms, from nonviolent demonstrations to armed attacks, but in its broad, generic sense, it is the total work of the revolution. Its aim is to demonstrate convincingly that the page has been turned and that the new order has already replaced the old in all but title.²

For the Viet Minh, the Resistance was primarily a Struggle for Vietnam, and only secondarily a war against the French. The genius of Ho Chi Minh lay in his ability to develop both forms of the revolution simultaneously while maintaining an efficient balance between them. By itself the Struggle was

not enough, for it could make no impression on the foreign armies, and vice versa. There was literally "no contact" between them. The guerrilla was ephemeral; he disappeared into the maquis or into peasant clothing in the same manner that the military struggle disappeared inside its political framework, leaving the French battalions to march through a vacuum. Though the Struggle went on throughout Vietnam, the real war took place in the North; the South remained militarily static. Along the Chinese border General Giap built up his army into a formidable weapon capable of dealing with the French battalions. But the Viet Minh victory at Dien Bien Phu corresponded to their defeat at the conference table in Geneva, where they agreed to a disengagement of the two armies and a "temporary" division of Vietnam at the 17th parallel. Having met the French on their own terms, they won the French war and compromised their political Struggle for all of the Vietnamese people. But there was no going back. The progression which had brought them out of the village and into statehood allowed them to plan the Resistance with Western temporal perspective and at the same time condemned them to live with Western spatial relationships — the line at the 17th parallel. In accepting the Geneva arbitration, the Northern leaders showed that they had come West; in rejecting it, the South turned back upon itself into the village with its dreams of a Celestial Empire.

To some extent the Geneva Accords merely confirmed the already existing cleavage between North and South, a difference deeper and older than that between the governments of Ho Chi Minh and Ngo Dinh Diem. Again and again through the confusion of Southern politics, the split re-emerges at an oblique angle to the conflict between Communist and non-Communist. As the Southern politicians have pointed out, the Ky government after two years in office consisted almost entirely of Northerners, the greatest exception being the Southern Catholics. Clearly Ky had chosen to follow the example of Ngo Dinh Diem, the only chief of government who survived longer than Ky and whose civil service had also contained a high percentage of Northerners. He had perhaps little alternative. After twelve years of Southern autonomy, the Northerners remained the largest source of trained, motivated government personnel.

DURING the period of Chinese rule from the third to the tenth centuries A.D., the Viet tribes on the Red River delta adopted the Chinese system of a limited central authority — an Emperor and a mandarinat that took charge of foreign affairs and public works, with its power to mobilize mass labor

² Pike, page 85. "The English word 'struggle,' a pale translation of the Vietnamese term *dau tranh* fails to convey the drama, the awesomeness, the totality of the original."

for the building of the dikes, and, more occasionally, for the defense of the frontier. Underneath the shell of the mandarin state the villages remained self-supporting and semi-autonomous. As the population along the Red River delta built up, it was they, rather than the state, that began the colonization of the land to the south. Having conquered the Champa kingdom and presided over the settlement of Central Vietnam, the state could no longer contain the territorial expansion; it divided into halves



and thirds during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. After a short period of consolidation under the Emperor Gia Long in Hué during the nineteenth century, the Vietnamese nation once more gave way; before the French troops, who began their conquest from the region of Saigon. By the time of the French arrival the Vietnamese villages

were just beginning to thicken along the lower Mekong Delta. In 1884 the French took Cochinchina as a colony, Tonkin (North Vietnam) as a direct protectorate, and Annam (or Central Vietnam) as an indirect protectorate. Their pacification efforts, which subdued the South in the 1860s, were not successful in Tonkin until the late 1890s.

Under the weight of the French presence the loose web which had bound the Southern villages together dissolved finally. The French broke down the mandarin state and from Saigon centralized the administration down to the district level in their own hands. As they built up a rationalized system for the exploitation of the rich ricelands, they cut down the corporate personality of the villages with individual taxation, Roman law, and a capitalistic consolidation of the largely virgin Delta land into large estates worked by tenant farmers and laborers. With the establishment of a central Indochinese market, arteries grew out of the villages leading to Saigon, leading to a brain which belonged to the French administrators, the French and Chinese merchants. Faced with this impasse, the Vietnamese elites had the choice of either falling back into the village or adapting themselves to the foreign environment above it. Those who took advantage of the assimilation policy entered French schools, turned Catholic, and grew rich from the manorial estates which they had formed in imitation of their colonizers. In accepting French culture they had

to reject or transform certain basic elements of traditional Vietnamese society and form an original mixture of the two civilizations. Drawn deeper and deeper into the process of assimilation, the elites never pulled away to reintegrate the disparate elements and give them political shape. The French were perhaps too close to them. Before the Second World War the French officials and colons, with the help of the Chinese merchants, had built all that there was of South Vietnam above the villages and rooted themselves into all top echelons of the society. Saigon, the Pearl of the Orient, was for the Vietnamese a foreign city.

Nationalist revolt in Cochinchina came from the backwash of French culture into the lower levels of society beneath the Vietnamese elite. Its leaders were semi-educated, culturally unfocused, the inhabitants of a disputed zone between the village and the city. In 1925 a group of second-rank Vietnamese functionaries in Saigon discovered in their experiments with a ouija board a spirit which revealed himself as the Cao Dai, the Supreme Being. Within a few years the group, under the leadership of a minor businessman, had developed a sect with a hierarchy modeled on that of the Catholic Church, large land holdings, complex social organizations, and about two million adherents scattered throughout Cochinchina as well as parts of Cambodia and Annam. Little short of miraculous, the growth of the Cao Dai church showed the extent to which the French presence had disturbed traditional society in the villages. The secular foreign bureaucracy had cut into the seamless web radiating out from the family to the Confucian heaven; Cao Daiism healed the resulting aphasia with its larger social organizations and its claim to direct communication with the deity. Like its cousin sect, the Hoa Hao, the Cao Dai was a state as well as a religion, a total enterprise. Through the Second World War and the Resistance war both sects maintained irregular armies and territorial ambitions. Loyal to no one, they shifted their alliances between the Japanese, the French, and the Viet Minh. To this day they remain partially autonomous, uncommitted to anyone; in the Hoa Hao province of An Giang there are neither NLF cadres nor government officials who are not Hoa Hao.

Traditional, mystical, the sects speak with overtones of Theravada Buddhism and the tropical Indianized cultures of Cambodia and Indonesia. The sects are the real voices of the Delta, of the Viet tribes which moved down from the North and left behind them in Tonkin and Annam the philosophic strain of Mahayana Buddhism and rationalist Chinese social theory.

Having neither agricultural nor industrial potential, Annam did not interest the French. It remained isolated, alone with its past; the modern-

izing, “Westernizing” impulse came to it late and indirectly by way of Japan. Hué, the seat of the Emperor, was a refuge for the old mandarin values, for a fierce traditionalism and a concomitant xenophobia. From Annam came the first protests against French rule and a succession of political leaders, including Ho Chi Minh, Ngo Dinh Diem, and General Nguyen Van Thieu. But the political weight lay in Tonkin, the territory closest to China, where the French had displaced the old mandarin slowly amid outbreaks of violence. Though agriculturally poor, the North contained the only industrial plant in all of Indochina and the beginnings of an urban society.

While the Southern sects had developed in apparent reaction to the Catholic Church and the crisis of religious and social identity, the Northern nationalist movements took a more directly political route to attack the French power structure. They involved both the traditional and the French-educated elites, the members of the first having, in many cases, migrated over to the second. During the 1930s Hanoi gave birth to the first mass-based, secular political organizations — the VNQDD (the Vietnamese Kuomintang, called Viet Nam Quoc Dan Dang), the several Communist parties, and finally, the Viet Minh. Both in form and substance the Northern associations resembled French political institutions to a much greater degree than did their Southern counterparts. Their leadership took the West as an inoculation against Westerners, and, it seemed, the heavier the dosage, the more effective was the resistance. Ho Chi Minh spent two decades in France, the Soviet Union, and China; during the 1930s and 40s, he pressured the North to look outward toward the socialist countries while preparing for its own internal revolution. The South had no such perspective; in its long agricultural musings, the images of pantheist empire and the French Union had blurred and fused.

But the Viet Minh could not convert the South. When the French troops and officials embarked from Saigon in 1955–1956, they left their “re-groupment zone” beneath the 17th parallel a political jungle of sects, local warlords, Viet Minh cells, partisan troops, and Saigon politicians, all of them rooted in provincial issues and family feuds. The South did not protest the division of the country which it had not recognized. It gazed inward, passive, torn between a hundred “correct solutions.” But the 17th parallel could not preserve this slow, tropical debate in a vacuum. As a line through space, it did not isolate Cochinchina; rather it joined it with half of Annam (Central Vietnam), thereby exposing the South to the larger political passions of such Central Vietnamese as Ho Chi Minh, Ngo Dinh Diem, and Thich Tri Quang. Before the 300 days of regroupment had ended, nearly a million

Northerners, most of them Catholics, had with American aid come to settle in the South; on the other side of the line waited the former Viet Minh cadres, who, though Southern, had grown away from the South’s spiritualist imagery under Northern instruction. Communist versus anti-Communist, the civil war would begin in language which a large part of the South could not understand.

UNTIL 1955 the Struggle within Vietnam proceeded according to its own logic. Interested only in the relationship between Vietnam and France, the French did not really interfere in domestic politics. By the terms of the Geneva agreement, the French recognized “that the military demarcation line (the 17th parallel) is provisional and should not in any way be interpreted as constituting a political or territorial boundary” and that the political future of Vietnam was to be settled “on the basis of respect for the principles of independence, unity and territorial integrity” in a general election to be held in July, 1956, under the supervision of the International Control Commission. Alone, the United States, which did not sign the agreement, decided to take on the task of maintaining the Southern zone as an autonomous political unit in opposition to the solidly Viet Minh North. By force of its anti-Communist and anti-colonialist policy, the United States introduced itself into the far-from-concluded Struggle for the South. In 1955, political development in Vietnam began its jerky history of circuit through indigenous elements, and short-circuit along the lines of American policy.

In the context of Southern politics the American vision of a popular, non-Communist government looks today, as it did twelve years ago, as improbable as an air-conditioned motel in the middle of a trackless jungle. Quite oblivious to “government” in its Western formulation, the majority of Southerners still hold to their old loyalties to family, sect, and clandestine protective associations. Under the shell of government, lacquered over by the Americans, the war in the Delta and Southern politics in Saigon continue in the same impropriety as they had in the bad old days when the Prime Minister, the Emperor, the police, and the Binh Xuyen



bandits fought for control of the Cholon gambling dens with grenades and submachine guns.

In order to construct a regime that at least in some degree resembled a "non-Communist government," both Ngo Dinh Diem and Nguyen Cao Ky had to sacrifice the other stated American policy objective for a South Vietnamese regime: popularity. For each had to call on the Northern refugees, the one large group of people who understood the basic principles of administration and ideology. Under the cover of the Diem regime the United States first forged its alliance with this isolated elite. A Northerner himself, Premier Ky was no cover. With its Westernizing — or, in the Vietnamese context, Northernizing — project, the United States might well have been chosen by the Viet Minh North to solve its Southern problem.

By far the biggest effort the United States made to support a non-Communist regime in the South consisted of aid and services to the Vietnamese military forces. After the last French troops had left Saigon in 1956 a U.S. Military Assistance Advisory Group, consisting of several hundred American officers, took over responsibility for reorganizing and retraining the former French Union forces. Of the total of \$2 billion in American economic aid to South Vietnam during the period of 1955–1960, approximately three quarters of it paid the military budget, and an additional \$85 million a year went for military equipment. Moreover, the United States provided trips to training camps in the United States and a steadily growing stream of American advisers to educate an entire generation of Vietnamese officers. The Military Assistance Group modeled the ARVN closely on the American Army, presumably with the idea that it would one day have to defend the frontiers of South Vietnam from a massive invasion of Northerners marching in formation. That the regular units could not cope with domestic guerrilla warfare was only the superficial aspect of the real problem, which was that this conventional structure bore no relationship to Vietnamese politics. If from the Western point of view the ARVN seemed to be solid, a group of people with the same uniforms ready to do battle against the Communists, it looked in the Vietnamese context more like a collection of individuals, all of whom happened to be carrying weapons.

Yet the military's role has long been decisive. Protest against the Diem regime in 1963 came first from the Buddhists, from the student groups, and from certain Saigon intellectuals. Divided and powerless, the civilians waited for the military to give the coup de grace. According to Robert Shaplen, the final plot to overthrow Diem, originally planned by a civilian, came close to failure several times as a result of arguments in the top army command. Having executed the coup, the generals

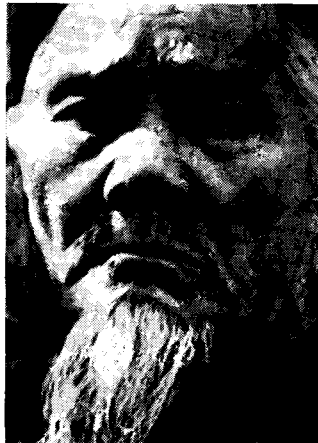
were at a loss for what to do next. They were, says Shaplen, "totally insecure in their individual and collective political orientation, and they lacked any sense of dynamic enterprise, let alone revolutionary fervour." If General Duong Van Minh saw his junta as a stopgap, an interregnum during which the civilians might reorganize political life, General Nguyen Khanh felt that it was his responsibility to create at least a semblance of order before the whole structure of government gave way before the Viet Cong. With the Khanh regime began the real struggle for power, not so much between the army and the civilians, as between various factions of both.

IN A sense the interregnum of coup and counter-coup from 1963 to 1965 was the perfect expression of Saigon, the city most curiously ill suited to its role as capital of a new country and headquarters of a political war. In the twelve years of its autonomy Saigon has never had a strong indigenous political community or economic framework. During the Indochina War the French inched its government over to the Vietnamese, but the Emperor Bao Dai would not live there under the shadow of the High Commissioner. "I do not want to be a figurehead," he protested. Ngo Dinh Diem drew his strength from the outside, from the Americans and the Northern refugees, whom he had settled in a ring around the city; he imposed his rule over the chaos, at least temporarily. When the regime fell, scores of "political tendencies" emerged from the underground. With the exception of the Dai Viet parties and the Southern VNQDD, each consisted of little more than a single individual and his brother-in-law. From the Cao Dai to the NLF, all successful Southern political movements have withdrawn from Saigon to find their mass support in the villages of the interior. None have yet surrounded Saigon and taken it over, for the city has always belonged to the foreigners. In its passivity the South has allowed Saigon to become a cosmopolitan ex-crescence on a land of peasants.

As an economic enterprise, Saigon is a capon. The French and the Chinese built the city, fed it on francs and Delta rice, then let it loose, a tamed creature, still tied to the strings of their international trade. When in 1965 the Ky government severed trade and diplomatic relations with France, the dollar had replaced the franc as insurance for the piaster; the mercantile system continued to operate as usual through the same Chinese merchants under American aegis. The power structure has not changed, though Saigon now feeds on war instead of peace, on the blood of the country rather than its agriculture. As its economy will not

respond to the government, the city develops in anarchy around the centers of foreign power. Unlike Hanoi, Saigon has no industry of any size, and no effective trade unions or other mass organizations to structure its growing labor force. Since the Second World War the population has climbed from a half million to almost three million people; the majority are recent war refugees who have come in from the countryside with a terrible logic to supply the labor demands of the American military construction projects. Living in *bidonvilles* around the city proper, the villagers turn into city masses innocent of government as of the basic designs of an urban society.

Socially and politically, Saigon cannot cohere. As the ancestral bonds dissolve and the clans break down into nuclear families, the city offers no replacement for the traditional community, no new definition of correct behavior.



IT HAS always surprised me," an American official said, "that from the same population base the Viet Cong have been able to mount an organization in almost every respect superior to that of the GVN [government of Vietnam]." With this remark he expressed the common concern of Americans, both military and civilian, in Vietnam. In the United States, by contrast, the debate over the NLF has always turned around the issue of regional origins. The State Department's White Paper of 1965, entitled "Aggression from the North; the Record of North Vietnam's Campaign to Conquer the South," states that "the Liberation Front is Hanoi's creation, it is neither independent nor Southern. . . ." On the contrary Jean Lacouture, Philippe Devillers, George Kahin, and other Vietnam experts have marshaled evidence to show that the NLF originated in the South among Southerners. From a legal and historical point of view the argument looks somewhat fantastic as, according to the Geneva Accords, North and South belong to the same nation. From a political perspective it is largely irrelevant. Culturally, the North "conquered" great parts of the South both before and during the Resistance war. The fact that the Northerners are Communists is not the

only reason why communication of ideas in Vietnam travels from North to South. Whether Northerners or northernized Southerners have been the principal agents of this conversion makes little difference; what matters is the extent to which it has taken place.

Linguistically the two regions of Vietnam have been growing apart for several decades. At least since the 1920s the Vietnamese have been importing Chinese words wholesale to denote such foreign notions as "democracy," "republic," and "commune," as well as a whole range of terms to describe industrial technology and Western cognitive systems. With the breakdown of traditional society the old language began at the same time to loosen and shift. In Vietnamese, intention is so close to description that each political movement interpreted the new terms in accordance with their own vision of society. After the Resistance war the Viet Minh leadership in the North began to develop their language self-consciously in order to surround their society, divorce it from its past, and direct it to new purposes. Though Communist terminology everywhere contains the same project of conversion, it can have only partial success in, for instance, Eastern Europe, where it encounters a culture deriving from the same European sources and strong in its own "eternal" values. In Vietnam as in China the cultural revolution has been fundamental to directed political and social change. Built into the new language of North Vietnam is a degree of "Westernization"; the words for state and citizen imply that the society is the sum of its individuals, and the government a highly centralized secular authority responsible for such things as social welfare and industrialization.

In South Vietnam, by contrast, the Vietnamese language has evolved in a haphazard fashion to reflect the lack of political consensus and the diversities of education. Saigon is the fallen Tower of Babel; there the old spiritualist language of the village mixes with a hundred new languages in a seething flux which has neither coherence nor direction.

The NLF is a legitimate political force in South Vietnam because its language is both coherent and relevant to the current social crisis. Unlike the GVN, the NLF is a regime in the Confucian sense, a total enterprise which offers a single "correct solution." Unlike the old theocratic sects, it offers a solution to modern problems which Vietnam must face if it is to belong to the twentieth-century world. Though it may not be the best solution, particularly from an American point of view, it nonetheless constitutes a method of filling material needs and bringing the villages into the nation and the city. In the GVN such modernizing programs have tended to come from isolated North-

erners or *assimilés* with no direct access to the villages. The greater success of the NLF is due partly to the fact that the cadres are Southerners who have withdrawn from Saigon or who have never lived there. The paradox, of course, is that were there no Northerners in its high command, the NLF would still remain to some extent an agent of the North. As its language is Northern, so its commitment is to Northern Communist society; and in consequence, to a drive toward reunification.

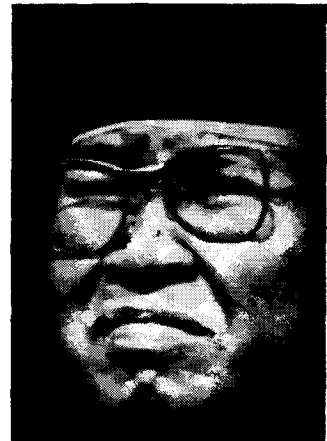
Under different circumstances it is conceivable that the NLF might have modulated itself to Southern society and drawn away from the North. But it is unlikely, for as the South cannot survive by itself, it must choose between the North and the foreigners. In backing the Diem regime, the United States confirmed the NLF's commitment to the North. During the last two or three years, as the war has once again taken its place beside the Struggle, the NLF has come to depend more and more heavily on the North with its regular army, its numbers of trained cadres, and its supply lines to other sympathetic countries. Given its tendency as a nation-state to conduct the war at the expense of the Struggle, the North, with its experience of the Resistance war, is both the strength and the weakness of the Southern movement. While the United States cannot lose the war, it can lose the Struggle, to which it has committed its prestige.

The NLF has had greater success in the South than the Viet Minh before it, in part because of its more sophisticated organizational techniques, but mainly because of the social change that has taken place in the intervening years. Between the two bureaucracies of the GVN and the NLF, there is a certain reciprocity, for one profits by the other's successes as well as its failures to bring the villages into a larger framework. In imitation of the Viet Minh, Ngo Dinh Diem replaced the traditional village notables with executive committees, the chief of which was appointed from Saigon. The NLF began its shift over from a relatively loose political movement into a formalized replacement regime in the summer of 1963 at the same time that the GVN developed its strategic-hamlet program, its first large-scale pacification scheme. But the NLF base in the countryside allowed it to capitalize on Saigon's programs to an extent which the GVN could not in turn imitate. In the years 1958–1960 its terror squads assassinated thousands of government officials in the villages and substituted its own cadres. The villagers did not protest very much, for the GVN officials had been strangers to them; that Saigon could not halt the massacre of its servants demonstrated the limits of its power in a dramatic fashion. Though with the downfall of the Diem regime — and its greatest

propaganda target — the NLF lost large numbers of its halfhearted supporters and allies, the rapid disorganization of the government forces allowed the NLF to take its giant steps across the country. By the winter of 1964–1965 its irregulars were defeating the ARVN battalions and advancing toward the last government defenses in the cities. Shortly afterward, the United States introduced its own troops into Vietnam, changing the emphasis of its policy from political construction to military destruction of the alternate regime.

FROM November of 1963 to the summer of 1965 the GVN hardly existed as a government. As coup succeeded coup and demicoup, Saigon, like a compass beyond a magnetic field, swung between meteorites — General Khanh, the “Young Turk” officers, and the hurriedly assembled civilian cabinets, all of them powerless to control the fierce street riots and the constant high-level plotting. As, with an infusion of Southerners and Buddhists, the civil service grew more “representative,” it split apart into factions which competed within the military hierarchy and the political/religious organizations for influence and a share in the spoils. At the same time, the army lost a number of its older, more respectable generals into exile as the political pointer swung by. Then suddenly the pointer stopped (though no one knew it, of course, at the time). It stopped at a ten-member military junta, which resembled its predecessors in almost every particular except for its figurehead, a young pilot whom the Vietnamese referred to as “that cowboy” and the American journalists called “Captain Midnight.” There were forced smiles at his reception at the American Embassy; the then ambassador, General Maxwell Taylor, knew little more about Air Vice-Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky than that twice during the coup attempts he had threatened to bomb Saigon.

If the formation of a viable non-Communist government in South Vietnam had been the problem, then the solution overwhelmed it. The American troop commitment to Vietnam in the winter of 1964–1965 set up its own field of gravity outside the compass of Saigon. As through 1965 and 1966



the military force increased, so did its influence over the GVN grow heavier and heavier. The needle stopped on its own accord at a point that in relation to the interior circle of political alternatives was absolutely arbitrary. But the Americans did not perceive the connection. They had not chosen the young Air Vice-Marshal; on the contrary, they called him "immature" and "irresponsible" and worried that he did not look like any Vietnamese leader they had ever seen before. They had merely wanted "stability," and they had gotten it. (This distinction between stability and the man who controls it will always puzzle the Vietnamese.) From then on the country, which by that time the Viet Cong had rolled up to the very gates of Saigon, would fall into three concentric circles: the Viet Cong on the outside, the Ky government on the inside, and the American troops in the middle; it made absolutely no difference to the Vietnamese that the Americans faced outward toward the Viet Cong rather than inward toward Saigon. A Directory of ten incompatible generals, ministries full of tangled, struggling civil servants — the former political chaos was caught and preserved within the ice floe of American troops.

It is clear that today the United States has an influence over Vietnamese politics, an influence which contains an element beyond force levels and diplomatic understandings, and which resides in the meeting between two races, two disparate cultures. The roots of anti-Americanism, like those of pro-Americanism in Vietnam, go far deeper than they do in Europe. In the villages, where the natural world moves imperceptibly into the supernatural, the Americans are "white devils," or the inhabitants of a territory between middle earth in Vietnam and the edge of the heavenly void. In the cities, "Westernized" Vietnamese assume that the Americans dictate everything, from the power failures that black out whole districts to the careers of under-under ministers.

To the Vietnamese the Americans, like the French before them, partake to some extent of the supernatural. If Westerners take on the task of educating the traditional society in the mysteries of their superior power, they must also take on the role of Ancestor or enhanced authority figure. As practical and impractical people, the Vietnamese see the Americans and not the GVN as the Regime, in its quasi-metaphysical sense, as the primary political reality.

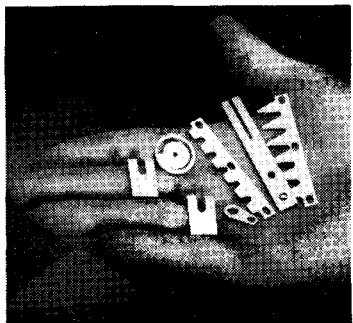
DURING the last Christmas truce Air Vice-Marshal Ky remarked in an offhand manner that he was quite willing to negotiate with Hanoi whenever Hanoi would consent to it. Americans in

Saigon were taken aback at this sudden switch in policy: the General's previous statements about his homeland had been confined to suggestions that the Americans follow up the bombing of Hanoi with a land invasion of North Vietnam. Returning from Australia after the Tet truce, the General consented to clarify his position. "Well," he said, "negotiations are a fashionable subject these days — so I talk about them too." Though the General is no typical Vietnamese politician — his sense of style is that of the dashing French pilots who trained him — his reactions come from far below the foreign language he uses. As during the winter truces Saigon felt that the United States might go to the conference table, Southern politicians began to scurry among their "neutralist" and NLF contacts (to the GVN, a "neutralist" is someone who has French backing). Premier Ky responded to the general loosening not out of "opportunism," but out of obedience to the changed atmosphere of the political macrocosm. He put himself "in fashion" with heaven. When he realized that the United States would not negotiate in the immediate future, he moved quickly to tidy up the political strings that had fallen away from the government position during the period of uncertainty. At the end of February, government-sponsored demonstrators attacked the French consulate shouting anti-Gaullist, anti-neutralist slogans. A day or so later government supporters — most of them Catholic — introduced into the Constituent Assembly a resolution to "oppose strongly" any peace "harmful to the Vietnamese people." The delegates known to favor negotiations with the NLF offered no opposition to this formula, which was understood to be "hard-line." But at the show of GVN force, the opposition went underground — as the Buddhists had after the Danang incident — not to reappear until the omens looked more favorable.

For its own part the United States has had to deny its direct influence over the Vietnamese political process, whose supposed autonomy is both the justification of the U.S. presence in Vietnam and the GVN's claim to legitimacy. "The United States was not involved in the overthrow of the Diem regime. . . . [It] was a purely Vietnamese affair," said Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge just after the coup in November, 1963. He neglected to mention that in the preceding months the United States had withdrawn financial support from the Diem regime, changed its ambassador to Saigon, and made no great effort to quell the rumor that its highest officials thought a "change of personnel" was indicated. In public the American Embassy in Saigon tends to take the same posture as the coy girl in Sartre's description who refuses to acknowledge that her escort has begun to make a pass at her when he takes her hand under the

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table; she transcends her situation by speaking of spiritual matters and leaves her hand as an object, a thing with no relation to herself. In a like manner U.S. officials "transcend" their relationship with the American Army and the American aid program. Their behavior is harmless, a diplomatic white lie, up to the point that they come to believe in it themselves and thus lose control over the objective situation. In the last two years the Johnson Administration, impelled by its desire for progress in "the other war," entered this state of self-deception with respect to the Ky government.

Though Westerners tend to consider military "dictatorships," as a class, monolithic, the Ky government, even after two years of "stability," remained divided and unsure of itself to such a degree that one distinguished Saigon intellectual declared after his election to the Constituent Assembly, "I ran for the Assembly to oppose the



government, and now I find that there is nothing to oppose." Precisely because it is not monolithic, not a total political enterprise such as the Diem regime or the NLF, the GVN lacks the primary qualification for legitimacy, as understood by the Vietnamese. At its inception in the summer of 1965 the new military Directory was a scale model of Saigon itself,

with all its contradictions and all its cliques. From that time on General Ky cautiously proceeded to eliminate some of the more independent-minded and/or undesirable members, and to substitute his own men. Though the government gained in efficiency, it did not gain in political weight. If the Northerners have no local power bastions to defend, neither have they any links to the Southern villages. A superstructure consisting of talented men such as General Nguyen Ngoc Thang, chief of the Revolutionary Development program, and Dr. Nguyen Phuc Que, the Special Commissioner for Refugees, hangs over a political vacuum. Seen in this context, General Ky's notorious remark that South Vietnam needed a leadership like Adolf Hitler's becomes more understandable — and takes on a pathetic quality. Ky's explanation was that he wanted "to infuse in our youth the same fanaticism, the same dedication, the same fighting spirit that Hitler infused into his people." To the horror of his Western audience Ky referred to Hitler because he could not refer to

Ho Chi Minh. What he meant was quite simply that South Vietnam needed an anti-Communist community as powerful as that of the Communists.

Though the United States government did not use direct methods to maintain the Saigon regime, it did behave, perhaps from wishful thinking, as though the Ky government were legitimate, on a par with itself. In February, 1966, President Johnson and Premier Ky, meeting in Honolulu, pledged their common commitment to "the work of social revolution . . . the goal of free self-government . . . the attack on hunger, ignorance and disease." While the American public might have assumed that the Honolulu conference, beyond its exalted language, served as pressure for reform in the GVN, the Vietnamese understood it only as a renewed American commitment to the military regime. The generals, of course, understood their situation just as well as any other Vietnamese; they went to Honolulu (as they went to Guam) to associate themselves with the Americans in their outer sphere above Vietnam. Having done so, they had not the slightest quiver of a doubt about last fall's Constituent Assembly election results. To the Vietnamese all the programs and principles which the GVN advocates are a matter of utter indifference beside the crucial question of the U.S. weight in the political balance. The American claims to uninvolvedness and neutrality in the election for chief of state this fall are totally invalid, for the Vietnamese cannot understand them. If Generals Thieu and Ky manage to lose the election, despite their control over the mass media and the airways, it will be because the Southerners have become convinced that the United States desires a political settlement to the war in the South.

Vietnam has had a government of Northerners because the Northerners understand the United States better than most of their Southern relatives. They understand the Western concept of nationhood and administration just as they understand the importance Americans attach to principles and programs which from a political point of view have no substance. If a program exceeds their interest or ability to carry out, they will merely agree to it enthusiastically and then do nothing about it: land reform and the reconciliation program for high-level Viet Cong defectors have long existed in a state of suspended animation. That many of these Northerners in the GVN are genuinely "principled" men in the Western tradition does not preclude a strong element of manipulation in their dealings with the Americans. Indeed, they must manipulate us in order to survive. A strong Southern political movement, though it be anti-Communist, would threaten their control. Their interest therefore lies in maintaining political incoherence and reducing the chances for a "Southern solution."

That the Viet Cong still remain the strongest single political force is perhaps not entirely an accident. With the United States behind it, the Ky government in 1966 managed to break up one significant new non-Communist movement, the Buddhists, by forcing them into a quasi-anti-American position.

In part because the United States has in the past two years needed to view the GVN as a strong, cohesive unit, many Americans have concluded that political Buddhism implies disorder and a softening before the Viet Cong. But the reverse is true. The essence of the movement is order, the traditional moral order reasserting itself in a time of social dislocation and political splintering. Insofar as geography bears relation to politics, the Buddhist movement is the *cri de coeur* of Central Vietnam against Saigon and its soft, loose Delta. The real leader of the movement, the brilliant and charismatic Venerable Tri Quang, is, like Ngo Dinh Diem, his compatriot from Central Vietnam, a strong nationalist, and a traditionalist with something of the same moral fervor and the same ambivalence toward the West. For him and for the Struggle committees, the real enemy — the disease which had attacked the land — came from that Saigon which was corrupted by Western influence. Though Western journalists were inclined to take it lightly, their puritanism coincided closely with that of the Diemist Catholics and the NLF, the two other political movements of any weight in the South.

In the spring of 1966 the Buddhist Struggle Movement swept over the whole of Central Vietnam, displacing most of the government infrastructure as it went; the Delta, as usual, remained politically inert. The test, of course, was Saigon, and there the demonstrations went on for weeks without meeting any resistance. The Ky junta was too divided to give the order to call out the shock police; had it not been for the Americans, it would in all probability have collapsed. Finally, when the demonstrations boiled over into spurts of violence, the police chief, Colonel Nguyen Ngoc Loan, called out the police on his own authority. The Buddhist Struggle had worn itself out on the inertia of Saigon.

Though it is not at all clear that Thich Tri Quang could have built a regime immune to Viet Cong pressures, his movement was nonetheless the strongest in the non-Communist political spectrum. Today the political strength and direction of the Buddhist movement are to some extent imponderables. As a result of their defeat in Saigon and the military raid on the Danang pagodas, several hundred of the activists are now in jail, while the rest have turned to clandestine activity. Though the Buddhist Unified Church in Saigon is now more divided than ever, Thich Tri Quang, ac-

cording to one report, has taken a definite anti-American stance, and it is likely that he has given up his project of playing the Americans off against the Viet Cong — at least for the moment. Though with the Danang raid General Ky strengthened his own position, he created at the same time a dangerous situation by driving the militant Buddhist and student organizations into the underground shared by the NLF cadres, the French-sponsored "neutralists," and the other disaffected elements in Saigon. From his own point of view he had little choice, for the country, including its armed forces, had split in half. His action was no more to be condemned than any other political action in a country without any legal political process for changing governments. If there is an economic crisis or some other form of disturbance, it is within the realm of possibility that a coalition of such elements will rise to overthrow the government and the American presence.

Left above ground as supporters of the American presence are now only the minority groups, reluctant allies, caught in the frail bureaucratic structure of the government. Unlike the Buddhists, none of them have what a stockbroker might call growth potential. While they remain powerful in certain areas, the Cao Dai and the Hoa Hao have reached

the limits of their strength in the isolated rural communities of the South. The Catholics have their one powerful, tightly organized community in Saigon, yet they are too distinct from the rest of the population, too deeply associated with the foreigners and the Diem regime to gain national acceptance. As for the political parties, they



are, with one exception, small protective societies with no mass support; the exception, the VNQDD, has a popular following in certain parts of Central Vietnam, but its chances of success are just about as great as those of Chiang Kai-shek in Mainland China.

Given the present political circumstances, the United States cannot "nation-build" — that is, assist in the construction of a Southern alternative to the Viet Cong, for it has no materials to work with. "Ky is one single man," say the Southerners, he is neither good nor bad; he is nothing. While the United States can pour into South Vietnam tons of cement, mile upon mile of tin roofing sheets,

and troops upon troops, it cannot so quickly deliver a pattern of "correct behavior." If in the ministries civil servants spend their days putting painstaking signatures to one piece of paper after another, fulfilling the bureaucratic rituals as they once fulfilled the rites of ancestor worship, they persist in their meaningless formalities because they know no other security. If an ARVN battalion prefers to sleep or eat rather than to search out the Viet Cong, it is not because "the soldiers are tired after twenty years of war," as their American advisers patiently explain, it is because they see no reason to fight. If the soldiers steal food from the villagers and the Revolutionary Development cadre teams grow long fingernails as a mark of officialdom, it is because they, unlike the Viet Cong, live for themselves rather than for the larger community. A thousand teachers and a thousand agricultural extension workers can dot i's and plant seed without teaching the villagers a new language or a new relation between themselves and nature, between themselves and the economy of Vietnam.

"Do not be hasty," Paul Mus counsels his American audience, "and do not believe that such a thing as the right to vote is the solution. It is the problem. It is a solution only in the long run." At present the American design for a democratic government tends to look somewhat surreal when placed in a Vietnamese context. When he announced his candidacy in this fall's presidential elections, General Ky declared that he would respond "militarily" if a civilian whose policies he disagreed with won the post. "In any democratic country you have the right to disagree with the views of others," he explained. Though the word "democracy" is well known throughout Vietnam, it has, as the Premier indicated, no precise meaning as abstract principle. In North Vietnam "democracy" means the present relationship between the people and their government. In the South it means the results — direct or indirect — of the elections. "I cannot tell you whether the elections will be good or bad," said one hamlet schoolteacher just previous to the 1966 vote. "If the candidates are good men who will work for the people, then they will be good, for the Assembly will bring peace." In other words, if after several years of "democracy" the war is still going on,



then "democracy" will be a bad system in the eyes of the schoolteacher. In the short run it is the results that are important, and the results are determined by the realities of power.

Though the United States has changed Vietnam, it has done so less through conscious attempts at "nation-building" than tangentially, through the war rather than the Struggle. To date, the war has "generated" (to use the impersonal U.S. military phrase) between two and three million refugees, a total which represents about 15 percent of the population of South Vietnam. When the war is over, there will probably be very little left of the orderly pattern of village society and its mirror in the Confucian heaven. Though to American military commanders the evacuation of villagers has definite military advantages, the proliferation of refugees builds a heavy threat to South Vietnam's political future. When traditional Southern society first began to break down under the French administration, its released energies produced the Hoa Hao and the Cao Dai, social and political organizations which dealt with new needs within new temporal and spatial perspectives. If then the process of social change was gradual and limited, the present war has accelerated and extended it to such a degree that the solutions required are immediate and national. Ripped away from the old authority of the village, and often the religious community, the refugees look for the first time to a government, any government, for protection and sustenance. Though the United States can feed them, it cannot provide them with a new community. In Saigon and around the other American bases prostitution, delinquency, and crime — the signs of political as well as moral and social disorganization — occur more generally than they do elsewhere in the country. That the Saigon government cannot cope with sheer administrative problems of the camps and cities is the confirmation of its political incapacity.

AT THE Guam conference Premier Ky said that he could not under any circumstances consider negotiations with the NLF. In the absence of any American interest in the problem, he did not perhaps make his point quite clearly enough. Though Westerners often tend to regard the Hanoi government and the NLF as members of the same species, to the South Vietnamese the difference between them is the difference between the war and the Struggle. On the basis of concepts of nationhood and diplomacy Ky could negotiate with Hanoi (indeed he would have been glad to, for it would have put him for the first time on a par with Ho Chi Minh), but he could not accept such West-

ern solutions for the domestic Struggle as the inclusion of NLF members in the Cabinet or free elections under international controls.

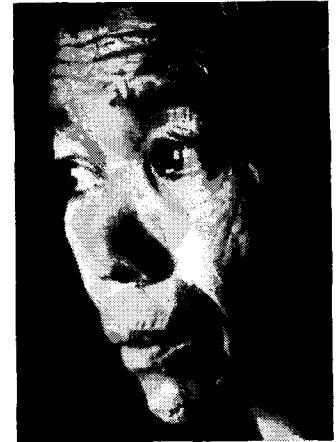
In the Confucian universe, as in the heart of revolutionary Communism, the words "representation" and "compromise" have no meaning within a given community. Except on a tactical, temporary basis, neither the Saigon regime nor the NLF will hold to a contractual agreement, an agreement to disagree. In April, Foreign Minister Tran Van Do said of the possibility of a coalition with the Viet Cong, "We will accept the Viet Cong as individuals but not as a political party or a unit. That's definite. That's clear. We won't accept the Viet Cong as a body." When on his way to Guam, General Thang called the proposal of coalition "suicide . . . a disguise for surrender," he was making a prediction about the balance of forces. Were the GVN a viable political enterprise, his prediction might conceivably have been different; the proposal might have been a disguise for the surrender of the NLF.

Though a regime cannot compromise, it can, rather than surrender, change its pitch to accord with the dictates of heaven — or the dominant political reality. In the business of accommodation the Vietnamese politician is a good deal more versatile than even his American counterpart, for he sees a man as a man and not a bundle of principles to be carried around in all kinds of weather. For the "hard-core" Viet Cong, as for most of the Northerners and the Catholics, such an accommodation may be impossible now, after all these years, but it remains open to most of the South Vietnamese. The question, of course, is Who will have to reconcile themselves to whom after the departure of the American troops? At the moment the answer is clear, and the secret voices of the Assembly have recorded it, as they will record any changes that may take place in the future. Though the Assembly does not represent the political forces in the country, its members, or the majority that are Southern and non-Catholic, as individuals represent all the contested villages of the South. As landlords they may vote against land reform today, but tomorrow, if it is necessary, they will search out their not-so-distant relatives in the NLF with business proposals. As executors of the will of heaven, the Southerners have it within their powers to mediate, and perhaps soften the decisions made in the cold and distant climates of Hanoi and Washington.

If the United States should achieve the "limited objectives" sought by the Johnson Administration of securing the withdrawal of Northern troops from below the 17th parallel, it will once again have to face the problem of South Vietnam.³ Today the

South is still a questionable political unit. Since the Geneva conference in 1954 it has been united under a single administration for only the three years 1955–1958; both before and since, its territories have been parceled out among factions whose political views are so diverse that they have not been able to achieve consensus on the terms of the debate between Communism and anti-Communism. Today a government in South Vietnam, held in place by the U.S.

military presence, presides over a muted struggle between anti-Communist elements, which retain practically autonomous enclaves in the countryside. The Southerners have never been able to manage the central administration with any success; a short tour through Saigon reveals to what extent the United States has become its parallel



government. If the South Vietnamese had ever been able to contain their society within a nation-state, the U.S. military activity has compounded the inherent difficulties.

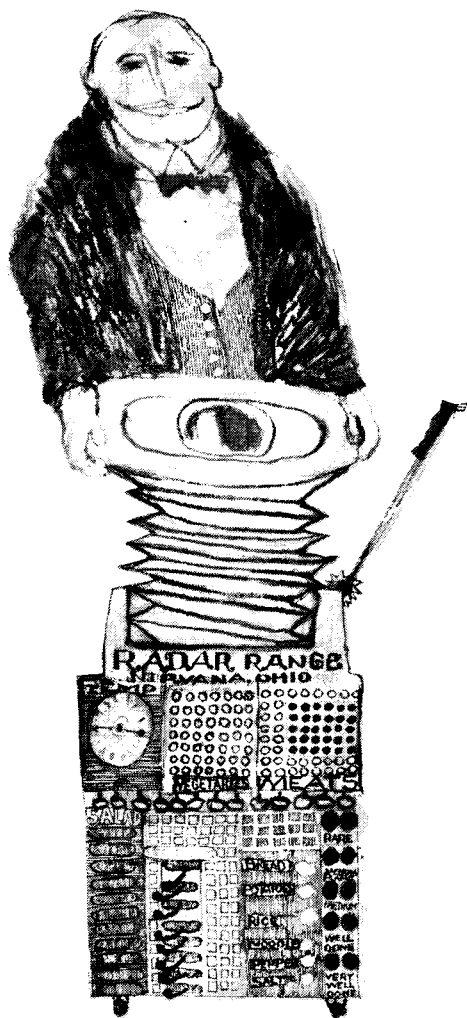
The intractable problem for the United States is not the war but the peace — or the continuation of the struggle in a vacuum of foreign military power. Short of destroying the Northern regime entirely, the U.S. military cannot extirpate Communist influence from South Vietnam; the obstacle is not so much the Northerners in the South as the Southerners who have defected to the cause of the North. In the absence of a coherent, nationalist regime in Saigon, pacification operates by force alone and not by conversion. Though regimes may change before the departure of American troops, they will in the event of their departure have to face the probability of a deep xenophobic reaction throughout the country which will allow the NLF, like the Viet Minh before it, to lay claim to the title of the only true nationalists.

³ Neither President Johnson nor Secretary of State Dean Rusk has clarified the terms of these "limited objectives." The conditions for a bombing halt in North Vietnam and for negotiations seem to range from a demand that the North "stop sending troops into South Vietnam" (Johnson) to a demand that the North "stop doing what it is doing" (Rusk). As the Administration has always considered that the NLF is controlled by Hanoi (see the White Paper of 1960), the latter interpretation might mean a unilateral cessation of hostilities by the Viet Cong. In a guerrilla war the difficulties of disengagement are such that a cessation would be difficult to achieve even after an unconditional surrender by the central committee of the NLF.

accent

"My Compliments to the Chef . . ."

by Charles W. Morton



"My compliments to the chef . . ."

The phrase never did have much currency in this country, where the customer is usually more impressed by the waiters than the food. The chef was simply the kitchen employee who executed the order given him by the waiter and hence of little or no standing in the transaction. Besides, the ordinary restaurant meal would make sending compliments to the chef seem to verge on the lunatic, and even more important, there would be no chef in the kitchen anyhow to receive these well-intended, albeit somewhat pompous, words.

Kitchen work today is often quite chefless: a young man presses the control buttons of a radar range, from which various prefrozen entrées are removed, piping hot, and borne away by the waiters. It takes only a minute or two in the range, so that the waiters get high marks for wonderfully prompt service, even though everything is "cooked to order." These latter words are perhaps fairly truthful, since obviously nothing would go into the radar range except what had been ordered by the customer. The chef — if that is the right name for the functionary running the assembly plant far away from the restaurant and its customers — is out in Nirvana, Ohio, in charge of a prefabricating crew that puts together the radar-range dinners. He is in effect an administrative person, working according to the book and causing so many ounces of meat to be covered with a prescribed amount of sauce (gravy) and combined with (a) potatoes or (b) noodles or (c) rice, in automatically measured quantities.

All the ingredients of the radar-range meal are supplied in the first instance by subcontractors. Because the wage scale diminishes as the number of employees increases, most of the people actually doing the work are engaged in such primary operations as preparing the raw materials for the chef. Anyone who has ever seen the carrots and potatoes being tossed around in a machine and given the equivalent of scraping or peeling while being washed at the same time will know that even this phase of prefabrication is largely a machine operation. So, if one of the production line workers happens to nod, and some resulting rubbery embarrassment turns up in the Riz

de Veau Financière, the point at which the complaint should be lodged in this far-flung operation can be hard to find. There is certainly no Cordon Bleu in the restaurant to ponder the lapse as he puts together a Gâteau St. Honoré while his wife is inscribing the next day's purple-ink menu and the daughters are at work on the asparagus. The cake now comes from St. Honoré Products, Incorporated, a division of Amalgamated Pastries; the asparagus is preprepared, from Freezrite; and the purple-ink menus are supplied by a job printer to all members of the Radar-Range Haute Cuisine Association. (They all get the same menus since they all serve the same meals. "Sorry, Mossos, but the *bifteck* is out.")

If there is no longer much sense in offering compliments to the chef, it may become equally futile to offer complaints to the dealer. The "warranty" on certain elements of a new automobile has already caused prickly relationships between manufacturers, dealers, and customers because of the delays in reimbursing dealers for replacement parts and, more grievously, the complexity of determining who will pay and how much for the labor involved. As one who has just paid \$61 for a short afternoon's "labor" on an old car, I doubt that even the Big Three can stand the fiscal wear and tear implicit in this item. Dealers, meanwhile, are reported to be prudently increasing the price of the new car or paring down the trade-in offer in search of protection against warranty outlays.

Among all the new specialists and subcontractors who stand between producer and consumer, the fanciest are the people who have taken over the installation and repair of air conditioners. They are strictly on their own, responsible to neither the dealer, the manufacturer, nor indeed anyone else. The customer is serene in the "warranty" covering his unit for a year or more, sometimes as long as five. Parts will be replaced without charge, and all he will have to pay is "labor."

But instead of supplying a new part, the "service" agency repairs the old one, and the only charge is for "labor" — not covered by the warranty. The representative of the manufacturer, if he can be found, expresses amazement at the high cost of the "labor." The serviceman

in turn is skeptical of the warranty. "It really don't amount to anything," says he.

Compliments might go to him for his candor, but somewhat as in the case of the prefabricated output of the radar range, the grounds for throwing bouquets to any point at all in the air-conditioning chain of command seem to me fairly resistible.

Escalating the Lease-on-Life

by Weare Holbrook

Author of many light pieces, Weare Holbrook was the creator of the comic supplement feature "Clarence" for the New York HERALD TRIBUNE syndicate.

The drawback to living on borrowed time is the feeling that the loan has to be paid back with interest. I speak from experience, having turned seventy with something less than a cartwheel. And it wasn't at all what I expected.

In my hometown sixty years ago, we didn't pay much attention to the old men. There weren't very many of them, and their behavior was predictable. In good weather they sat around on the steps and ledges of the storefronts. In bad weather they moved into the back rooms of the drugstore and the hardware store. Nobody went to Florida for the winter.

The old men didn't seem to do much except sit a lot, talk a little, and spit now and then. If there were chores at home to be done, they did them as expeditiously as possible and without enthusiasm. They were unconscious of the therapeutic virtues of exercise. Walking for the sake of walking would have been considered ridiculous.

Although there was no social security or Medicare to relieve them of financial responsibilities, the G.A.R. was a political power, and the veterans of the Civil War and Spanish-American War had their pensions. But the term "senior citizen" had not yet been coined, and a man's sixty-fifth birthday did not automatically unveil a vista of unlimited leisure.

The Eskimos, according to a legend which I never quite believed, used to haul their old folks out on the ice and abandon them when they had outlived their usefulness. Freezing to death seems an

uncomfortable way to end one's days; but it also seems rather peaceful compared with some of the programs of activity now forced on our senior citizens.

In the South and the Far West there are entire cities populated by so-called retired people, who live in rows of bungalows of uniform design. But except for the fact that they no longer earn wages or salaries, are they really retired? No. They are under the supervision of bouncy young characters like cruise directors who see to it that there is something going on every waking hour to keep their aging minds and muscles busy. Against a background of Bingo and B movies, group therapy flourishes in the form of classes in woodworking, rug weaving, ceramics, flower arranging, and pyrography.

Though I am not an inmate of any of these beehives, laughingly known as "leisure villages," well-meaning friends and relatives have repeatedly urged me to take up various hobbies. It started way back when I was in my sixties. One of these well-meanies, apparently just to make conversation, would ask, "Well, what have you been doing lately?" And when I would reply, "Oh, nothing much," the well-meanie would say, "Listen, why don't you take up . . ."

During the past couple of years at

least half a dozen time-killing occupations have been recommended to me on the assumption that without them I might go nuts from utter boredom. Every spring Cousin Edgar invites me to go fishing. I tell him that I have already been fishing. I went fishing before he was born, and discovered that the unpleasantness of putting a worm on a hook is only equaled by the unpleasantness of taking a fish off a hook.

Inspired by Winston Churchill and Grandma Moses, several do-gooders have suggested that I devote my few remaining years to painting. Even my doctor recommends it. "It's a great tranquilizer," he asserts owlishly. "Whenever I can get a day off I go out in the woods, set up my easel, and just relax among my tubes and brushes." (He is not alone in his avocation, either. Every so often in New York there is a large exhibition of painting and sculpture created entirely by members of the medical profession. Like the cigarette manufacturers who have seen the handwriting on the Wall Street ticker, I am all for diversification; however, I hope the day never dawns when abstract artists decide to be Sunday surgeons.)

When it became evident that the arts were not for me, strenuous efforts were made to interest me in the crafts, such as basket weaving,

Seeing You Off

by Helen S. Chasin

Good-byes precipitate in the stale air like a threat of rain: perpetual terminal weather.

Making headway, rushing against

our will, we pass the long cars, dodging puddles and baggage carts, sidestepping flocks of pigeons and nuns — dark ladies

of the railways — to lounge in the leftover atmosphere of leavetaking. The train stands like a fixture: in its shadow we make a conversation, hammering on small pieces.

Amid comings and goings, caught in this re-enactment, we try to avoid a scene. Too late. Being here we are in it: a station, a departure, another loss continuing a history of losses. *Again, again.* Never repaid with any return. Obedient we want for the signal.

In our nervous to-and-fro we circle for time, mentioning other travels, tracking periodic pain like a reassurance. *Aboard!* At last the last-minute scramble, mumbled *take care*, platform jumbling with sudden moves, a kind of arrival. The train gains ground. I fall back into the good behavior of those left behind.

birdhouse building, and rug hooking. It was simply more occupational therapy — and though all ten thumbs were in it, the heart was not.

Nevertheless, my conscience tells me that I ought to be doing something constructive with what little future is left, and I haven't forgotten what my grandfather said to me some sixty years ago. "Sonny," he said, "if you learn just one new fact every day, and *remember* it, by the time you reach the age of three score and ten, you'll be the best-informed man in the neighborhood and people will go blocks out of their way to avoid meeting you."

Well, here I am at three score and ten with a bevy of sociable neighbors, a mind like a sieve, and the attention span of a canary. So in a heroic effort to make up for over half a century of misspent youth and middle age, I am embarking on a crash program of adult education — namely, to read the encyclopedia from beginning to end. There are twenty-four volumes, and at the rate of a volume a month I can run the gamut of the world's wisdom in a couple of years.

In fact, I am already well into the first volume, entitled "A-Ara." Unlike the dictionary, it does not start off with our old friend the Aardvark, but with Aa, which seems to be the name of a number of small rivers in Europe. The Aardvark is there, all right, just a few pages farther on, but practically treading on the "long, tapering, naked tail" of this "burrowing, nocturnal, insect-eating mammal" is a Danish poet named Carl Ludvig Emil Aarestrup, of whom you have probably never heard because he was "little regarded during his lifetime (1800–1856) although since the publication of his collected poems with a critical essay by Georg Brandes he has been deemed one of the first lyrists of Denmark."

And I'll bet you don't know that a religious sect known as the Abecedarians, despite their alphabetical title, "believed that it was best not to learn how to read, since the Holy Spirit would convey knowledge of the Scriptures directly to the understanding and, as education might be a hindrance to salvation, they encouraged pupils to leave the schools and learn trades."

It must be admitted that there are moments when, drowsing over the encyclopedia in the small hours of

the afternoon, I feel that the Abecedarians had the right idea, and that it might be better to stop reading and take up some simple manual pursuit. Making hammered copper ashtrays, for instance, would keep me awake, and alertness is supposed to be one of the primary qualifications of senior citizenship.

Elderly alertness can be overdone, however. Only the other day a young lady named Barbara informed me that her great-aunt, at the age of eighty-three, was about to have an appendectomy. "And she wants a local anesthetic so she can watch everything that's going on," added Barbara indignantly. "The old busybody!"

Moderation in all things, I say. Therefore, it is quite possible that having become the world's greatest, or at least oldest, authority on everything beginning with the letter A, I may decline to read the rest of the encyclopedia. And why not? These are my declining years.

Who is "Doris Grumbach"? by "Michael Janeway"

"*Michael Janeway*" is in reality Michael Janeway, of the ATLANTIC's editorial staff.



An enterprising writer who uses the name Doris Grumbach has brought forth a manual for getting to know the real faces behind the names in Mary McCarthy's fiction,* and consequently, novelists, critics, and readers alike must be on notice that the *roman* no longer has feet of *clef*. For Mary McCarthy is not the only novelist who writes about "real" people. Soon, millions of fans of the late Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*, for example, will know at last what only a privileged few in

**The Company She Kept*, Coward-McCann, New York, 1967, \$6.00

Atlanta and New York have suspected for thirty years: that Rhett Butler is a historical interpretation of the vintage stage personality Otis Skinner, whom Miss Mitchell is said to have admired deeply, though only from a distance; and that the heroine, Scarlett O'Hara, was in fact a thinly disguised portrait of another gallant lady with relatives on the losing side of a great war, Frieda von Richtofen Lawrence, wife of the British novelist, sister of the German pilot. The relationship between Miss Mitchell and Mrs. Lawrence has long been of compelling interest not only to coincidence buffs but to others as well.

Similarly, only the cognoscenti know that James Malloy, the rough, hard-drinking, womanizing, ironic narrator of several of John O'Hara's early novels is not the author's self-portrait at all, or, as is alternately supposed, a characterization of such "tough-guy-with-a-heart-of-gold" literary figures of the thirties as Charles MacArthur, Dorothy Parker, or Van Wyck Brooks, but rather novelist Theodore Dreiser, whose gritty "secret side" O'Hara may well have been one of the few people to come to know. Hemingway's *For Whom the Bell Tolls* has suffered a similar fate because of the hypocritical conspiracy of silence, which Miss Grumbach has now brought tumbling down. Robert Jordan, the book's hero, has been variously thought to be H. G. Wells, Randolph Churchill, Ernie Pyle, Edmund Wilson, Ernest Hemingway, Clifton Fadiman, and Marlene Dietrich. The guesswork will stop when Hemingway's heirs confirm what is common knowledge — that "Robert Jordan" is really Hemingway's loving characterization of his contemporary and sometime mentor, who also began his career as a newspaperman, Arthur Krock.

There are, of course, more brazen authors, less interested in recording the ambience and ethos of their time than in exploiting today's headlines for tomorrow's royalties by means of fictionalized accounts of real events. But books by Irving Wallace, Allen Drury, Jacqueline Susann, Harold Robbins, and Robert Kennedy are here today and gone tomorrow, just like the headlines. Those who have had to bear the pain of being "revealed" in their books — Lana Turner, Howard Hughes, Jimmy Hoffa, and so on —

have almost always found tomorrow to be a brighter day.

The works which rank as serious literature, but because of pre-Grumbachian pussyfooting have left as their legacy only hazy and inaccurate identifications of public faces with fictional ones, are really our concern here. Thorough consideration of the pros and cons of the public's right to know whom it is reading about must bring one to the conclusion that full disclosure is the American way. That cause will surely be aided, if only indirectly, by President Johnson, who understandably wants to eradicate the ridiculous but prevalent notion that he is the model for Barbara Garson's *MacBird*, and that the First Lady is in fact Lady MacBird. The White House, and in the long run, the nation as a whole will be happier places when facts are brought to light concerning the actual nature of Mrs. Garson's relationships with her fellow Californians Henry Miller and Shirley Temple. Meanwhile, the speculation implicit between the lines of a recent *Partisan Review* symposium that "Doris Grumbach" is really Nat Hentoff, Sheila Graham, J. Kenneth Galbraith, Iris Murdoch, or Miss McCarthy herself will stand as an archtypical example of the way Victorian furtiveness drags our best writing out of the free marketplace of ideas and down to the depths of gossip.

He, She, It

by John Gould

A well-known author, John Gould was editor of the Lisbon Falls, Maine, newspaper.

Every student of German, particularly if either a man or a woman, will want to ponder the latest refinement in the language — the Ministry of the Interior of the Federal government at Bonn has issued a regulation that unmarried women who reach the age of thirty shall henceforth be addressed as "*Frau*."

Every student of German knows that there has been some dalliance with this word, which is usually translated as "Mrs.," for unmarried German women who reach whatever age they themselves deem the proper moment for despair may, if they choose, cease to be *Fräuleins* and become *Fraus*. The option is now removed.

Every student of German frequently wonders how come the lovelier sex ever got bogged down with a word like *Frau* anyway, and must occasionally wonder why a bachelor girl who can go on and on with a fairly fitting word like *Fräulein* would want to make the shift. "Call me *Frau*" is not so pretty. But every student of German knows that the female in that language gets a rough deal from birth and that the handling of gender makes doubts not only about syntax but about the whole national outlook.

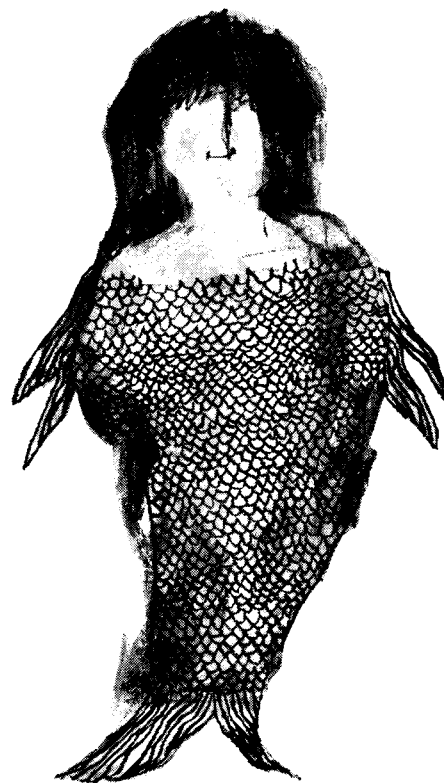
The word for little girl in German is *Mädchen*. A little girl ought to be called a she, but it is *das Mädchen* — neuter. Later, when the word *Fräulein* applies — it corresponds to Miss — the sensitivities of any other language would rally and respond and the young lady would receive polite, and perhaps amorous, reference in the feminine. But no — *Fräulein* also is *das*, neuter. A language which calls its girls "it," every student will agree, can be expected to waver on the nuances of Miss and Mrs. It certainly does.

German has a most interesting word for a teen-age girl. It is *Backfisch*. Remember how when you went to the brook and caught a trout that was too small to keep you threw him/her back? Well, a German girl who gangles betwixt *Mädchen* and *Fräulein* is called a *Backfisch*. The word is used in good humor and is not derogatory. But it is construed in the masculine — a *Backfisch* is a he. In short, not until she becomes a *Frau* does a German woman attain full feminine gender — which must be the only way to explain why an unmarried woman finally despairing of a husband decides to quit being an it and call herself *Frau*, anyway.

Socially, this creates occasional confusion. You meet a good-looking woman called, say, Frau Denkenmeister, and to make small talk you inquire for her husband. She says she has no husband. This leaves you an awkward alternative — is she divorced or widowed? Divorce is gayer than bereavement, so you chance it, and you say, "Divorced?" She says no. So you say, "Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know; my condolences." And she says, "But you don't understand; I never married."

Anybody who is not too much of a student of German naturally says, or thinks, the next logical re-

mark: "Then how come *Frau*?" We don't have this problem in English; neither do the French. *Demoiselle*, even when it means "a hot water bottle," is forever feminine. And if a ninety-eight-year-old old maid answers the door and a salesman says, "Good morning,



Madam," the generalization quickly dissolves and she becomes specifically "Miss." Marriage, and marriage alone, is our factor.

The edict by the Department of the Interior assaults the traditional leeway allowed a woman in respect to age. There is now no wavering limbo in which she can play around. It is twenty-nine plus and thirty-one minus — as definite as the Rubicon, or 32°F. How a woman in any other language would accept this governmental definition teases the imagination, but in Germany it certainly gives the man every right to ask any woman how old she is. If she's unmarried, and over thirty, he *must* address her as *Frau*, and how else would he know?

And every student of German will observe that "old maid" cannot now be translated into that tongue. This spares the student forever the perennial, nagging doubts about whether an old maid is a him or an it. Up to thirty we still have to think, but after that every German lady is now officially a she. Is not this a good thing to know?

places

Norman Island

by C. Northcote Parkinson



The Channel Islands lie off the French coast, visible from the Cherbourg peninsula, but their allegiance is to Queen Elizabeth II (as Duke of Normandy). They can be reached by sea from Weymouth but with more obvious convenience by air from London. A Viscount turbo-prop takes about fifty minutes to bring you to Guernsey, to a different country, and to what is in some ways a different world. Close at hand is the island of Sark, ruled by its Dame and her feudal court. Nearer still is the island of Herm, itself a sort of monarchy, and Lihou, site of an ancient priory and of a modern youth movement.

Last year the island of Guernsey celebrated the nine hundredth anniversary of its association with the English Crown. The main event in this festival was the revival of a prehistoric custom last observed in 1837: the Chevauchée de St. Michel, a procession on horseback around the island, with observances which might originally have been anything from fertility rites to human sacrifice. A traditional and popular feature of this ceremony is the privilege of the young men on foot (the pions) to kiss every girl they meet. The revival of 1966 in the costume of 1813, with Olivia de Havilland representing an ancestress, was a tremendous success and may serve to remind us that Guernsey is far more than a mere seaside resort. It is a place of very definite character, Norman in origin and dialect, feudal in many of its older customs, wildly picturesque along its coastline, and gaining further interest from the other islands within sight of St. Peter Port. But Guernsey is a place for the intelligent and discerning. It offers little to the lover of mass-produced entertainment, standardized night life, and mechanized gambling. Its summer visitors include honeymoon couples, families with young children, skin divers, campers, and yachtsmen. All these are harmless enough, but an American visitor might well prefer the spring or fall when the island is more itself.

Where but in Guernsey would the hereditary seigneurs have to attend the Chief Pleas of the Royal Court? Where else would one of them owe the sovereign a pair of gilt spurs? Where else would a seigneur have the right to shoot rabbits (but only with arrows) over someone else's land? Guernsey is a

place of great fascination, but it must always escape the notice of the fast-moving tourist who wants to see Europe in a week. It reveals itself slowly, and then only to travelers with a taste for the traditional, the arbitrary, and the odd. To spend less than a week in Guernsey would normally be thought absurd, so that those in a hurry had best go somewhere else.

If Guernsey cannot be explored in haste, neither is it a place to be visited on impulse. A holiday there must be planned in advance, for both aircraft and hotels tend to be booked for months ahead, especially in the tourist season. For a transatlantic visitor wanting a double room with bath and telephone, the possible hotels number, perhaps, four, and all quite small by Hilton standards. Lesser hotels and guest-houses are numerous, respectable, clean, and (in dollars) absurdly cheap, with nontaxable drinks cheaper still. They do not, however, offer all the world traveler might expect. The bathroom will be along the corridor, the toilet (possibly) on the floor below, any iced water in the tap will be purely accidental, and the stairs, not the elevator, will be the means of ascent. Should you arrive unheralded, the States Information Bureau on the quayside will find accommodation for you, but what they find will not be the best rooms in the best hotel.

A number of the restaurants are excellent, and several overlook the picturesque harbor of St. Peter Port. Lobster straight out of the sea can be had, and these establishments are particularly attractive to yachtsmen coming ashore after a week on baked beans. Again, you need to book your table by telephone. From a sailing point of view, incidentally, Guernsey is no place for the novice. With a thirty-foot tidal range and a seven-knot current between jagged rocks, these waters require such seamanship as is found only among retired lieutenant colonels of the Indian Army.

The traveler on a ten-day visit may think it worthwhile to hire a small automobile for a week. Exploring the island, he will notice that there is a local tendency — widespread but not invariable — to keep to the left, a fashion he will do well to imitate. Thus avoiding mishap, he will nevertheless, after half an hour, find himself completely

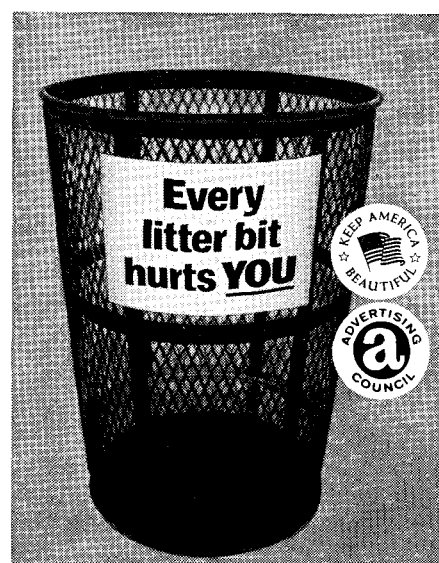
entangled in a spider's web of minor roads, well surfaced but with few signposts. To be hopelessly lost within an area of about eight miles by six is hardly possible, but to stray is easy, and usually rewarding. Allow one carless day for a voyage to Sark, where cars are forbidden and where you have a choice between horse-drawn carriage and bicycle. The island is very lovely, and the voyage there gives a general impression of the islands as a group. Allow another carless day for a visit to Herm, reached more quickly by launch and well worth seeing. A third carless day might well be spent in St. Peter Port, visiting the town church, Castle Cornet, and the home of Victor Hugo. The whole history of the island is reflected in the monuments which adorn the town church and which name the families of consequence. Castle Cornet reminds us of a military history which stretches from the Middle Ages to the German occupation. As for Victor Hugo, who wrote some of his most famous books in Guernsey — and one of them, *Toilers of the Sea*, about Guernsey — he left behind an oddly characteristic home, complete with a bedroom still ready for Garibaldi, who has not (so far) appeared. Victor Hugo worked and had his bedroom on the top floor, whence he had a view of the France from which he was an exile. Down the street lived his official mistress, the wretched woman who had to correct his proofs. He slept neither with her nor with his wife (whose bed, possibly, was on the first floor) but with young maidservants seconded to the attic on temporary attachment. It is doubtful whether Victor Hugo ever understood Guernsey, which is the more regrettable in that no subsequent author has understood it any better.

The cultivation of tomatoes is Guernsey's chief industry, tourism taking second place. Scenically, the tomato has done no good at all, bringing with it unsightly areas of greenhouse. Visually preferable are the Guernsey cattle, a breed now losing popularity in the calorie-conscious U.S.A. There used to be sheep on the island, and a knitting industry still exists, producing not the jersey — which is exported, we understand, from an adjacent island of that name — but the Guernsey, which is superior in being relatively waterproof. It is a fisherman's gar-

ment worn by residents all winter and by real Guernseymen all year round. No visitor should leave without one for each member of his family; they are virtually unobtainable elsewhere.

Incidentally, one must visit the market, where the Norman dialect can still be heard, and Saumarez Park, where a folk museum is being formed around the Guernsey Kitchen. If one's stay should coincide with an agricultural show (the Royal, the South, the West, or the North) it would be worth attending if only for an hour or two, partly to watch the horse events and partly to see the flowers.

What are Guernsey's drawbacks? Well, first of all, a car there is useful, but one must be prepared to park it and walk, often over rough paths, to points from which the coastal scenery can be properly seen. St. Peter Port itself has narrow lanes and flights of steps, much of the town being inaccessible to the car-borne. Second, the island offers more friendliness than luxury, more courtesy than competence. Service in shops can be maddeningly slow, not because of negligence, but because everyone has to pass the time of day. In so small a community (45,000) people are not just customers or employees; they are individuals, and have to be treated as such. A visitor should avoid imposing his executive schedule upon them, but adopt their tempo as his own: it will be good for the ulcers. Above all, the visitor must not try to cover the Channel Islands in a week. Jersey, to begin with, is a different world, of which the true Guernseyman has merely heard tell; all very fine, no doubt, if one likes that kind of thing. Alderney is remote; again, with its own appeal for persons of a certain type. Its attractions, which include a railway with a locomotive called Molly, are not to be appreciated in a few hours or even days. As for France, it is best explored properly or not at all. Looking at the map, one might easily decide to vary Channel insular sight-seeing with a pilgrimage to Mont St. Michel, a weekend in Paris, or some mild gambling at Dinard. Forget it! The local system of communications does not work like that. From Alderney the French coast is some nine miles distant, close enough to distinguish, through binoculars, the headlights



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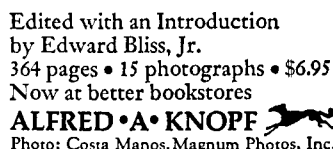
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music

Record Reviews

by Herbert Kupferberg



Hallelujah, Baby!

With Leslie Uggams, Lillian Hayman, Robert Hooks, Allen Case, and others; Columbia KOS-3090 (stereo) and KOL-6690

The recording of *Hallelujah, Baby!* is able to concentrate upon the two most admirable elements of the new Broadway show — the lively, bouncy score of Jule Styne and the stylish singing of Leslie Uggams. The show itself covers a period of sixty years, which enables Mr. Styne to put to good use a number of musical styles, mostly relating to the rise of a spirited young Negro nightclub singer. Miss Uggams brings flair and feeling to everything she sings, and Robert Hooks puts bite as well as humor into "The Slice," a whimsical musical account of how he was fleeced of his crap-game winnings by an avaricious white cop. *Hallelujah, Baby!* tends to diminish in originality as it goes along, but its pulse and peppiness never slacken.

Prokofiev: Violin Concerto No. 2 in G Minor

Sibelius: Violin Concerto in D Minor
Itzhak Perlman, violinist, with Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Erich Leinsdorf; RCA Victor LSC-2962 (stereo) and LM-2962

Itzhak Perlman, a twenty-one-year-old Israeli currently resident in the United States, makes his recording debut with this release, and confirms the impression left by his solo recital appearances — that he

is a young violinist touched with genius. Both the Prokofiev and Sibelius concertos require lyrical intensity as well as technical aplomb, and Perlman demonstrates that he possesses both in good measure. The slow movement of the Prokofiev, in particular, fairly glows with musical beauty, Perlman's rhapsodic tones finding a perfect counterpart in the strings and winds of the Boston Symphony.

Pete Seeger — Freight Train

Pete Seeger, folk singer, self-accompanied on banjo and guitar; Capitol DT-2718 (stereo) and T-2718

These songs have been out before — "Freight Train," "Coyote," "Careless Love," "Red River Valley," "John Henry," and others. But they're worth hearing anew in this reissue, with Seeger's clean vocalism and warm feeling — not to mention his virtuoso accompaniments — making even old chestnuts seem fresh and shiny. This is what folk singing was like before it began to be rocked and rolled, and there's a measure of nostalgia to add to the other pleasures in hearing old songs well sung.

Selections From the Marquis de Sade

Read by Patrick Magee; Caedmon TC-1214 (monaural)

This is a painless de Sade, if that's not a contradiction in terms. Patrick Magee saves one the trouble of reading the original by setting forth excerpts from *Justine* and *The Mystified Magistrate*, with due attention to both philosophical and sexual sides of the Marquis. Most of the time Mr. Magee reads clearly as well as vividly, but an excess of staginess makes some of the juicier moments in *Justine* rather difficult to understand. Perhaps the liveliest passage on the record is a snippy letter from prison which de Sade wrote to his wife. He evidently had his domestic problems like the rest of us, and with more cause.

Those Wonderful Girls of Stage, Screen, and Radio (Original Recordings of the 30s)

Ruth Etting, the Boswell Sisters, Helen Morgan, Lee Wiley, Marlene Dietrich, Grace Moore, Ethel Merman, Mary Martin, and others; Epic BSN-159 (electronically reprocessed stereo) and SN-6059: two records

This is a nostalgia-drenched reissue of the songstresses — as they used to

be called — of the 1930s. Several of the prize numbers are heard right at the outset, with Ruth Etting singing a bouncy "Exactly Like You," the Boswell Sisters ripping breezily through "There'll Be Some Changes Made," and Helen Morgan offering her distinctive "Can't Help Lovin' That Man." Other standouts, more or less predictable, are Dietrich, Grace Moore, and Ella Logan. Incidentally, listening time on each side amounts to only fifteen or twenty minutes — rather a scanty allotment, isn't it, girls?

Saint-Saëns: Carnival of the Animals Poulenc: The Model Animals

Georges Prêtre conducting Paris Conservatoire Orchestra, with Aldo Ciccolini and Alexis Weissenberg, pianists; Angel S-36421 (stereo) and 36421

Saint-Saëns's animal zoo still is a refreshing musical experience, piquant enough to entertain a musical sophisticate or divert a young child for half an hour. It is set forth with gusto and finesse, and the stereo is used to provide some extra touches, such as the side-to-side braying of the donkeys (or are they music critics?) in the section labeled "Persons With Long Ears." Poulenc's *The Model Animals* is a different sort of animal piece, being a ballet suite based on the fables of La Fontaine. It is earnest and well-made music, but not nearly as much fun as Saint-Saëns's brisk and breezy little masterpiece.

Great Short Stories, Volume I

Read by Claire Bloom, Edward Woodward, Hal Holbrook, and Cyril Cusack; Caedmon TC-1210 (monaural)

The four stories included in this well-varied, well-read collection are Saki's "The Open Window," Maugham's "The Luncheon," Saroyan's "The Fifty Yard Dash," and O'Flaherty's "The Sniper." Each is a tale worth telling — the Saki for its unexpected final twist, the Saroyan for its youthful gusto, the O'Flaherty for its grim picture of civil warfare. Most memorable of all is Maugham's "The Luncheon," a delectable picture of an impoverished young man forced by circumstances to entertain a gluttonous female at a deluxe and frightfully expensive Paris restaurant. Among its other attractive qualities, it is one of the most savory stories ever written about food, and Mr. Woodward relishes every word of it in the reading.

books

The Peripatetic Reviewer
by Edward Weeks



Edward R. Murrow was America's ablest reporter and most trusted broadcaster in the years of crisis 1938–1961. He was too occupied, and toward the end, too ill, to think of an autobiography; probably the nearest thing to it is the selection of his broadcasts (he made more than five thousand of them) and the best of his rare and terse speeches, edited by his friend Edward Bliss, Jr., under the title *IN SEARCH OF LIGHT* (Knopf, \$6.95). For anyone over forty this book holds the living tissue of our time; in it we see the principles and objectivity with which the man worked, and the judgments, forthright or inferred, with which he swayed opinion; in it we have the chance to evaluate the quality of the man and of his style.

I have never known anyone who was so affectionately regarded by other journalists: we loved him for his courage, which he disguised; for his candor, which could be hot; and for his honor, which he wore lightly but which was always there. I came closest to him in the summer of 1943 in England when perhaps because of my Boston manner rather than the difference in our years he called me "Uncle Ted." I was one of a group of American editors observing the British war effort, and we were the wiser for listening to Ed at those midnight suppers in a cellar restaurant. His dark, somber visage would light up as he talked, and he loved a joke on himself.

He had been skeptical of the English when, fresh from college, he first visited Britain in 1930. Sixteen years later by way of apology he confided his first impressions to the listeners of BBC: "Your country was a sort of museum piece," he said, "pleasant but small. You seemed slow, indifferent and exceedingly complacent—not important. I thought your streets narrow and mean, your tailors overadvertised, your climate unbearable, your class-consciousness offensive. You couldn't cook. Your young men seemed without vigor or purpose. I admired your history, doubted your future and suspected that the historians had merely agreed upon a myth. But always there was something that escaped me. . . ." He realized, as he admitted, that he had misjudged "these young men who are rather languid and wear suede shoes and resolve that they will fight not for king or country." He

watched them after Dunkirk and through the Blitz, and by mid-war it was known that he had access to 10 Downing Street and had won Mr. Churchill's trust.

It was not so well known that on the night of December 7, 1941, Ed was at the White House reporting to the President on the temper of the British people and that FDR trusted him enough to inform him of the true damage inflicted by the Japanese at Pearl Harbor. It is more than myth that years later when it was feared that the Russians with their bomb capability might move, it was decided that it should be Ed's voice which should counsel the people what to do if and when we came under atomic attack.

Ed's voice was a broadcaster's dream: deep, resonant, and authoritative, and so skillfully modulated that it conveyed the admiration, the irony or indignation with which he viewed the situation. He never sneered. And because, whatever the odds, he was essentially a believer in democracy, you knew as you listened that this was not a superficial man who was speaking. "This," he would begin, "is London," and it was.

Broadcasting is writing for the mind through the ear, and it is quite different from writing for the eye, a distinction not always appreciated by professors. Sentences must be short; words with a high vowel content make a much sharper impact, consonants are likely to fluff and be missed; and the sentence structure must accentuate one image or one idea, not an assortment.

Murrow's vocabulary was a vivid one; the timing was such that he had to be economical, and he favored the understatement. Of his war broadcasts, most from London, I am stirred by his prophetic description of the new Prime Minister on May 10, 1940: "He is a man without a party. For the last seven years he has sat in the House of Commons, a rather lonesome and often bellicose figure, voicing unheeded warnings of the rising tide of German military strength. Now, at the age of sixty-five, Winston Churchill . . . is . . . the Prime Minister of Great Britain . . . He will probably take chances. But if he brings victory, his place in history is assured."

Ed's action pieces on a bombing mission over Berlin and his flight to Holland in the armada of gliders,

planes, and paratroopers are graphic without glamorizing the speaker. And his manliness and compassion were never more touching than in his 'broadcast on Buchenwald, spoken the day President Roosevelt died, and in his tribute to the British on V-E Day, ending with these poignant words: "Some people appear not to be part of the celebration. Their minds must be filled with memories of friends who died in the streets where they now walk, and of others who have died from Burma to the Elbe. There are a few men on crutches, as though to remind all that there is much human wreckage left at the end. Six years is a long time. I have observed today that people have very little to say. There are no words."

It is remarkable that a man who had been absorbed for nine years in such an exhausting assignment should return to clear up the "wreckage" and to bring into sharper focus the besetting problems of the cold war. He reviewed the implication of the conviction of the eleven leaders of the Communist Party in Judge Medina's court. He flew to Korea in the summer of 1950 and went to the front with the First Cavalry, although, as he said, he thought he had "seen enough of dead men and wounded buildings, of fear and high courage." In his broadcast of General MacArthur's removal he reminded the country that "what hung in the balance was not MacArthur's reputation as a soldier, or Truman's as a statesman, but rather the principle of civilian control of the military men and forces of this country." He spoke glowing eulogies on the death of two of his heroes, General Marshall and Vice President Barkley, and was the strongest and at the time the only voice in downright criticism of Senator Joseph McCarthy, whose demagoguery he opposed just as vigorously as he opposed the charges against Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer.

These are some but not all of Ed's finest commitments in the years when the forces of reaction were threatening the integrity of our democracy and of that mass medium which he had done so much to elevate.

The hunt for the killers

GWYN GRIFFIN, who was born in Egypt, is of Welsh heritage; he was

educated in England, served as an officer in the Colonial forces in Africa, and now does his writing in Italy. He is almost as cosmopolitan as Peter Ustinov; he is much too ambitious to use the same setting twice; his last novel, *A Last Lamp Burning*, was laid in Naples, and in his new one, *AN OPERATIONAL NECESSITY* (Putnam, \$6.95), the Book-of-the-Month-Club selection for August, he turns to the sea.

Let me say at once that this is a story mostly about men and of excruciating reality. The novel begins aboard a rusty old freighter which has just crossed the Line bound for Bahia with a light cargo of palm kernels, evil-smelling hides, and West African hardwoods. The aged skipper, Captain Christopher Crawshaw, has twice been torpedoed; now in the closing months of the war he is piloting a wheezy old craft with its motley crew in the bland belief that he is out of reach of the submarines, which he is not. At 7:28 P.M. on the fifth of January, 1945, the old freighter is torn apart by two torpedoes. Half the crew is killed immediately, and the survivors clinging to the life rafts are methodically machine-gunned by the commander of the U-boat, who wishes to obliterate every evidence of the sinking.

So begins this masculine, beautifully vivid story which contrasts the fortunes of the seven merchant seamen who survived the machine-gunning with the fate of those in the U-boat. Of the seven who keep afloat in a half-demolished raft, only two are unscathed — Captain Crawshaw, the sturdy Welshman, and Gaston, the radio operator, a bull-necked twenty-year-old Frenchman. The others have been cruelly hurt, and as the captain ministers to them, doling out their rations, catching the rainwater, setting the little sail, he has compassion for all save Rayner, the giant Negro, whose mouth has been bashed in but who may turn berserk. The skill with which the author depicts the alternating hope and despair in that open raft under the blazing sun reminds me of that long torture which Nordhoff and Hall wrote about in *Men Against the Sea*.

Meanwhile, all is not well in the submarine. With its nervous captain and green crew it has narrowly missed serious damage from depth charges, which threw one of its propellers out of line. After the

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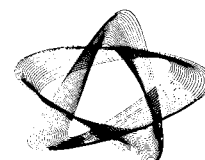
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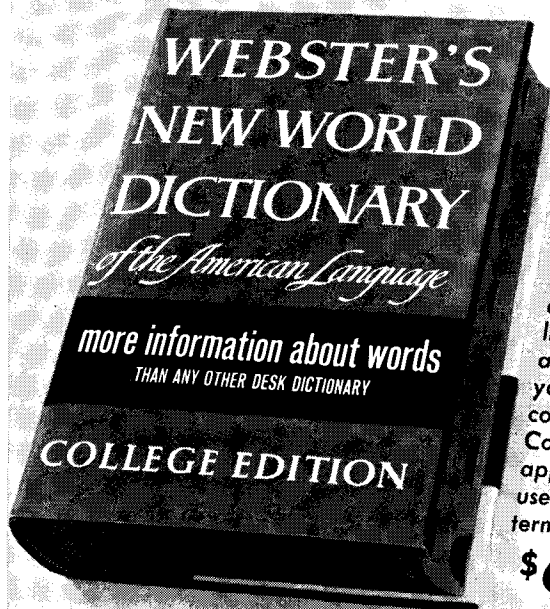
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sinking of the freighter some of the officers and men resent the orders to destroy the survivors, but none of them, save perhaps the chief engineer, could have imagined the swiftness with which the retribution rains down on them from above. The crippled submarine, with its bow crushed, noses down to an incredible depth, and the terror within is most feelingly revealed. They dare to right themselves only after night has fallen, and when with tanks blown they struggle to the surface, they in their turn are as mercilessly exposed as the dwindling occupants of the raft.

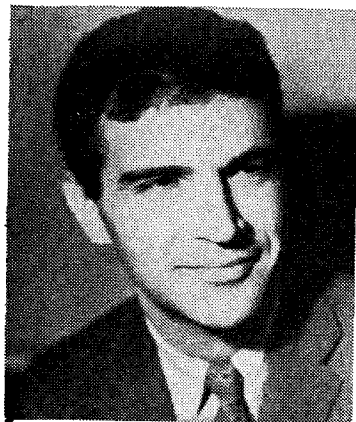
The submarine is spotted by English planes shortly after day-break; they compel its surrender, and the crippled U-boat is eventually towed into the little port of Masondi in Tanganyika. The German captain, Eugen Kielbasa, and his half-French aide and admirer, Emil, would like to cover up their tracks, destroy the log, wipe out any remembrance of the killing of the defenseless seamen, and when they fail to do so, a trial (and it is a long one) for a war crime is inevitable.

Episodically, it is a brilliant performance. But there is one serious drawback in a book with as many people and as many casualties as this: one looks in vain for a central character in whom one can repose one's sympathies. No women enter the story until well over a hundred pages have passed, neither the German captain nor his crew are intended to be appealing, and in the curious rivalry between Gaston, the castaway from Dieppe, and Emil, the half-German, half-French conscript from Occupied France, neither takes a strong hold on one's imagination.

Inside "Inside Washington"

My trouble with novels or plays dealing with contemporary politics in our national capital is that neither the President when he appears nor the senators who are out to bait him are portrayed as being in the least capable of wielding power or even of doing a halfway serious job. Too often these protagonists in fiction seem to have the facade of Warren G. Harding and the integrity of Bobby Baker. History reminds me that at times there has been skulduggery in high place, but I also know from my own limited experi-

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ence that the business of government is carried on by senators as conscientious and hardworking as Robert Taft, Leverett Saltonstall, and Mike Monroney. So when I find myself in a novel like *WASHINGTON, D.C.* by GORE VIDAL (Little, Brown, \$6.95), I instinctively sprinkle the political part of the tale with salt, swallowing it as best I can, and seek such pleasure as I can get from the social intercourse, which is generally more plausible than the skulduggery.

Washington, D.C. begins in 1937 just after President Roosevelt has been defeated in his attempt to pack the Court. Foremost in opposing him, we are told, is James Burden Day, a conservative senator whose own presidential aspirations are momentarily excited by the national press. He takes them seriously, and to raise the money he may need, Senator Day is a little less than conscientious about some Indian lands. When Pearl Harbor and FDR between them have put the kibosh on the senator's hopes, he is left to deflate, with the nagging suspicion that he may be in trouble. The handicap in all this is the characterization of the senator, who comes across as a romantic Southerner, happy to be a member of "The Club" and averse to work of any consequence. One doubts that he could even be a successful corrupter.

As the senator's prestige declines, the spotlight shifts to his administrative assistant, Clay Overbury, a tough, good-looking opportunist, attractive to women, avaricious, and determined to get a seat in Congress at whatever cost. Clay will trade any scruple for advance, and it is his rising, risky fortune, plus his adventures in bed, which keeps us turning the pages. The family into which Clay has seduced his way is a tricky lot: his wife, Enid, an erotic alcoholic; his father-in-law, the wealthy proprietor of the *Washington Tribune*, a man without affection or remorse; his brother-in-law, Peter, a half-shrewd, half-credulous columnist. Clay has his way with them much as he had with the senator's secretary. Mr. Vidal's novel, like *The Comedians* by Graham Greene, is about adventurers whose morals are dubious, but in Mr. Greene's story the people have fun and some of it rubs off on the reader, whereas in *Washington, D.C.* the scheming ends in tawdriness.

Reader's Choice

by Oscar Handlin



SARAH GAINHAM'S *NIGHT FALLS ON THE CITY* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, \$6.95) is a long sprawling novel, somewhat old-fashioned in conception and execution, yet consistently exciting and eminently readable. It tells a clear story in which interesting personalities act against the background of historic incidents; and it succeeds remarkably well in bringing to life the people, the place, and the events of our times.

The setting is Vienna, once the capital of Central Europe, but slipping in the 1930s toward its ultimate degradation. The story opens with the German occupation in 1937; it closes with the arrival of the Russians in 1945. The central character is Julia Homburg, star of the state theater, and therefore a privileged personality. The beautiful actress has some degree of immunity from the events about her. The Nazis at the start of the novel and the Communists at its close both wish to harness the theater to their causes and are willing to protect its members. But there is a price for their patronage; those they help become party tools.

Julia, however, could not adjust as others did. She had no political interests and no understanding of what the Nazis were up to when they first appeared. But her husband, a former member of Parliament, was of Jewish descent. He

could not leave the country, and capture would mean death. Without a full awareness of what the task entailed, Julia undertook to hide him. For seven years he lived in her apartment while she and a faithful peasant servant labored to conceal his presence. He died when the Russians came, but Julia emerged from the wreckage of Vienna with only the prospect of serving her new Red masters.

A number of moving subplots, intertwined with the central story, describe the people who went in and out of Julia's orbit. The Hungarian journalist Georg Kerenyi, who knew what would happen, took refuge in cynicism until the plight of a helpless girl awakened his sense of duty. Nazis of varying shades of commitment, fanatics, timeservers, and bureaucrats struggled vainly for advantage and safety. And Julia herself became involved in a grating, discordant love affair with an officer, in which concern for her husband and her own physical needs mingled incongruously.

This is not an intellectual novel, nor does it probe deeply the issues of totalitarianism. But it has integrity as a narrative and makes a gripping story. Its chief strength springs from its polished execution of detail. Miss Gainham's prose conveys a precise and firm sense of place. She brings to life the stalls and their keepers in the Neumarkt before a raid. The railroad yard bustles with activity as Kerenyi scurries through it in search of the transport on which his girl is held. Sinister shadows people the streets of Cracow at night under the German occupation. By contrast the sun sparkles on the countryside when Julia escapes to a Tyrolean gasthaus or passes a brief idyll in a border village with her lover.

Above all, Miss Gainham has a sure feeling of character. The conservative Catholic lawyer Alois Pohaisky and the Socialist secretary Fräulein Bracher discover an unexpected capacity for heroism. The Pichlers are grubby lower-class types who know that to survive is all. Between the extremes move the mass of people of the great metropolis, uncertain, confused, human.

There is no introspection in *Night Falls on the City*, but the novel raises significant issues simply through the unfolding of the narrative and the delineation of character. The city

itself emerges not merely as a place but also as a civilization cracking under the pressure of unbearable tensions. Vienna's population in the post-war period was almost as heterogeneous as that of New York. The old capital of the Austrian Empire had become a gathering place for all the peoples of Central and Eastern Europe. However, cosmopolitanism did not destroy the stratified character of the city or dissolve the rigid social barriers that made it a breeding place of hatreds. Not surprisingly this was the context within which the young Hitler acquired his ideas.

Here the issue of collaboration with the Fascists was extraordinarily complex. The actors in the troupe were all civilized and disdained the barbaric Nazis, not least because of their crude North German manners. Yet imperceptibly the Viennese learn to play the parts the Nazis assign them and gradually come to share a common guilt. Only a visit to occupied Warsaw reveals to the more perceptive actors the extent of their complicity.

As night falls on the city, Julia's relationship to her husband changes. Her love for him gradually fades as he becomes a pathetically helpless creature. What survives is a more powerful sense of obligation. The responsibility to the man dependent on her prevents her from yielding to chaotic impulses, provides organization for her life, and enables her to endure the pressures of war.

The use of power

Pearl Harbor touched off the war in the Pacific, but American involvement in the European conflict did not follow as a matter of course. Hitler, who declared war on the United States on December 11, was not bound to do so by the letter of his pact with Japan. The Axis agreement called for concerted defensive measures only; and there was no doubt that Pearl Harbor was offensive. Nevertheless, the Führer chose to take on the Americans. His decision raised an intriguing question: Why did Hitler, who had failed to break British resistance and was already in trouble with Russia, deliberately bring the United States into the ranks of his open enemies?

JAMES V. COMPTON'S *THE SWASTIKA AND THE EAGLE* (Houghton Mifflin, \$5.95) answers that question. The

book contains a careful analysis of Hitler's view of the United States and its relationship to the war. It rests upon a thorough examination of the German archives as well as of other related material. The product is a judicious analysis particularly fascinating at a time when the world seems bent on repeating many of the errors of the 1930s.

The crucial element in the German error was a gross miscalculation both of American intentions and of the consequences of American intervention. The German diplomats in Washington were conscientious and well informed and gave Berlin a realistic survey of conditions in the United States. Hitler's judgments rested, however, not on diplomatic reports but on his racist and socialist prejudices. He had profound contempt for the social structure of the United States. Americans, he thought, lived like pigs, although in a luxurious sty. The country was weak in morale and would remain isolated. Roosevelt's rearmament was a big bluff.

The reports of his military attaché reinforced Hitler's prejudices. General Friederich von Boetticher believed that he had connections of unusual reliability. His conversations in Washington persuaded him that intervention was out of the question. Moreover, the United States could not possibly influence the outcome of the war.

In the three years before December, 1941, therefore, the Germans discounted the possibility of American participation and made their plans as if the United States were a force of negligible value. In 1941, they urged the Japanese to attack the United States rather than Russia.

Why the grotesque miscalculation? Hitler's personal idiosyncrasies contributed to the error. But they had the support of General von Boetticher's dispatches. In the General's view, the United States was not a great power because it did not act as one. The country was torn by dissension, it had not conducted an active foreign policy in the 1920s and 1930s, and its intervention in the First World War had brought it no gain. All the signals of power that the trained military man was taught to recognize were absent. The Germans misinterpreted the lack of mobilized force, internal disputes, and professions of peace as signs of weakness. Hitler thus

repeated the error the Kaiser had made a quarter century earlier.

There is a curious parallel in an earlier failure to recognize new power vividly described in R. F. DELDERFIELD'S *RETREAT FROM MOSCOW* (Atheneum, \$5.95). Napoleon's ill-fated thrust to the east in 1812 led to a military disaster that ultimately doomed the emperor, weakened France, and left the Continent unstable for decades to come. Yet Delderfield's well-written account shows that the invasion of Russia was not just a harebrained adventure, but the climactic measure of a careful plan to reorganize Europe.

The plan came to grief because of a fatal miscalculation. Napoleon, thinking of power in the conventional terms of his times, underestimated the Russian ability to resist and to strike back. The romantic, liberal young Czar Alexander, who dreamed of peace and love, did not in advance seem a formidable antagonist. Only when it was too late did the French learn what power he commanded.

Unfortunately, Hitler and Napoleon were not the only ones to suffer from these errors. Millions of deaths and frightful social devastation were also part of the price. And while in any just reckoning of the guilt the blame falls entirely on the aggressors, those who had power but hesitated to show or use it must share the responsibility. We shall never know what difference a positive rather than a neutral American foreign policy would have made in the 1930s. Hitler might have been mad enough to fight even had he accurately appraised the strength and intentions of the United States. But he might also have been shrewd enough to pause.

The reluctance to use power, except as a last recourse, has also been characteristic of American foreign policy since 1945. Such hesitations probably misled Stalin in Germany and Korea, and were basic to many of the Near Eastern difficulties of the past twenty years.

WILLIAM R. KINTNER in *PEACE AND THE STRATEGY OF CONFLICT* (Praeger, \$6.95) explores some of the long-term implications of American policy. This is a somber yet a necessary book. It draws heavily upon the extensive literature of theories of thermonuclear warfare and attempts to analyze the issues dispassionately.

To some the tone will seem excessively objective. There is a ghoulish quality to any discussion of megaton explosions and of casualties in the hundreds of millions. Yet the weapons exist, the launching pads are ready, and the bombers stand on a fifteen-minute alert. To refuse to think about their use is to turn away from reality.

Kintner argues that the relative peace of the past two decades depended upon American strategic superiority, which acted as a deterrent and restrained Soviet aggressive intentions. In the last ten years the margin of superiority has narrowed and is now dangerously thin. Given the long time required for research and for the development of new weapons, an immediate response is essential. Kintner pleads for the prompt deployment of an anti-ballistic missile system and a civil-defense shelter program along with the rapid multiplication of the weapons in its existing arsenal. At the same time, the United States should convey to the Soviet leadership a determination to maintain strategic superiority, at whatever cost, until an agreement is reached on general arms reduction.

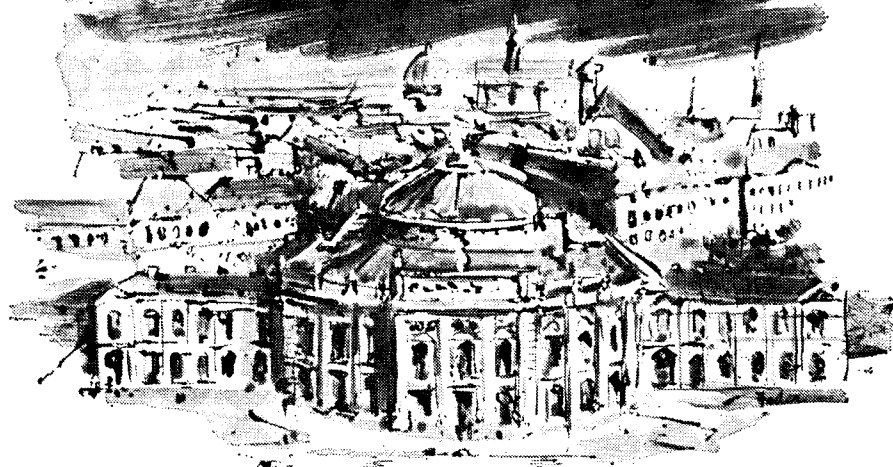
These are extreme proposals, and there may be a tolerable level of security short of their full implementation. But the issue requires serious discussion rather than evasion. Peace will be preserved not by wishing for it but by facing up to the "relationship among repeatedly affirmed Soviet Communist revolutionary goals, reiterated Soviet intentions to achieve strategic superiority, and a steadily growing Soviet strategic arsenal."

In the interim, we can hope for little more than such intermittent local conflicts as we fought in Korea and are fighting in Vietnam. **NO PLACE TO DIE** by **HUGH A. MULLIGAN** (Morrow, \$5.95) is a good closeup view of the war in Southeast Asia. The author, correspondent for the Associated Press, spent a year in two visits to the battlefield in 1965 and 1966. He is a conscientious, careful observer and presents a clear view of the details of the struggle.

Mulligan is hardly concerned with the political issues or with the overall strategy of the conflict. His is a local view which focuses on individuals and describes graphically and concretely what the fighting actually means. The vivid descrip-

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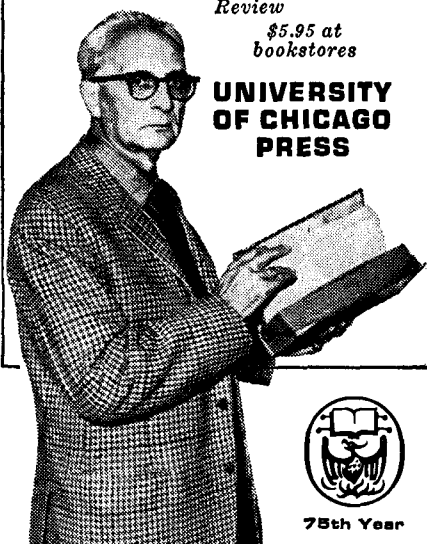
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tions of helicopter warfare, of naval aviation, and of the men in the field convey a striking impression of the complexities of the American role in Vietnam.

Dublin

The visual impression left by a city owes less to its topography or climate than to the character of its people and to the accretions of buildings and places left by history. The charm of **DUBLIN: A PORTRAIT** by V. S. PRITCHETT (Harper & Row, \$15.00) emanates from its sensitivity to the residents of the city and from the author's awareness of the history that made it. Illustrated with a generous collection of photographs by Evelyn Hofer, the book is a splendid portrayal of the westernmost capital of Europe.

First encounters subtly influence the traveler's estimate of a place. Pritchett came to Dublin in 1923, just when the high drama of revolution reached its last act. The damage from the fighting was everywhere evident, and the shape of the future was still unclear. Forty years later the future, having become the present, proves less glamorous, more stolid than was anticipated. Yet the glow of the young man's initial exposure to stirring events still illuminates his prose.

The Dublin of 1923 was the Dublin of Joyce and of the literary renaissance that enriched the alien language while calling for a revival of Celtic. It also remained an eighteenth-century city, in which time had all but stood still since the Act of Union had ended the separate Irish parliament and drawn the gentry to London. Georgian Dublin appears prominently in these pages in the restrained lines of the houses on the quays, of College Green and the Customs House, and of the doorways on Merrion Square. A century of stagnation preserved these places while the smoke of industrialization spread across other European cities. In 1923, the intellectual climate also was a product of the Enlightenment: Sean O'Casey was a latter-day Voltaire.

The most prominent figures in the struggle to establish the Irish Republic were also eighteenth-century men. Their nationalism was infused with humanitarian concern, and they clung to a faith in reason which had little connection with the

world of their own times. The essays collected by F. X. MARTIN in **LEADERS AND MEN OF THE EASTER RISING** (Cornell University Press, \$5.95) deal thoughtfully with some of the issues that flared up in Dublin in 1916 and that led ultimately to independence. The Rising was a Dublin affair, ineptly planned and imperfectly executed. It enlisted the support of only a small minority in the population. Yet it touched off a chain of events that eventually forced the British to withdraw.

The sketches in this volume reveal the extent to which the struggle for identity was personal as well as national. The core of the revolutionary movement consisted of marginal people, with Protestant or English antecedents. For many of them, the insistence upon establishing an Irish and Catholic nation reflected the peculiar influences of an upbringing in a city which time had passed by.

The Arctic

The accepted version of the prehistory of the Western Hemisphere traces a mass migration from Asia to America by way of Siberia and the Arctic. The Eskimos, by that count, are the descendants of wanderers who halted en route.

J. LOUIS GIDDINGS in **ANCIENT MEN OF THE ARCTIC** (Knopf, \$10.00) challenges that interpretation and suggests instead that for long periods of time people, ideas, and techniques drifted around the North Pole in a wide arc that stretched from Central Siberia to Greenland. Professor Giddings was primarily an archaeologist, and he arrived at his conclusions on the basis of evidences of a pre-Eskimo culture discovered in Alaska. At Cape Krusenstern near the Bering Strait he found a series of parallel ridges, each of which was once the coastline. Here were buried survivals from the successive occupants of the area preserved in an order which permitted some guess at chronology.

As in the case of much of the best archaeology, the narrative of the process of discovery is as interesting as the exposition of the evidence. In this well-written and carefully illustrated account, Professor Giddings reveals a nice sense of the exciting physical environment as well as the ability to handle his data judiciously.

Potpourri

by Phoebe Adams

BEARDSLEY (Braziller, \$6.00) is a straightforward, one-foot-after-the-other biography by **STANLEY WEINTRAUB**. Because of his striking and immensely influential style, his connection (largely an invention of the public imagination) with the Wilde scandal, and his death at the age of twenty-six, Beardsley's reputation has a certain melodramatic cast which the facts of his life do not justify. He was tubercular from childhood, always subject to periods of invalidism, and what strength he had went into his strange, startling drawings, his thoroughly professional work in book decoration, and his art editorships with the *Yellow Book* and the *Savoy*. The aggressively avant-garde set in which Beardsley moved included the poet Dowson, who was also tubercular and assisted the progress of his disease with applications of alcohol, drugs, dirt, and slobbering self-pity. Beardsley frankly detested the sight of him. It was understandable, for Beardsley himself proposed to sink with guns firing and colors flying, and did; his last drawings, done when he could hardly struggle out of bed, show no diminution of skill or energy. Beardsley's life was entirely in his eye, his ear (he was a devoted concert-goer), and the imagination from which, in his candle-lit studio, he dredged erotic and frightening images to be converted into elegant, ironic, impertinent drawings. Except for the drawings, Beardsley was practical, sensible, indomitably cheerful, and so reserved that his biographer has discovered nobody at all who ever claimed convincingly to have seen Beardsley without his mask. Mr. Weintraub can record, therefore, only the surface of Beardsley's struggle "to remain among the walking wounded." He does it with a decent avoidance of sentimentality and an adequate presentation of the time in which Beardsley lived and the people who admired or denounced him.

In **SIGNS AND WONDERS** (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$6.95), **FRANÇOISE ALLET-JORIS** has written a thick novel populated with enough characters to keep even Tolstoy busy. The book, in fact, rather suggests something out of nineteenth-century

Russia, for it ranges from horror to farce but remains throughout concerned with good and evil, with the necessity of distinguishing one from the other, and with the problem of reconciling oneself to the permanent coexistence of these conflicting elements. All of which sounds very philosophical and abstract, while the book itself is full of incident and uproar, following, as it does, the adventures of a melancholy novelist and a cheerful lady journalist as they poke about southern France interviewing Algerian repatriates for a financially nebulous and politically dubious magazine.

Books about obscure antique peoples tend, if they are honest scholarly works, to become catalogues of what has been dug up where, and when, possibly, it was buried. **ISABEL HENDERSON'S THE PICTS** (Praeger, \$7.50) is something of an exception, for while her heart is pretty obviously with the Pictish sculpture and jewelry to which she attributes extensive influence, the author has devoted a good part of this study to a history of the Pictish kingdom. This organization lasted through several Dark Age centuries, was presumably literate in its later stages, and left behind not a single known document. The story is therefore devoid of specific detail and picturesque ornament, but in a general way, with a minimum of conjecture, Dr. Henderson has retrieved an interesting fragment of the past.

JAMES MELLAART, lecturer in Anatolian archaeology at the University of London, describes discoveries at a Neolithic town on the Anatolian plateau in **ÇATAL HÜYÜK** (McGraw-Hill, \$9.95). The astounding thing about this prepottery settlement is that it emerges so clearly as a town, a civic center of luxury and sophistication, with long-distance trade in a variety of materials and commodities, neatly kept houses, and a profusion of adroitly decorated shrines. The shrines may not be all that profuse, actually, since Mr. Mellaart suspects that his dig hit the religious quarter of the town, a small portion of the whole. All this, including unmistakable ancestors of the Boy Scout knife and wall-to-wall carpeting, in 6500 B.C. Mr. Mellaart writes with infectious love for his subject and does not hesitate to speculate on the pre-eminence of the Great God-

dess in Çatal Hüyük's religion or to draw parallels with building practices still existent in the area.

LOST HERITAGE OF ALASKA (World, \$15.00), by **POLLY** and **LEON GORDON MILLER**, is a lively but distressing history of collisions between white men and the Indians of Alaska and the Northwest Coast. It is distressing for the usual reasons of misunderstanding, exploitation, and brutality, and lively because the Millers quote constantly from the reports, letters, journals, and ship's logs written by explorers and traders. Some of these fellows spelled by dead reckoning, but most of them were sharp, inquisitive observers. Almost nobody saw any good in the Indians, who were in fact intelligent people with a remarkable artistic tradition. The poor creatures are still getting the short end of the stick even in this sympathetic book, which is full of photographs of handsome sculptures, boxes, weapons, masks, totem poles, and mysterious oddments, mostly uncaptioned so that one knows not what they are, where they are, or which tribe produced them.

EDWARD GOREY'S THE UTTER ZOO (Meredith, \$2.95) runs from the Ampoo, which "is intensely neat," to the Zote, of which "what can be said? There was just one, and now it's dead." This alphabet of non-existent beasts may mystify the general, but Gorey fans will purr over it.

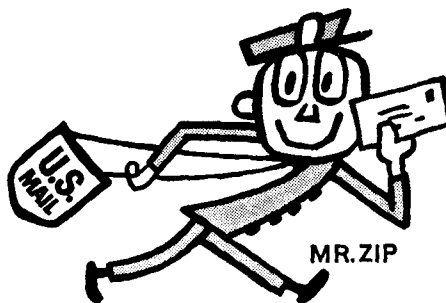
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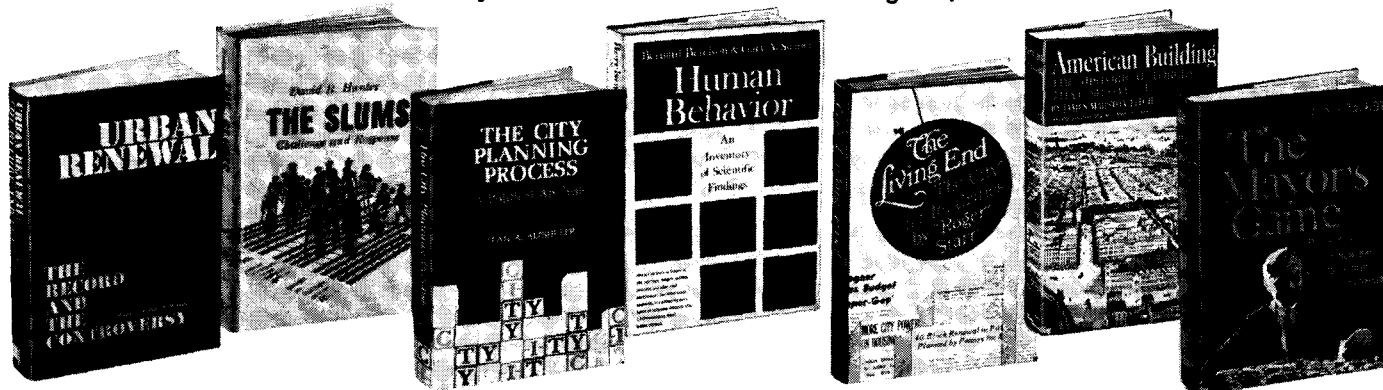
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